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# THE HOLCAD.

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No. I

## The Holcad

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

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## EDITORIAL.

To the class of 1903 and all new students generally we bid a hearty welcome.

May the new life now opening before you, full of measureless possibilities and mighty responsibilities, find in each of you both's fullest realization. You may now boast that you are a member of no mean college. Treat her as such. Treat yourself as such. Next to the man who says slighting words of his Mother, the most despicable man, to our mind, is he who says slighting words of his college. From these Halls men have gone forth to do their part in uplifting humanity, in guiding the world to greater and higher things.

"As men may they fought their fight,  
Proved their truth by their endeavor."

And so these Halls are sacred places, sacred with the memories of the past, of lives lived, full of faith and helpfulness, patient, earnest, busy lives. Remember this. While we were thinking about this a quotation from Coleridge was brought to our attention, "You may depend upon it, religion is, in its essence, the most gentlemanly thing in the world." Did you ever look at it that way? Maybe that will help you to live up to the ideal Westminster standard.

We are sorry to be compelled to offer so

small a number this month. We had elaborate plans, but plaus whether those of mighty man or miniature rodent have the trick of going "aft alee." We have been disappointed in several promised articles which would have made the number at least a representative one. Possibly you will remember what we told you last spring about the difficulty in making good bricks when we could not get straw. If you will provide us straw we will put forth our best endeavors to furnish you a good quality of bricks. A single straw, the last one, is fabled to have wrought the camel's undoing. A single straw from each of you may accomplish as great a result, only it is to be hoped in more salutary direction.

The prospects for a successful foot-ball season are very bright. Good material there is in plenty, but much work will be required to put it into shape. Captain Edmundson was remarkably successful in the development of material for last spring's base ball team and a like result may be expected in foot ball under his leadership and the coaching of Dr. Zeigler. Both know the game well. Foot ball is the sport of all sports and should be given, by the student body, liberal support both moral and financial. Don't "knock" if the team fails to win every game, especially if you have not been to see the game. There is nothing makes a man do his best like the realization of the fact that his friends believe and expect that he will do it. And there is nothing makes a team work so hard and so heartily as the realization of the fact

that everybody believes in them and is backing them.

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The death of Matthew Wilson Hamill takes away from among us one whom, as we see things, we can little afford to lose. He was a good Christian, an earnest worker, a faithful friend. What better can be said of a man? What more could any of us hope for in the great and awful day when, with everything laid open, we stand to give an account of the deeds done in the body? There were few of us better prepared to go than he. Now with earth's vexations past, its littleness forgotten, he sees "with larger, other eyes" the mysteries for which we blindly grope, toward which we constantly strive, now advancing, now beaten back.

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## LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

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### The Mission of Art.

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Oration delivered by Mayme E. Turner in Junior Contest in Oratory June 12, 1899. Awarded first place and medal.

It is a rough, rugged country. The whole landscape seems bleak and dreary. Far and near, huge mountains lift their stern, snow-clad summits to the heavens. Their brown, rocky sides cast not back the rays of the morning sun. No touch of verdure adds color to the picture. All is blank and cheerless and the weary wanderer finds nothing to raise his soul on high. Nothing did we say? Nothing, until from the top of yon lofty peak, he looks down and sees in

the vale stretching beneath him, a streak of silver. A rushing, gurgling streamlet wends its way about the foot of the hill. Its tiny cascades gleam like diamonds in the golden setting of the morning sunlight. Its little pools mirror back the heaven's blue. Along its sides are stretched fringes of living green. Here the modest violet lifts its sweet face to be kissed by the sun's warm rays. The yellow buttercup drinks deep of the morning dew. Cool, shaded nooks with beds of moss and fern are ready to receive the aching limbs of the tired traveller. All is beauty and joy and peace. The land is our life; we are the travellers; and the stream in its beautiful valley is the spirit of art.

Art is the portrayal of the infinite works of nature. The natural world presents one form of divine teaching and art another. "The first is the direct sculpture, painting, music and poetry of God himself; the second is the material given to man with the power of communicating, through the agency of his hands, suggestions of his own nature, the universe, and their joint Creator." Why did God create this world for us? His motive was love, His tool power, the universe. His result, with nature as ornament. We see Him everywhere in nature. His anger and displeasure are seen in the dark, rolling clouds and fierce storms and his love and patience are manifested in the growing of the trees, the budding of the flowers and the singing of the stars. But through art and science He makes Himself hardly less manifest. The connection between these two factors is decided. Art has for its fundamental principle beauty and the interpretation of nature's passions

and moods. Science aims toward utility and truth of mind and matter is the aim of both.

Man is everywhere surrounded by influences working in vastly different ways. See the flowers of the field, This one of dark crimson with its radiant beauty; the perfume of the violet ever wafted to our senses; the stateliness of the lily bringing to our degenerate minds the power of the good; and the thistle with its mixture of evil. Nature using the forces on all plants gives us widely differing results. So art's influence on man. The feeling for art is innate in every individual, but it differs widely in extent and purity. It has a message for every one and each must answer: What has been the message to me?

Some one has said "The function of art is the setting in order the house of mankind." Life is a stupendous energy and at no time while it exists is that energy suspended. That stupendous energy is the province of art and by it must be controlled and directed. Standing upon the mountain top of success, everyone must look back with grateful hearts to art. How it has fulfilled its mission to each one is not easily recognized. All nature's actions are silent and so art, the great interpreter of nature, walks the silent avenues of life. Its first interview produces a deep and spontaneous movement of the soul. By means of its works, we can look higher and higher through nature up to nature's God, for as the sun colors the flower so does art color life. Hers it is not to do "the hard toil and moil of the world, but to surround it with a halo of beauty, to convert work into pleasure."



But the mission of art does not stop with the individual for upon nations as well it has an influence. We, as individuals, make the nation and so far as any influence is exerted upon us is it felt in the state. What part has art played in the history of nations? Behold Scotland, the land of the moor covered with its sun-burnt heath, and see a country almost entirely void of any art. As a nation, it seems incapable of producing or even appreciating beauty. Yonder over those sun-kissed hills lies India where the conditions seem reversed. Everywhere the Indian's decorative powers have been displayed; his love for beauty is shown in his palaces, in his high coloring and even in his literature. The rippling of the water, the breath of the wind, the color of the flower, all appear to him as something to be imitated. In the Indian, we see a people noted for their treachery, cruelty, and idolatry whose fiendish acts have never been paralleled in human history. From the peat cottage come courage, purity, faith and truth. The contract between these nations seems to indicate a development of baseness in these lovers of art and virtue displayed by its dispisers. No one example will suffice to justify a conclusion and yet history confirms this. See those people who were educated by a refined art conquered by those whose possesstd none.

Once there dwelt a nation famed for its artistic development. Its power was great, almost invincible. The forces of a nation whose hand is turned to naught but conquest, are hurled against her and in the struggle for supremacy, the Lydian, who stands for culture, is overcome and the barbaric Mede rules the world.

The wheel of time turns, and again are two nations of different attitudes toward art arrayed against each other. Again the ruder nation conquers. Athens yields to Sparta. Centuries roll by and Greece is a different nation. Her armies rule the world and the artistic spirit of the world is centered in her. Art is her goddess and on her alters she offers her incense and praise.

The drama of life changes and Greece is no more. A new nation, not one of refinement and polish, has arisen and met the forces of Greece. Again the nation which stands for civilization and culture has given way to one whose ideal is military glory. Rome holds the sceptre of power.

Once more the scene shifts. Rome's eagle towers over the ends of the earth and new forces have entered into her life; She has absorbed the artistic spirit of the world. Higher, higher, she rises until she mounts the very crest of the tidal wave. History repeats itself, and the forces of barbarism are hurled against her. With bated breath the world watches the struggle, sees Rome totter and then the crash of a falling empire reverberates from pole to pole.

The downfall of these nations seems to have dated from the time that art was perfected therein. O art, thou divinest gift of God to man is this thy mission? Are these the results of thy influence or why this ruin? Athens and Rome each had a love for the beautiful in nature. Their morning of art came with a dear hope-laden sky, but the setting of that day—how pitiable!

Return to the relations of art and mental disposition in India and Scotland. Art as

wall stayed in Trenton but a short time and then decided to take a street car to a railroad station and go to Bordentown. While waiting on a street corner Clayton went into a drugstore to inquire about a car and had been there but a moment when Ganning entered alone

"Where's the freshman, Ganning?"

"Why, I thought he was with you."

"No, of course not, if he's gone we're in a pickle."

Both rushed out, but Rewall was nowhere in sight; a man fixing an arc lamp nearby was smiling pretty widely, and they asked him if he had seen the fellow who had been with them.

"Yes, there he goes away up the street there."

Then the race began through alleys and around corners; knocking into pedestrians; dodging wagons and street cars. Ganning jumped on one wagon with; "I'll give you five dollars if you catch that fellow running ahead there;" but he soon discovered that Rewall was going faster than the horses, so he also took to his feet again.

They must have gone about a mile, steadily gaining on Rewall when they turned into a street running parallel to the canal. Rewall had not had time to turn up the next street, but was not in sight; so a search was begun in the maze of backyards and out houses of the long row of buildings which occupied the square. They were helped by about twenty young fellows who had followed, drawn by the excitement of a chase after a crazy man, for such they had been told was Rewall. He was finally found behind a pile of boards out of breath

and pretty tired after his long run.

Bordentown was reached all right; and to pass the time and also to keep out of the main part of the city, the three students went out to watch the Bordentown football team practice, Rewall being closely watched all the time in case he should make another attempt to escape.

Clayton was seized by a strong desire to see the cane spree regardless of the danger and made it up with Ganning that they should return to Trenton and then, after they had reached that place, desert Rewall by getting on the train for the Junction just as it was pulling out and prevent the freshman from making it.

So they started for Trenton on the train that would arrive there about a quarter of eight; but imagine their surprise to see, just as they were in the glare of the electric light, the proctor and his assistant standing on the platform and watching the cars intently. Clayton saw they were discovered and not wishing to be recognized, jumped off the train on the other side with the proctor in hot pursuit, he having left Ganning and Rewall to be taken care of by his assistant.

The race lasted for about two hundred yards and then, just as Clayton was congratulating himself on his escape, he stumbled into a trestle and one leg was caught so tightly that he would surely have been captured had the proctor not gone back. But the proctor had given it up; and by a lucky chance Clayton was extricated by a track-walker who happened to come along just then,

Clayton went back to the end of the

platform and watched the proctor, who waited until the train started and then got on. Clayton climbed into the baggage car and after quite a little persuasion was allowed to stay there; but a dilemma was reached as they neared Princeton Junction; for there were but two cars, and he could scarcely hope to avoid detection. Jumping from the moving train, he ran up to the engineer of the Princeton train, who was oiling his engine, and stated his case. The engineer was a good-hearted fellow and finally gave his consent for Clayton to ride in the engine; and told him that just as they were about to pass under the road at Princeton, Clayton was to get off and run for the college.

Clayton did this and was in Blair Hall before the train had stopped. Having changed his clothes he was down at the scene of the cane spree in a few minutes, and had the satisfaction of knowing he had not been recognized, as he passed and repassed the proctor several times.

Owing to the food he had been eating and to the loss of sleep during the time he had been kidnapped, Rewall lost in the first trial and the sophomores were jubilant.

C.

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### Childlife In Art.

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Essay read by Miss Romaine Russell, '95, in the Alethean Medal Contest, Commencement Day, June 14, 1899. Awarded first place and Medal.

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An innocent little child, standing on the threshold of life with all its grand or

terrible possibilities is a subject that appeals to the sympathy of all. The little soul, fresh from the hands of God, unsullied by worldly influences is surely more worthy of thought than the man in whom a thousand complex influences have wrought their imperfections. Or, as Mrs. Browning has beautifully expressed it in these lines from *Aurora Leigh*:

"They have not so far left the coasts of life  
To travel inland  
That I cannot hear that murmur  
Of the outer infinite."

In palace and in cottage child-hood reigns supreme by divine right of love. Each development of the young life is beautiful and interesting to everyone that watches it.

The poetry of childhood appeals alike to artist of pen and brush; and many are the ways in which each has interpreted it. The poet paints it in colors. Some of the most beautiful poems in the English language have been written for children or the theme of which has been unconsciously suggested by them. Perhaps the greatest friend of children among authors is Eugene Field, who has been called the 'Poet Laureate' of children. To him children opened their whole hearts and confided their secrets for he always had an intense sympathy for all the pleasures of childhood and it was from his intimacy with children that he found the subjects for his poems. He could voice the feelings of a child because he knew childlife from always having lived it.

In his poems, he tells charmingly of the fancies of childhood. What person has not given a smile to the memory of his own

an ennobling factor is unknown to the Indian. He sees in Nature merely something to imitate. It does not teach him to look for God. He aims to gratify only pleasure. But Scotland comes near to realizing art's true mission of uplifting the soul. The character of Scotland's hills grafted into the souls of her men has moulded the Scottish character,

Thus it has been in the past. When nations reached that singular perfection towards which true art points, forgetting her mission as the discoverer and interpreter of truth, art began to contemplate her success. With this forgetfulness came her downfall, and her influence but accelerated the ruin of the nations. So we see art's true mission is ennobling and elevating, but if used to gratify only the sensualism of the ages, how different the result.

To us, American citizens, art means something. She finds her widest field here; for the greatest need of the age is a greater refinement, intellectual as well as moral. Standing on the pinnacle of the nineteenth century, we may well feel proud of its achievements. The mightiest forces of nature have been put to practical use. Inventions of all kinds have made easy the path of the laborer. In his roaming after knowledge, the realms of the stars and earth's remotest recesses have become familiar haunts to the philosopher. Though we are at the close of a great conflict, yet we can truthfully boast that where the red-eyed monster war glared in frightful gloominess, now the white banners of peace are beginning to wave. "Liberty, equality, fraternity" have become the watchword of the ages. The

seeds of the gospel have been sown broadcast throughout the world. And yet much remains to be accomplished.

For the individual, too much attention has been paid to the practical and not enough to that which elevates, and ennobles. In his hard, workaday life, the American citizen sees too little of the refining and too much of the hardening factors of life. His life has become a gloomy, cloudy storm-cast day. No sunshine can make its way among his cares. None of the purifying influences of beauty and refinement are brought to him. Here is where the true mission of art lies. Next to the religion of the lovely Nazarene, whose helper and dependent it is, the love of true art is the most ennobling and purifying influence of the world. It lifts the soul to loftier heights, gives it a broader range and scope and it is this the American citizen needs. Bring him under the influence of art and how wonderfully the picture changes. The clouds in his life are breaking; the gloom of mist and haze that has long been hanging over him is lifted. A sweet perfume as of summer evening steals over a soul wearied with business cares. Clearer and clearer grows the once cloud-laden sky; brighter and brighter grow the evening rays; and finally in all the glory of a western setting amid seas of crimson and gold, the evening sun shines out on his life full dazzling and glorious. Men and women of the nineteenth century, you are nearing another mile-stone in history. It is you who must usher in the new century and give it its start for right or wrong. In doing so it must not be forgotten how great an influence over the lives



and deeds of men art has and that in our improvements of the twentieth century we must not overlook the factor left out in the dying one—the mission of art.

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### Stealing A Freshman.

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Clayton had been active sophomore for about two months and now, just before the Yale foot-ball game the interclass cane spree was coming, bringing with it interest on all sides as the report had been spread around that the freshmen were confident of winning, especially in the middle weight: and for that reason were guarding this candidate with a jealous care, keeping him training to a certain weight and making him keep regular hours.

Perhaps you wonder what Clayton has to do with all this; but when I tell you that as a Sophomore he was planning how to best the Freshmen in the cane spree, you will no longer do so. It was an important event and something had to be done and done quickly.

About nine o'clock of the evening before the night set for the cane spree, Clayton and three other sophomores; Ganning, Ford and Willard met in Clayton's room in Blair Hall and formed this plan; Ganning and Clayton were to go to the Freshman's room—his name, by the way, was Rewall—and get him if possible, if they succeeded they all were to drive to Trenton in the rig which Ford and Willard secured, then go to some small town, keep Rewall there till after the spree and finally let him go.

Ganning went up to the freshman's room alone and having got him to dress and accompany him by telling him that as he—Ganning—was a junior, he had come to take him to his room, for the sophomores would likely be after him that night. Rewall thought everything was all right until, in walking along the dark street where they were to meet the rig, both Ganning and Clayton put their hands on his shoulders, as if to hold him.

When the surry was reach, Rewall was told into whose hands he had fallen and that any attempt to escape would be dealt with summarily. He gave in very easily, and after a long, quiet ride finally arrived at Trenton about half-past one. At the hotel two of the "sophs" took all the wearing apparel of the party into one room, while the other two stayed with Rewall in another.

In the morning, Ford hunted up a friend and borrowed some money for running expenses and gave this to Ganning and Clayton, who, it had been decided, were to stay away with Rewall while Ford and Willard returned to College as they had some periods they could not miss.

Meanwhile the disappearance of Rewall was discovered early the next morning at Princeton, and a rigid search was instituted till about noon when the arrival of Ford and Willard in a surry, driving right down Nassau Street, gave the head proctor, who had been a detective in his day, a clue; and he soon tracked Rewall as far as Trenton but from that place he was lost.

The three; Clayton, Ganning and Re-



childhood as he reads "See'in things at night?" and what is more beautiful and pathetic than where Little Boy Blue tells his toy soldier and dog to wait for him.

"So toddling off to his tunnel bed,  
He dreamed of the pretty toys,  
And, as he was dreaming, an angel song  
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—  
Oh, the years are many, the years are long  
But the little toy friends are true."

Lewis Carrell, the author of 'Alice in Wonderland,' surely ranks next to Eugene Field in sympathy with and insight into the lives of children. He never considered the richest gifts of his imagination too great, or the hours of life too precious to be used for his little friends. The beautiful side of his nature, that for which he was best known, was his attitude toward children.

Out from the shore of the great unknown  
Blind and wailing and alone  
Into the light of day?  
What does he think of his mother's eyes  
What does he think of his mother's hair  
What of the cradle roof that flies  
Forward and backward through the air?"

Whittier gives us many beautiful and realistic pictures of childhood in his poems, drawn with loving care from the memories of his own childhood days.

But while the poet has sung the poetry of childhood it seems to have a special charm for the artist who sees in it the idealization of purity and innocence and transfers it to his canvas that we may enjoy it with him. In the little child, he sees the blue of heaven reflected in its eyes, a flower of flesh and blood, like a snow white lily; a pure Easter chalice, which turns ones thoughts to God. Then could anything be

more natural than that the artist represents by the face and form of innocent human childhood, the angel whose native atmosphere is the very presence of God; a creature ever speeding on divine errands from heaven to earth?

Probably the best known artist of childhood is Sir Joshua Reynolds who was always a great friend of children. The gem of his collection is perhaps, the famous "Angel Heads" to be seen in the National Gallery at London. It consists of a cluster of five little cherubs, their sweet faces framed in golden ringlets, all representing the same child, but each with different expression, representing the different moods which complete the cycle of life.

While children have been pictured to represent Angels, the Artists' highest ideal has been the Christ Child.

"All that human imagination could conceive of innocence and purity and divine loveliness has been shown forth in the deliveration of the Babe of Bethlehem." Many are the pictures relating to Christ's infancy and childhood but perhaps the best known is the picture of the Christ Child painted by Murilla. Subject—"Christ the Good Shepherd."

The picture is that of a child about seven years old, dressed in a red tunic. One hand rests on the back of a lamb by his side, while in the other he holds a shepherd's crook. The large dark eyes have an earnestness so often seen in children.

Hauffmann has given us a rare work of art in his picture "The dispute in the Temple," representing Christ at the close of his childhood at the age of twelve, standing in

the midst of the Doctors of law. In the bright inquiring face is seen the earnest expression of the questioner and and at the same time it shows the depth of that great power of understanding which so amazed his listeners.

Such pictures have had their influence on all pictures of child life. It makes no difference to the true artist if his subject be a little beggar clothed in rags, yet he sees in him something loveable and winning, which his prosaic surrounding do not hide. Ragged and dirty, yet they are beautiful and picturesque in their happiness. Two of our modern artists have been especially successful in this kind of painting. Marie Bashkirtsiff, who portrays the life of the Paris street Arab, and J. G. Brown of New York City who has always taken a special interest in the children of the poorest classes of the city. Boot blacks and news-boys are his special friends.

We shall mention only one work of this artist. It is the "Wounded Playfellow." In it the artist shows a fine insight into human nature in his appreciation of the companionship between the street boy and dog. One little fellow is carefully holding a dog while his companion is bandaging its broken leg, and others look on sympathetically.

In music, some of the most beautiful pieces are those which are dedicated to children or which children have inspired. What will bring tears to ones' eyes sooner than a lullaby?

The hardened man or women of the world by a snatch of song and a few words that mother used to sing may be carried

back to the distant past and long to lay his head on the breast of the one, who loved him before all else, and be soothed to the distant land of dreams.

Then what would life be without children those prattling messengers of God who help to make life's path a sunshiny one?

"Little baby with your angel face  
Can you tell the secret of your winsome grace  
Dear, you never answer but you've taught so true  
That this world seems brighter for its holding you  
And we do not marvel knowing all your grace,  
That in heaven your angels behold the  
Father's face."

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## LOCALS.

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For sail——Canvas.

Glad to see you're back!

For rent——Barb wire fence.

Bruce says a gale is as good a gold.

Todd Forrester is not coming back.

Miss Kyle is rooming in town this term.

Who will wear the Senior Necktie next?

A "fruitless" search for peaches around here.

She said this: 'Oh, what will I do with Bruce?'

Chickens have gone up too——Shaky Hollow.

Ask Don McKim about the Ocean League.

Yes, "Venus" is another nickname for McGinniss,

Boyd Witherspoon pays for his laundry in advance.

We are informed that all red-heads are not snap-bugs.

Someone said there was a peach in the Senior Lab.

Bill Ramsey shows his poetic ability in Horace Class.

Miss Madge Conway will not be in college this year.

Students in the Junior French Class say some wonderful things.

Ewing came back to school and didn't find things all right.

Witt Breaden is in College this term after a year's absence.

Why is New W—— favorable to the production of Clover Seed?

Prof. Moore remembers when he was a little girl four years old.

Definition——Running expenses—— Money for the track team.

Now do the Juniors work and hustle for the "oration" of November;

The lecture course committee is ready to meet all comers (for tickets.)

The new students, we hope, will soon become acquainted with college etiquette.

Witt Breaden has a fish story that eclipses all former ones. The weight is indefinite.

We have heard that Pearl Berry never leaves her room without taking a razor with her.

If Miss Andrews continues to get as many letters in the future as she has in the

past the country will have to invest in Mail Bags.

Miss Given must not think she is expected to go to the board everytime Prof. Freeman reads a problem.

"Mon" Witherspoon was here doing the honors for his brother at the reception the first Friday night.

We admire the strength of the freshman yell, and hope they will exercise their voices on the foot-ball team.

Mame Turner has found out that it is impossible to make her right hand coincide with Marg Howell's left one.

Dr. asks some very personal questions sometimes. In Mental Science Class. Is it easy to understand all about Miss S— S—?

We are glad to know that some of the Profs. believe in the old adage. A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men.

Metz metzome difficulty in class when he was asked:

"What is Algebra?

"Arithmetic."

Prof.—"What is five times ten feet.

McMichael——Fifty.

Prof.—Fifty what.

McMichael——Nothing; just fifty,

It is conscientiously stated that 'Eddie' is thinking seriously of raising a mustache. They all have 'em

New Student——"Who is that?"

Old Ditto——"Gym Prof "

New——"Jim who?" How silly.

Professor Moore illustrating absolute and relative rest: "If I walk backward in

a moving car, I am going as fast as the car is forward;—Oh I'm on the Sharpsville!"

Boyd Witherspoon had a useless hunt for hazers a few nights after he came. It was all a scheme to loose him, but he had a pocket compass and a map and all was well.

McGinniss, the original Izaak Walton, fishing in a Canadian lake with all as still as the chapel with twenty girls in it. Brearden McElree and Rob. Grier come along.

"Hello, McGinniss."

"Sh! I have a bite."

Now is the time when members of the foot-ball team 'run into acquaintances.'

Williamson—"Hello, Jack, how are you?"

Jack—"I have a 'tip top' cold."

W—"In your head, of course."

There was not room for these in our advertising columns, so we will place them here.

Misses Turner and McLean,  
Expert Butchers.  
(Poor 'Chick.')

Miss Margaret Howell,  
Bird Fancier.  
(Another poor 'chick.')

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## ATHLETICS.

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Another season of foot-ball is before us and unless appearances are deceitful we bid fair to excel any record made for some years previous. The team although not heavy is well balanced and will average about 170 pounds to the man. The movement of the

team is fast and energetic and although containing some new material the team work is fairly good considering the length of time in practice. Mr. Zeigler the coach arrived on Monday and is putting a great deal of life into the team. Mr. Zeigler played center on the U. of P. team and is well qualified to fill his position as coach. The slow lifeless game which has been the bane of our teams for years changed into quick concerted movement and although showing some awkwardness in the new plays the willingness to be taught insures their ability to master them. If the team continues to work for the coach as they have begun success is insured.

### WESTMINSTER SCHEDULE.

Sept. 30.	Swissvale at New Wilmington.
Oct. 7.	Allegheny at New Wilmington.
Oct. 14.	Westminster at Thiel.
Oct. 21.	Geneva at Westminster.
Oct. 25.	Westminster at W. U. P.
Oct. 28.	Westminster at Akron.
Nov. 4.	Westminster at Geneva.
Nov. 11.	Thiel at Westminster.
Nov. 17.	Westminster at U. of W. Va.
Nov. 30.	Westminster at Allegheny.

The annual relay race between the Sophomores and Freshmen for the Relay Cup promises to be of much interest this year; each class have had their candidates in training since the second week of the term and when the weather will not permit of field work, practice is taken in the gymnasium. The candidates in training for the Sophs. are Veazy, Deever, Work, Hazlett, Robb, McBride, Wright, McGill, McMichael, Adams, Campbell, E. Campbell, Neville, Nelson, McGogney, Montgomery; for the freshman McCague, Capt.; Russell, Gourd, Newmyer, Work, Stewart, Zahiner, Wither-



spoon, Degelman, Gordon, Bryceland, Cole, Murry, A. Murry, A. F.

The Senior and Sophomores have challenged the other classes of the College to a field contest on the day of the regular fall field meet. If this challenge is accepted which it in all probability will, the interest in the meet will be greatly increased. It will also have a tendency to bring out any new material in school which may strengthen our inter-collegiate team in the spring.

Wednesday June 14, 1899, closed one of the most successful base ball seasons in the history of the college. The game Saturday was one sided, W. & J. never being in it. The home team played league ball and McKim was at his best. The defeat of W. & J. gives Westminster the College Championship. Score:

Westminster—	0 0 0 5 0 2 1 3 3—14
W. & J.	1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—1

Monday the H. L. A. C. team from Homestead came after us but with 15 consecutive victories to Westminster. McAleese pitched a superb game. The fielding on both sides was loose, on the strength of this game we can and do claim the championship of Western Pennsylvania. Score.

Westminster	0 2 2 0 2 0 2 0 0—8
Homestead	2 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 3—7

The game Tuesday was a walk over for our boys, the Indiana boys not being able to do anything with McKim. The score was 16 to 1.

On Wednesday with the same team Westminster won by a score of 11 to 5.

## ALUMNI AND COLLEGE WORLD.

Miss Letitia Elliott '99, will take the position vacated by Eiss Kuhn at Lexington Va.

Miss Laura McClure '97, has finished her course in the McKeesport Hospital.

Miss Anne F. Caldwell '97, has been elected Musical Director in Volant College.

Mr. James P. Whitla '83, is one of the directors of the newly organized Sharon Steel Company.

Mr. Herman Spencer, '94, has been chosen Prof. of Literature in Chettenham Military School, Ogontz, Pa.

The Rev. W. S. McClure '77; delivered an address before the Niagara Bible Conference at Point Chautauqua.

Monroe Witherspoon, Sam McKim, John Lockhart and — Mitchell, all of '99, have each made us a visit this term.

The Rev. J. A. Duff, '81 of Englewood, Chicago, was a visitor at the home of his mother-in-law. Mrs. Lewis, during the summer.

The Rev. J. A. Alexander '86, spent a month rusticated about New Wilmington after his arduous labors connected with the Y. P. C. U. Convention.

Miss Lydia Imbrie, '96, expects to return to Westminster in October and take up such studies as are necessary to complete the B. S. course.

Prof. C. B. Robertson '93, of the Indianu State Normal School, will take a course in graduate work at John Hopkins University this year.



Dr. Jessie Wilson '87, reached home from Hammedan, Persia, July 28th, and will spend a year at her father's home near New Wilmington.

The Rev. Thos. F. Cummings, '84 and family will sail for India on the steamship Ethiopia, Anchor Line on Sept. 30.

The Rev. S. M. Moore, D. D., '75, of the Presbyterian church in Peoria, Ill., preached several times during the vacation for the New Wilmington people in the 2nd U. P. church.

Misses Mary Kuhn and Edith Taylor have gone to Muskogee, Indian Territory where they will teach in the same school with Fred Taylor '96, who has been teaching there ever since his graduation.

W: D. Gamble '96, will teach Science and Mathematics in Norfolk College this year. Miss Loretta Mitchell '01, has also been elected a teacher there.

At the home of Mr. Lorin A. Filmore, Joplin, Mo., Mr. William Wilson Campbell, '91, and Miss Edna Pauline Filmore, a graduate of Baird College, Clinton, Mo., were married on Aug. 30, '99. Mr. Campbell is Director of Music in Trinity University, Tehucana, Texas.

The Rev. John A. Courtney, D. D., '82, has been obliged by ill health to resign the chair of Latin in Grove City college which, with the exception of four years, he has held since the inception of the institution. It is his intention to take an extended Western trip in the hope of recuperation. He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Waynesburg College last June.

E. L. Eagleson, '99, is in charge of the Stone Valley Academy at McAlevy's Fort, Huntington Co., and R. W. Gealey, '96, is teaching classics in Elders Ridge Academy.

J. F. MacLane, '99, will enter the Yale Law School this year. R. C. McKinley '97, returns soon to the University of Michigan, and W. B. Purvis '98, will resume his studies in the same institution.

Wm. McElwee, Jr., '97, has been appointed Principal of Eau Claire Academy and H. B. McElree, '96, will teach English and Classics in Kittanning Academy, occupying the position vacated by Herman Spencer '94, who has received the appointment of teacher of English in Chettenham.

The following minute was adopted by Philomath Society, at a special meeting held for that purpose:

Whereas—It has pleased the Eternal Father in His all-seeing wisdom to take from our number one whom we loved, honored and respected, Matthew Wilson Hamill, and since we feel that in his death we as individuals have lost a good friend, the Society a faithful member and the College an earnest student, therefore be it

Resolved, that we, the members of Philomath Literary society of Westminster college, take the opportunity to express to his parents and friends our sympathy with them in their bereavement, our sorrow at his loss, and our appreciation of the simple earnestness of his life, honest toward man, and faithful to God, and be it further

Resolved, that these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the society.

## MUSIC AND ART.

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The Lecture Course for the coming year is likely to be the finest that we have ever had. The talent is of the best procurable. Watterson, Dixon and Bain are a trio of shining lights and few towns of the size of New Wilmington have an opportunity to hear all them in one season. The other features of the course, while perhaps not so well known, are all of the first order and should receive the hearty support of the students and the townspeople. It is part of a liberal education to hear the foremost platform speakers of the day, and since the Committee in charge have with commendable enterprise secured such an array of talent it is to be hoped that the support given will encourage even greater efforts in the future,

Misses Ella Richmond and Mary Wilson are among the new students in the Art Department.

The work in free hand drawing preparatory to botany has been begun under the direction of Miss Hodgen.

Prof. Peterson reports quite a large attendance in his department. He will be temporarily without an assistant.

The Chorus Class has been reorganized and the attendance is very large. Particular care has been taken in the arranging of the parts and under the careful drilling of Prof. Peterson the works to be rendered are likely to surpass the previous effort of the Chorus. They are practicing the "Gloria" from Mozart's immortal "Twelfth Mass"

and a Gounod selection "Praise Ye." These numbers, both of the very first order of music, will form a trust to which music lovers can look forward with longing.

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## EXCHANGES.

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### SONG OF THE PREP.

I love the gentle breeze that sways  
The branches overhead;  
I love to stroll in woodland ways  
Ere summer days have fled;  
I love to sit beside the stream  
That sings down to the sea,  
And hear the saucy catbird scream  
Anathemas to me.

I love the blue up in the sky,  
The flock upon the hill;  
I love the billowy field of rye  
Behind the silent mill;  
I love the distant bell that sends  
Its message on the air;  
The birds and beasts I hail as friends  
And all the world is fair.

I love a little maiden who  
Looks at me reguishly;  
The books that I have gathered, too,  
Are very dear to me.  
I love the earth, the sea, the sky,  
The glad wind from the west;  
I love the brooklet singing by,  
But I love to loaf the best.

The following touching verse, in memory of the late Eugene Field, will appeal to every lover of that "Sweet Singer of the West." It was written soon after the death of Field, by his personal friend and ardent admirer, Eugene Scanlon, then of the Chicago Inter-Ocean, and is too good to be lost.

Oh, "Little Boy Blue" is weeping,  
 And the "little toy soldier" is sad,  
 And the "little toy musket" is broken,  
 And wrapped in a wee mourner's plaid;  
 And "Wynker" and "Blynker" are stranded  
 "Nod's lost in the "beautiful sea,"  
 And all of the dear little children  
 Are mourning with you and with me;  
 But, perhaps, he will seek out the wee ones  
 In the heaven men call "over there,"  
 And will weave for them verses of childhood  
 More wonderful, tender and rare!

The September "Cooper Courier" contains a most readable article in "A Plea for Football," from the pen of D. L. Fultz, Coach M. S. U. "Tigers." He sums up the situation thus concisely:

Football, then, it would seem, tends to develop a man along many different lines; not only is he made a much better specimen physically, but he has formed a more forcible character; he develops grit, fearlessness and backbone, which the Rev. Sam Jones

says, is nearly all of a real man. It teaches him acuteness of perception, quickness of mental activity and broadens his intellectual caliber, yet, in the face of all this, many persons condemn our most popular college game because of a few injuries, refusing to recognize the good of it, and continually putting it in a false light before the public. Such persons, unless the writer's idea of life and how to live it are entirely wrong, are too narrow to cast a shadow, and what they need, most of all, is a good mental massage.

They have a new name for assistant Professor Walter A. Wyckoff, of Princeton, University. Since he had his remarkable experience as a laborer, which led to his epoch-making book, "The Workers," he has been called "Weary" Wyckoff, after Weary Waggles of the comic weeklies. It is popular and will stick.

# THE HOLCAD.

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## The Holcad

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

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## EDITORIAL.

October's hearty days! They are words to conjure with when the Frost-king reigns

in the land, and before the blazing hearth we dream again old dreams, and live the old scenes over. Can anything or time be more beautiful than these glorious days. It must have been after a ride through the gorgeously colored woodlands, where the nuts were ripening and the squirrels busy, or through the fields where the corn awaited the huskers and the golden pumpkins gleamed, that Helen Hunt sang

'O suns and skies and clouds of June,  
And flowers of June together  
Ye cannot rival for one hour  
October's bright blue weather.'

It seems a difficult task to dispute June's supremacy, We would almost believe it impossible in the midst of the glamorous delights of a June morning. But let October reign as equal at least. These lazy, hazy, Indian Summer days have delights as rare as the fairest days of June. The name that the Acadian peasants gave the season is a beautiful one, as beautiful as the season "The Summer of All Saints." All Saints "the unknown good that rest, in God's still memory folded deep." This brings us to think of another thing than the delights of the season, something deeper, the Eternal Goodness that provides this rare

time to fill the hearts of men with joy and gladness before the gloomy days of winter. Somebody has put the idea thus,

"A haze on the dim horizon  
The infinite, tender sky,  
The rich, ripe tint of the corn-fields,  
And the wild geese sailing high,  
And all over upland and lowland  
The charm of the golden-rod  
Some of us call it Autumn,  
But others call it God."

---

How often in the excitement and exultation following a foot-ball game do we think of the part played by the second team man in the winning of the game? We may have noticed him as he yelled himself hoarse with that boundless loyalty and devotion to the cause that only a second team man is capable of—and we stopped right there. The balance of the gratitude that we had left after lavishing it upon the eleven, we bestowed on the subs, who looked so important on the side lines; and it is safe betting that we never once thought of him. And yet without him the game could never have been won. He's the fellow, who every day laces up the jacket that the Varsity man long ago cast aside, and forgetting the bumps and smiling at the bruises, goes up to the field to get his regular dose of pounding and bucking, and the rest of it that the Varsity Captain and the Coach think add to his pleasures in life. And if it should happen some day that a two hundred pound guard should gently deposit him on the ground and temporarily use him for a couch, in which pleasant pastime the rest of the

team seek to join him, and his feelings being hurt—of of course not his body—he should decide to stay away from the field a day, then anathema maranatha is hurled at his head. All honor to the second team man whose lot seems all bumps and no glory. When we cheer for a winning Varsity just add a yell for him. We won't be a bit hoarser.

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The continued activity of the Literary Societies is a most encouraging sign. This work is one of the most important parts of an education, training a man to be easy and graceful before an audience. And it should be remembered that the Society is merely the training school and that too much is not to be expected. It may be good training when a man is laughed off the platform for a mistake or an exhibition of nervousness, but is rather hard training. Some question its goodness, too, and well may they. A sensitive nature is likely to need some time to get over the experience, and a long time before he forgets it entirely. Neither does an eccentricity of person give licence for an outburst of laughter. Laughter of this sort is better left outside the Hall.

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We had just read Kipling's new poem, written in honor of his old professors at the United Service College, "Let Us Now Praise Famous Men," and were admiring the beauty of its thought and its lines, when we had the opportunity of hearing the Reverend Professor Black, one of the old



regime in Westminster, the men who laid the foundations of her usefulness and laid them broad and deep. It was peculiarly appropriate that the two things should come together. Each helped in the appreciation of the other. We are apt to forget how much we owe to those who have gone before us.

They that put aside Today—  
All the joys of their Today—  
And with toil of their Today—  
Bought for us Tomorrow.

Their toil and their sacrifice made the present possible. No great deed is done, no great work accomplished without some one's sacrifice. The greatest Teacher the world has ever seen, made the greatest sacrifice of which the world has ever heard. And no teacher can do his work without toil and sacrifice. The time-serving hireling can lead out men to their best efforts no better than he can shepherd sheep. Few are the songs written in honor of the teacher, little is the credit he receives, but still his work continues and shall continue "great beyond his knowing."

The outlook for track athletics in the spring is very promising, if the new material developed in the Fall Field-meet continues to improve in the manner that may reasonably be expected. The meet was one of the best we have had in years. The Sophomore's feat in lowering the record for the Relay-race by sixteen seconds is something of which they may be justly proud. The race proved definitely that relay material for a College team is not so scarce as some thought. These inter-class contests

should be extended to all branches of sport, regularly arranged for and carried out. It has been shown in other schools to be the best system yet tried for developing men for the College teams, and we might profit by the experience.

### Agassiz—A Sketch.

Jean Louis Rodolphe Agassiz was born in the village of Motier, Switzerland, May 28, 1807. His father was a clergyman and also an admirable teacher. His mother, the daughter of a physician, wisely forebore to urge his mind to attainments beyond his years. She sympathized with his love of nature, perceiving in it more than a child's passing fancy to find playmates in the animals which surrounded him.

Agassiz's love for animals and his desire to know more of their habits manifested itself at an early age. The spring which supplied them with pure water became his aquarium into which he collected fishes. Birds, field-mice, rabbits and in fact whatever small animals he could obtain became his pets and playmates. Thus his childish play became the prophecy of his future life.

At the age of ten years he was sent to the College for boys at Bieune, where he spent four years. At the age of fourteen he records his aspirations in one of his notebooks; "I wish to advance in the sciences. I have resolved as far as I am allowed to do so, to become a man of letters." Unfortunately the slender resources of the parsonage at Motier were not sufficient to sup-

ply him with the books necessary for his purpose. However, with that dauntless energy which characterized his mature years he held steadfastly to his purpose.

At fifteen his parents desired him to enter the business house of his uncle at Neuchatel but he begged to be allowed to spend two years in study at the College of Lausanne. While here access to a museum of Natural History confirmed the tastes of his childish years. After spending two years here, on the advice of his uncle, a physician of note, he was sent to the medical school of Zurich. Here he came in contact with men engaged in original research and had free access to the valuable library of Professor Schinz, where he spent many an hour copying books which he was too poor to buy.

In the spring of 1826 he went to the University of Heidelberg. He became acquainted here with a fellow-student, Alexander Braun, and the friendship formed was mutually beneficial. Braun was as enthusiastic in the study of Botany as was Agassiz in that of Zoology. Hence each supplemented the other and in their excursions taken together Braun taught Botany to Agassiz and in turn learned Zoology from him. Of the attainments of Agassiz at this time in his chosen field Braun wrote to his father. "He is familiar with almost all the known mammalia, recognizes the birds from far off by their song, and can give a name to every fish in the water."

Space forbids to trace in detail his later life. Suffice it to say that as a student at Munich where he took his degree in medi-

cine in 1830 his work was characterized by that systematic arrangement and by that ardent love of nature which were more fully exemplified in his mature life.

In 1832 he was called to a professorship at Neuchatel. Of his ability as a teacher his biographer says: "Facts in his hands fell into their orderly relation as parts of a connected whole, and were never presented merely as special or isolated phenomena. Teaching was a passion with him, and his power over his pupils was measured by his own enthusiasm."

The study of nature was with him an affair of the heart. "He would talk of glacial phenomena to the driver of a country stage-coach or to some workman splitting stone by the roadside with as much earnestness as if discussing problems with a brother geologist."

His complete absorption in his work is shown by the fact that, when threatened with blindness, through too close application to microscopic work and compelled to desist even from writing a letter, he spent the time while shut up in a darkened room in practicing the study of fossils by the sense of touch, using the point of his tongue to determine characteristics too delicate for his fingers.

In 1834 Agassiz made his first visit to England where he was heartily welcomed by the scientific men of that time. Here his attention was attracted to glacial phenomena a subject which he afterward investigated more fully in the Alps and elsewhere in conjunction with Dr. Arnold Guyot, a fellow-countryman and born in the same year.

fessorship in Geneva and the following year in Lausanne. He declined both in order to continue his chosen work. During the remaining years of his stay in Europe, he carried on his glacial researches and at the same time prosecuted his Zoological work. So comprehensive was his grasp of all that pertained to natural phenomena that he could turn from one phase of his work to another with the feeling that he was always dealing with kindred subjects.

In 1846 Agassiz came to America and from that time until his death his work became a part of the history of education in his adopted country. His first course of lectures were given at the Lowell Institute in Boston. He was strongly impressed with the fact that his work here brought him into direct contact with the general mass of the people. His success as a lecturer was so great that he felt the temptation to engage more largely in that phase of the work.

In a letter to a friend he writes: 'If I could for a moment forget that I have a scientific mission to fulfill, I could easily make more than enough by my lectures to put me completely at my ease hereafter.' To one whose early aspirations had been so narrowly hemmed in by the cruel lines of poverty we can imagine with how much force such a temptation would come.

In the spring of 1848 Agassiz entered upon the duties of the professorship of Natural History in the Lawrence Scientific School recently organized in Cambridge, Mass. He held this position until 1851 when he was offered a professorship in the

Medical College, Charleston, S. C.

In 1853 he returned to Cambridge, and although the Medical College in Charleston refused to accept his resignation but granted him a year of leave of absence, his health never permitted him to return to his duties there.

In 1854 he received an invitation to Zurich, Switzerland. He felt a strong inclination upon the ground of patriotism, as well as for other reasons, to accept; but his love for the work which he had undertaken in America compelled him to decline the offer.

In the spring of 1855 he opened a private school for young ladies in his own house. The keynote of his success as a teacher is found in his relations to his pupils. Here I quote his words to them: "What I wish for you is a culture that is alive, active, susceptible of farther development. My instruction is only intended to show you the thoughts in nature which science reveals."

This school continued in operation until 1863 when the Civil war became the absorbing topic of interest. The influence exerted by this school is shown in that for years the anniversary of the closing of the school was observed by the assembling of the former pupils at the Museum establishment there.

During all these years Agassiz was an indefatigable investigator. His work included the present life and fossil remains of animals along the Atlantic coast and from whatever other sources he could obtain them. He invited contributions from all sources and many vessels sailed from Boston with cans on board in which might be

brought back specimens from foreign ports.

During the years 1865 to 1868 he made a journey to Brazil and on his return made a summer journey through the western part of the United States. In 1868 he accepted an appointment as non-resident professor in Cornell University, then just organized.

In 1871 he was asked by the Coast Survey Office to accompany an expedition around Cape Horn to California and spent more than a year on this journey.

In October 1872 he returned from this expedition and hoped, after arranging the specimens collected and preparing his report, to spend the next summer in his laboratory completing some work left unfinished; but he found that during his absence his friends had been discussing the project of establishing a summer school to which teachers might come for work and recreation. He yielded to the solicitations of his friends and began at once to make preparations. His appeal to the Legislature of Massachusetts for aid in securing a site and the necessary equipment was read by Mr. John Anderson, a wealthy merchant of New York City. Mr. Anderson offered to give as a site for the school the island of Penikese in Buzzards Bay, and also \$50000 to equip the school. It yet remained to provide suitable accommodations for the students who might come. The school was announced to open on the 8th of July. When Agassiz arrived on the 5th of July the dormitory was without roof or floors. By almost superhuman efforts it was made habitable and a large sheep-barn on the island was used as a recitation building.

Of the first meeting of Agassiz with his pupils there, of the feelings which almost overwhelmed him, of the reverence with which he approached the great subjects of which he was to speak to them, the pen of the great poet of nature, the gentle Whittier has told us in his beautiful poem, 'The Prayer of Agassiz.'

Little did his pupils think when he bade them farewell at the close of this session that it was for the last time, but so it proved. On the 14th of December 1883 the man who had sought to woo from Nature her inmost secrets passed peacefully from a life filled with efforts for the enlightenment of mankind. But he still lives in the hearts of those who knew him and in his influence upon the scientific thought of the world.

We may well say with Longfellow:

"So when a great man dies  
For years beyond our ken,  
The light he leaves behind him lies  
Upon the paths of men."

If this sketch shall serve to interest any in the life and work of the great naturalist, the purpose of the writer will have been accomplished.

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### A Football Alphabet.

---

- A. is the Audience, seekers of sport  
Who with their shekels the game do support.
- B. is the Band that doth blatantly bray  
To encourage the hearts of the players, they say.
- C. is the Coach, of praises devoid  
He seems with the practice a wee bit annoyed.



D. is the Dummy, to make the eleven  
One must tackle it deftly nine times out of seven.

E. is the eleven, with nose-guards and pads  
Do you think that their mothers would know  
these brave lads?

F. stands for Football—a pigskin invention  
And for the Fights o'er that bone of contention.

G. is the Gridiron—most fitting name—  
For "hot games" and "roasts" may be had on  
the same.

H. is the Hero who makes the star play,  
In the eyes of the crowd he's a king—for that  
day.

I. is the Inch that is needed to gain  
That wished for "first down" and its lack  
means much pain.

J. is the Jerky but Joyful Jog-trot  
Made by teams to mid-field when a touch-down  
they've got.

K. is the Kick, faked, punted or dropped.  
And queer the results when at times it is  
stopped.

L. are the Linesmen observed of the crowd  
With mien very conscious and golf-stockings  
loud.

M. is the Manager—man of much mettle—  
Who bobbeth about like a pea in a kettle.

N. is the Nose-guard, protector of blows,  
Its wearers all look up-to-date Cyranos.

O. is the Opening, eke yclept hole,  
Through which gains are made to the oppo-  
site goal.

P. is the Punt propelled down the field,  
And also the Pushings the end tacklings yield.

Q. is the Quarter-back full of quaint quips  
Such as "1, 2, 3, 20" that spurt from his lips.

R. is the Run-round-the-end, full of dash  
When made by the team you are backing  
with cash.

S. is the Scrimmage and Slugging so skilled  
Please stop them somebody or all will be killed

T. is the Tackle who's "right out for blood"  
And brings down his man with a dull heavy  
thud.

U. is the Umpire, eagle of eye  
All off-side and holding he's sure to espy

V. is the View blocked by boobies so blunt,  
Who heed not the throat-splitting shout "Down  
in front."

W. the Whistle that squelches some play,  
Which for your own players would sure win  
the day.

X. the Xcitement when scores are a tie  
And the ball two short feet from the goal-line  
doth lie.

Y. are the Yells when a touch-down is made,  
Opposite side wears an air grave and staid

Z. is the Zest of the victory won,  
The town painted red and the deeds that are  
done.

&. the vanquished retort 'mid tumult and cheer  
"You have done it to-day but just wait till  
next year!" B

### The Brats.

Oh here's to the brats—  
Their cats,  
Their scraps,  
Their paps. The brats!

Oh they live in the flats, in the slums,  
And their bawling is worse than snare drums,  
And it's hard on the nerves and worse on the ears  
When the brats are in trouble and tears.

Their faces are dirty, it's a shame!  
But the brats they're not really to blame  
For mammy must toil from morning till night,  
And daddy can't work when he's tight.

Yet they're mean little brats to the bone,  
And they scrap, and they fight, and they groan.  
If they're happy they bawl, they're sick if they  
laugh—

We like them when near (a mile and a half.)

Oh the brats they are three and they're tough,  
And they handle the cat rather rough.  
From youngest to oldest they are wicked and  
mean.

Choking with malice, chuck full of spleen.

When dad handles the oldest one hard  
It goes down to the next youngest pard,  
Then it shifts to the babe and moves on to the cat,  
And it's hard to stand actions like that.

They stamp in a rage and tear their own clothes(?)  
Down in the Slums most anything goes—  
They curse through their teeth and they make  
the air blue,—

The nastiest things ever you knew.

Then here's to the brats—  
 Their cats,  
 Their scraps,  
 Their paps. The brats!

Oh I say, you're most mighty lucky, you are—  
 A sight more than some others by far.  
 Just think if your kids had been ugly and brats,  
 Had owned such faces and had such cats,  
     Such paps,  
     Such scraps.  
 The brats!

EGBERT R. MORRISON

### Conversation—How One Should Take Part In It.

From the French of LaRoche foucauld.

The reason that so few people are agreeable in conversation is that each thinks more of what he purposes to say than of what others are saying, and that one listens hardly at all when he is desirous of speaking.

Nevertheless it is necessary to listen to those who are speaking. We should give them time to be heard and even allow them to say useless things. Far from contradicting and interrupting them, we should endeavor to enter into their mood and adopt if possible their point of view, show that we understand them, praise what they say as far as it is deserving of praise, and make it appear that it is rather from choice than from complaisance that we praise them.

In order to please others it is necessary to speak of what they like and of what concerns them,—to avoid disputing unimportant statements, to ask few questions, and never to let them think that we claim to be more nearly right than they.

One should speak in rather a serious manner and choose subjects that are, more or less, elevated according to the position and the capacity of the persons with whom he is speaking, and should leave to them the privilege of deciding without obliging them to reply when they have no desire to speak. Having in this way fulfilled the duties of politeness, a person can express his views, showing at the same time that he seeks to support them by the opinions of those present, and without appearing presumptuous or opinionated.

Let us avoid, above all, speaking often of ourselves and citing ourselves as an example. Nothing is more disagreeable than a man who is constantly referring to himself.

We must never speak with an air of authority, nor manifest any superiority of understanding. We should also avoid far-fetched expressions, extravagant or forced terms, and be careful not to use words that are grander than is fitting for the subject.

There is no objection to holding to our own opinions if they are reasonable, but we should submit to reason as soon as it appears, from whatever source it may come. It alone should reign over our sentiments, but let us follow it without clashing with others, and without manifesting any contempt for, or indifference to, what they may have said.

We are sure to weary our hearers if we talk too long and too often of the same thing, or if we endeavor to turn the conversation upon subjects of which we think we can speak more learnedly than others.



## Foot-Ball.

---

The noon-day sun was pouring down,  
Upon a meadow sear and brown  
Where stood a youth with ball on thigh  
Loud to his comrades rang the cry  
"Foot-ball!"

He hopes to win himself a name  
By playing soon a good round game;  
For him 'twill be the greatest fun  
To hear the words, "Westminster's won  
"Foot-ball!"

His brow was bumped, his eye was black,  
There was a sore spot on his back  
But still his weakened arms he flung,  
Still accents from that swollen tongue,  
"Foot-ball!"

"Now stop that game," one lady said—  
"The quarter-back has bumped his head,  
"The center too has sprained his wrist,  
"The umpire's brain is in a mist.  
"Foot-ball!"

"Oh drop that man!" the maiden said—  
"And make a good touch-down instead."  
A swift ball hit him in the eye,  
But still he answered with a sigh,  
"Foot-ball!"

"Take care there or you'll make a foul,"  
That was the umpire's awful howl.  
But still re-echoed in his ear  
In that deep voice, so thick and queer,  
"Foot-ball!"

There on the cold earth, drear and gray,  
To perfect jelly smashed he lay,  
While o'er the field came from afar,  
The megaphone with a loud hurrah,  
"Foot-ball!"  
L. L.

---

## A Midnight Joke.

---

The night was dark, the sun was hid  
Behind old Furnace Hill.  
No sound was heard, no star appeared  
And everything was still.

The lamps upon the corners set  
Had burned out one by one.  
And boys with lessons all prepared (?)  
Agreed to have some fun.

Accordingly a scheme was laid  
To visit "Cascade Park,"  
For there a young man roomed who was  
Quite fearful of the dark.

A floating tale had reached his ears  
That he that night must go,  
As most new students have to do,  
His "speed" and "pluck" to show.

Since he was on the Freshman team  
He didn't have much speed,  
And as to pluck we must admit  
He felt a crying need.

Accordingly he sought his room  
As soon as darkness fell,  
But all in vain with open books  
He sought his fears to quell.

The hour of midnight came at length,  
And hark! out on the street,  
He heard with wildly beating heart  
The stealthy tread of feet!

A message came to go at once  
Obeying what they said,  
For things would be much more severe  
Should he refuse instead.

He knew 'twas useless to resist  
So, smothering his fright,  
He followed "Venus" down the stairs  
And out into the night.

As through the darkness he was led,  
He felt his courage fail,  
And hoped sincerely that his guide  
The plot would soon unveil.

When they at length were out of town,  
They passed a weird old shed  
Whose roof had long since fallen in;  
Here "Venus" paused and said:—

"Beneath this tree you are to stand,  
And wait till I return;  
But be assured you'll fare much worse  
If this command you spurn."

With these few parting words, the lad  
Was left beneath the tree.  
The rain poured down until his clothes  
Were wet as they could be.

Still patiently he waited there  
While weary hours rolled by.  
The boys were at the restaurant  
Enjoying pop and pie.

\* \* \* \*

A rooster at the break of day  
 Crowed loudly on a stump,  
 And "Spoon" as he stole up the street  
 Thought this, "I am a Chump."

W.

### The Secret of the Sophomore Stone.

Tom Allan had just returned from the first term social given by the Christian Associations of the College. Allan was a Senior and the socials had long since lost their attractions for him. This evening he had been induced to go by his friend Harris, a jolly little Soph, who didn't believe in "missing anything."

Harris was soon engaged in discussing the merits of the men chosen to run the relay race at the coming field meet and Allan stole away unobserved. Going to his rooms he sat down to read his Psychology and to try to understand a priori and posteriori judgments as set forth by Dr. Porter. While thus occupied, his thoughts in some inexplicable manner, turned to a granite boulder which lay in a corner of the campus and bore the legend, "Sophomore Class 1877." It is no doubt a memorial of the valor of that class on the athletic field, he thought, and also of their proficiency in their studies; perhaps they even understood Mental Science.

He seemed to see the stone with its inscription and at one side of it a small iron ring which he had never before noticed.

Taking hold of the ring and drawing it towards him, he was astonished to find, that the grass, which grew about it, parted in the most natural manner and revealed a trap-door which was opened by pulling upon the ring in the way Allan had done,

A flight of stone steps led to a dark corridor. He descended the steps and started on a tour of exploration, urged by his love of anything unusual! Soon his eyes became somewhat accustomed to the darkness and he saw in the distance a faint line of light and hurried towards it as rapidly as the roughness of the path permitted. After stumbling along for several minutes he heard behind him stealthy footsteps and angry snarls of some unseen creature, which sounded half-human and wholly terrifying. His heart stood still and his blood seemed frozen in his veins. He knew not what to do. To go back meant certain death. To go forward—he knew not what. The increasing tumult soon decided him and he pressed forward at his best pace. His feet seemed to have grown too heavy for him to carry, his breath was fast failing him, and he was just giving up to despair, when the path turned suddenly and the light which he had seen as a faint line at starting now proved to be the glorious sunlight, which flooded the place, almost blinding him with its sudden glare. His horror of the pursuing creature gave way to a feeling of most fervent thanksgiving, when, on turning to face it, he saw that the passage had been miraculously closed and no trace of it could be found.

His eyes being now accustomed to the dazzling light, he looked about him and beheld a garden of surpassing beauty. The ground was carpeted with the richest green moss, birds of rarest plumage flitted about in the trees, the most fragrant flowers bloomed in strange profusion, murmuring fountains played in shady nooks and the air

was filled with sweetest music. While he stood enraptured by the scene, a light hand touched his shoulder and a voice said "Come with me and I will show you something which will please you even more." An ethereal figure, more like a spirit from another world than a mortal, glided before him to a rustic house half hidden amid the dense foliage. Bidding him be seated at a table which stood in the center of the room, she touched a secret spring in the wall, a panel fell back and disclosed to his wondering sight great heaps of shining gold and sparkling gems. "These," said the spirit, "were placed here by the wonderful class of 1877 to be given to the one who, guided by the gods of ancient Greece and Rome, whom they learned in college halls to revere, should brave the dangers of the secret passage and come to my subterranean home. This you have done," continued the spirit, "and the reward is yours; take it and be happy." The spirit vanished and Allan arose, overjoyed at his good fortune, and reached out to take the glittering treasures in his hand; and he awoke, and behold it was a dream. B. S.

### LOCALS.

All a Board, Shoemaker.

What kind of a bird did Elma want?

Carl Porter is up and with us again.

John McAleese visited us for several days.

James Sloss is "Given" to going to the Hall.

Go to Dr. Clark's for first class College Yells.

Ask McGinness about his five-cent girl?

Shoemaker is wearing a Broad smile nowadays.

A Ghost seen at the Lecture. A Phantom Chamberlain.

Besse Whitney says she likes to lean up against Walls.

Tell your troubles to Neville; he is as good as a policeman.

McGinness says that he has a girl, but she doesn't know it.

Miss Taggart says that she is Buoyed up with Hope. So is Boyd.

Misses Ramsey and Mehard.—Express to and from the Junction.

Edna Ramsey seems to have a speaking acquaintance with cats. Meow.

Take the HOLCAD for points. If you can't get enough, get a paper of pins.

Prof. McElree.—Mr Morrow, from what direction does the South wind blow?

Gilfillan is the question box for the class; give him one and he will do the asking.

Metz was smoked out one night and blames it all on our little friend, "Punk" Anderson.

Earl Miller.—Authority on making fudge. Samples gladly furnished to all applicants.

For the first time this term Prof. Moore

has told the same story twice. It's the one about Smith.

Walter Mehard lost a photograph of himself taken when he was four years old.

Kendall, formerly of '02, visited us for a few days, and his moustache came with him.

"Will" Montgomery had his shoulder badly wrenched in a scrimmage on the football field.

Miss —— to one of our fellows up at Greenville:—Look out my mother's in the grand-stand.

The lecture in chapel on Tuesday night by Rev. Hawk was in a way "a birdseye view" of it.

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again." A new way of looking at the object of foot ball.

Miss Whitney in Junior French persists in pronouncing the word "gauche" like our English "gosh."

Is it to be wondered at that the Columbia's haven't played a game since the "roast" in chapel?

The cat, why he did howl with glee  
At midnight unmolested,  
The Preppy, he just tried to see  
And promptly was arrested.

McGinness is thinking of starting a package delivery company to compete with the Sharpsville and the hacks.

The "cold dog" story has been brought up in Greek several times this term. It must have been in "cold storage."

Miss Hope does not need to give Miss

Taggart a spoon. She furnishes one for herself. Such a dear little Spoon, too.

Drake thinks it should be changed to "Alamo" so that he could show the qualities of the "fighting Sixteenth."

No wonder the Sophomores painted the pavements after the relay race. They '02 do something to show their class spirit.

A Hall girl dreamed about cats and boys one night; perhaps the connection is that both are out pretty late at nights.

McCague and Johnson hold the record for putting a room in order. It is fifteen minutes, but his mother didn't come.

Mr. DeWitt solved the perplexing problem why the students were so wakeful at night. While they are resting they think they must make a noise.

Murdock says that he didn't expect to make the 'Varsity team in his first year, but he will play with the Columbias this year just to keep in practice.

Prof. Moore made a very good impression in the zoology class last week; he made a blue print of a feather and it turned out well. No wonder; it was light enough.

McGinness and Pillow are very good sprinters; on Monday night they ran up the track and distanced the hacks. Henry had the grip when he reached town

Boyd Witherspoon says that he comes from a place where there aren't many horses, and he therefore has to use both hands in driving; so that there is no truth in the story that is going the rounds about him.

J. M. Murray alias "Hungry" had quite a fall on the foot-ball field on Tuesday. He didn't get out of the road of the interference fast enough.

McGinness is quite an enterprising advertiser, as the bulletin-board in the hall showed one morning. He does not state whether or not he received an answer.

McCartney's brother says he knows a fellow who when he called on his girl sometimes stayed until half past nine. We hope that no one will introduce this custom into New Wilmington.

It was reported that Helen Barnes had a good story about Drake and someone else to tell the local editor, but as he did not hear it, every one can satisfy his curiosity by asking Miss Barnes.

Metz says he has the dearest, sweetest, darlingest, tootsie-wootsiest little puppy dog at home you ever saw. "How glad it will be to see me when I go home. We had a cow and a calf, but papa sold the calf and gave me the money." Oh, dear!

At the advent of the hunting season many of the boys went out to try their luck. "Eddy" and "Binno" were out one afternoon; they shot a chipmunk, "Eddy" shot the peak off "Binno's" base ball cap and they both got about a bushel of apples.

"Charley" Pittinger paid the "outcasts" a visit on Tuesday night and while he was interested in a good story, some one took one of his shoes; he started home, but was called back and after an exciting game

of "button! button! who has the button?" he recovered his tan (not ten) and again resumed his way.

They say that Drake looked like thirty cents after the interview. We can't tell all the story, but he is still taking Nervura.

We are sorry to hear that Newmyer thinks he was neglected in not being noticed in these columns last month. We will look over our stock and fix one up for him next month. Don't worry, son.

#### THE MAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

I've met him all about the town,  
On every street, in every house.  
I've seen him bound in black and brown  
And coverless from much abuse,

In preppie's den, in Senior's room.  
In chapel and in class.  
In high repute and dreadful doom,  
In room of lad and lass.

His lot is truly out of sight,  
He's more than popular.  
Some say he's wrong, some say he's right.  
You know him well—his name is John.

### ATHLETICS.

#### STANDING OF THE INTER-COLLEGIATE LEAGUE.

	Won	Lost	Tied
Westminster	3	0	0
Thiel	1	1	1
Allegheny	1	1	1
Geneva	0	3	0

We have entered upon our football season and thus far all our expectations have been realized. We have won all the games played to date, and there is no visible cause why our success should not continue. The team continues to round into better shape



each day, and the team work is a revelation to the former standard of our teams. For this result too much credit cannot be given to our coach, Dr. Zeigler, through whose efforts this change has been effected. This demonstrates again that it is not the individual work, but the combined work of the individuals that makes a football team.

The first game of the season was played Sept. 20th with Swissvale at New Wilmington. The day was very severe for the opening of the season and the spectators were not very numerous, but those who had the courage to come out were well satisfied with the results. Although a cold day the game was rather slow, owing to the poor condition of the opposing team. In offensive play they were very deliberate, taking a considerable time for the signals as well as for lining up, and when Westminster had the ball all attempts to force a fast game were baffled by calls for time out.

Of the new men in the game for Westminster Cummings and Donaldson proved the greatest surprises, Donaldson at center handling the ball in first class condition and in defensive play making not a few tackles. Cummings at half carried the ball time after time from four to seven yards on short end runs. Of the old men, Kuhn especially distinguished himself by carrying the ball for successive gains through right end.

Westminster—10.	Swissvale—0.
Donaldson .....	C. .... Hazeltine
McCandless .....	L. G. .... Marshall
McCalment .....	L. T. .... Hughes
Kuhn .....	L. E. Sales, Cunningham
E. Campbell .....	R. G. .... Edwards
C. Campbell .....	R. P. .... McGee
Ewing .....	R. E. .... McKeever
Mehard .....	Q. B. .... Houston

Cummings .....	L. H. .... Reese
Edmundson .....	R. H. .... Richardson
Smith .....	F. B. .... Naughton

Time of halves 25 min.; Touchdowns, Cummings (2); Goals (0); Referee, Dravo; Umpire, Cameron

The first game of the championship series was played against Allegheny College at New Wilmington on Oct. 9th. The game resulted in a victory for Westminster by a score of 16 to 6. The game was very interesting, being free from all unpleasant features, but was somewhat delayed by frequent calls for time out. The Allegheny boys put up a very good offensive game but were rather weak in defensive play. The work of our own team was very creditable, the offensive work however was superior to the defensive, Allegheny occasionally making gains that should have been stopped. Westminster scored three touch downs in the first half.

In the second half we had the ball on Allegheny's ten yard line. The ball was given to Campbell for a buck through the line when from out the pile darted Borland and sped along towards Westminster's goal where he placed it between the posts. The game had to be called at this time to enable the Allegheny boys to catch the train. The line-up was as follows:

Westminster—16	Allegheny—6
Donaldson .....	C. .... Carr-Baker
McCandless .....	L. G. .... Sechrist
E. Campbell .....	R. G. .... Selkrig
Chambers .....	L. T. .... Donglass
C. Campbell .....	R. T. .... Rhorbaugh
Kuhn .....	L. E. .... Faylor
Ewing .....	R. E. .... Gampe
Mehard .....	Q. B. .... Moorhead
Cummings .....	L. H. .... Frazier
Edmundson .....	R. H. .... Borland
Smith .....	F. B. .... Williams

Time of halves—15-5 minutes; touchdowns—Edmundson, Cummings, Smith, Borland; goals—Kuhn 1, Williams 1. Referee, Cameron. Umpire, Brown.

The second game of the Inter Collegiate League series was played against Thiel at Greenville Oct. 15th. Thiel had won from Geneva the previous Saturday, hence the game was looked upon with interest by all interested in the League. The weather was excessively warm and a fast, hard game was impossible. Thiel kicked off. Westminster immediately lost the ball on downs, but quickly recovered it and did not loose on downs again during the entire game. The Thiel boys were unable to do anything with the blue and white either by line bucks or end runs. The guards over play which they worked against us to such good advantage last year was stopped with ease. In fact, Thiel was not in the game at any time and had the day not been so warm the score would probably have been larger. The team was accompanied by about twenty-five rooters, who did a great deal to give the boys confidence. The line-up of the team follows:

Westminster—11.

Thiel—0

Kuhn .....	L. E. ....	Ernst
Chambers .....	L. T. ....	Hamilton
McCandless .....	L. G. ....	Strobel
Donaldson .....	C. ....	White
E. Campbell .....	R. G. ....	Wineman
C. Campbell .....	R. T. ....	H. Snyder
Ewing .....	R. E. ....	W. Snyder
Mehard .....	Q. B. ....	Packard
Edmundson .....	R. H. ....	Wasser
Cummings .....	L. H. ....	Berman
Smith .....	F. B. ....	Murphy

Time of halves 20 and 15 min. Touchdowns, Edmundson, Smith; Goals, Kuhn (1); Referee, Cameron; Umpire, Martin; Linesmen, Roessing (W); Blakely, (T). Final score, 11-0.

The third game of the Inter-Collegiate championship series was played here on Saturday, Oct. 21st, against Geneva. It was an ideal football day, cool enough for the players and pleasant enough for the spectators, and the result was a fast, hard game, the equal of which has probably never been seen on the local field. Geneva kicked off and in 3½ minutes Westminster scored a touchdown, and from that time on they continued to pile up the score by making an average of a touchdown every 3½ minutes. Geneva had the ball but three times and made but very limited gains, their most successful play being a tackle buck. Westminster went through Geneva's line and around their ends at will. Cummings' the new half, continued the fine game he has been playing all season and shows great improvement in his knowledge of the game. Smith, Edmundson and Campbell carried the ball through the line for from five to ten yards each, and Kuhn covered himself with glory by kicking ten straight goals and making two touchdowns, a record never before made by a Westminster man. The whole team played a strong game, and the coach seemed as happy over the showing of the team as a boy with a new pair of boots. To the credit of the Geneva team be it said that they played a clean, fast game and called for time out very seldom, thus only making the large score possible. The Geneva boys are thorough sportsmen and finding themselves against defeat accepted it gracefully. The line-up of the teams follows:

Westminster is a winner.

## Westminster—60.

Kuhn.....	L. E.	Hill
Chambers.....	L. T.	Scott
McCandless.....	L. G.	Leach
Donaldson.....	C.	Richards
E. Campbell.....	R. G.	Balph
C. Campbell.....	R. T.	Barnum
Ewing-McCalmont.....	R. E.	Elsev
Cummings.....	L. H.	Thompson
Mehard.....	Q. B.	Craig
Edmundson.....	R. H.	George
Smith.....	F. B.	Smith

Time of halves 20 and 15 min. Touchdowns, Kuhn (2), Cummings (2), Edmundson (2), Smith McCalmont, Mehard, Campbell; Referee, Cameron; Umpire, McAnlis. Final score, 60-0.

The field day and Sophomore-Freshman relay race held on Oct. 13th was very successful. The chief interest of course was centered upon the relay race, which resulted in a victory for the Sophs. The record which was held by 1900, the sister class of '02, was broken, the former record being 62 seconds per quarter, which was lowered to 60 seconds. This makes two successive years in which the class of '02 has won the cup. The freshmen team put up a stiff argument and with a year's training will certainly take the race next year. The teams were composed of the following runners: Sophomores—Deevers, Neville, Veazey, J. Work, Snodgrass, McKelvey, McGill, McBride. Freshmen—Zehner, Degelman, Stewart, R. Work, Yourd, Thompson, Witherspoon, Thompson.

The other events were won as follows:

100 yard dash.—C. Thompson; time, 10 4-5 seconds.

Broad jump.—Deevers; 20 ft. 1 1/2 in.

220 yard dash.—L. Thompson; 28 sec.

1 mile run.—Work; 6 min.

1 mile bicycle.—L. Thompson.

Pole vault.—Smith; 9 ft. 3 in.

## Geneva—0.

Shot put —McCandless; 32 ft. 6 in.

Standing broad grin.—Donald McKim.

Rankin, Pa.; 1 ft. 3 in.

## ALUMNI NOTES.

Miss Myra Boyd '95, is teaching in McIlvain Institute, Crawford county.

Rev. R. K. Wick '83, of Jersey City, visited friends in the village recently.

Rev. W. J. Graham '80 of Carrollton, O., was the guest of his nephew, F. G. Wright, '00, on the 28th.

Rev. Thomas J. Ferguson, '75 of Hogestown, was the guest of his brother, President Ferguson, recently,

Dr. J. B. McClelland, '78, Professor of Greek in Grove City college, was appointed by the Presbytery of Mercer at a recent meeting, a delegate to the next General Assembly.

Hon. Samuel H. Miller '60, President Judge of Mercer county, accompanied by Mrs. Miller, attended the Friday services in the Second church on the occasion of the last communion. Dr. A. M. Black, one of the Judges' old teachers, preached the sermon.

Recent advices from Dr. John A. Courtney '82, at Colorado Springs, bring his friends little encouragement as to his health. He seems to have derived scant benefit from the change of climate.

Rev. Samuel J. Crowe, '66, Secretary of the National Sabbath Reform Association and President of the Board of Trustees

of Geneva College, was in New Wilmington a few days ago on his way to New Castle.

Rev. Clarence H. Wilson '87, of Sag Harbor, Long Island, while on a visit to his mother in Youngstown, O., preached two sermons in the First Presbyterian church, New Castle.

Dr. M. B. Snyder '84, of Council Bluffs, Ia., paid his Alma Mater a flying visit on the 3d. His brother J. L. Snyder, '86, is President of the Michigan State Agricultural college at Lansing.

The recently discovered fossil remains of prehistoric animals which have made such a stir in the scientific world and which are now being excavated in Wyoming are on the land owned by Mrs Hamilton, nee Mary Vincent '71.

Westminster was visited by many alumni this month. Among the visitors were W. M. Lindsay '87, Attorney-at-Law from Pittsburg, Reid Kennedy '89, Burgess of Homestead, C. B. Wilson '87, Omaha, Eugene Warden, '95, Atty-at-Law, Greensburg, E. V. Weller, '97, Allegheny, C. E. Cummings '79, and J. P. Lockhart, '99.

Rev. S. E. Hawk '77, the well known evangelist, delivered a temperance lecture in College Chapel to a crowded house on the evening of Oct. 17. The music was furnished by former students and alumni, Misses Gertrude Clark and Anna Caldwell, the Rev. J. D. Barr and Prof. A. C. McClelland.

It was a pleasure to have with us in Chapel recently the venerable Professor

Andrew Morrow Black, D. D., one of the Westminster faculty in the early days of her history. Dr. Black was graduated from Franklin college in 1836 and was Professor of Latin in his Alma Mater when called to a Professorship in Westminster in 1853. He occupied this chair here until 1864 when he was appointed Professor of Greek and Hebrew in Monmouth which chair he filled for eleven years. He subsequently was connected with Muskingum college and again with Franklin. His words to us in his chapel address came as a voice from the Westminster of fifty years ago to the Westminster of to-day and abounded in genial anecdote and reminiscence. He is a venerable and striking figure and in spite of his eighty-eight years, hale and hearty. To few men it is given to spend a life so full, so helpful, so abounding. "The Future he may face, now he has proved the Past."

It becomes our sad duty to report the death of Mrs. Martha B. Vincent at her home in Allegheny on September 25th after an illness of ten days. Mrs. Vincent was the wife of Dr. Geo. C. Vincent, one of the founders of Westminster college, and will be remembered by many readers of the HOLCAD as having been present at the unveiling of Dr. Vincent's portrait in College Chapel last June. This is the breaking of another tie which united Westminster's present with its past; for Mrs. Vincent by her sacrifices and her encouragement had a large part in the progress of the college during the twenty years in which her husband was connected with it as a worthy professor. A daughter and a son who are



practicing physicians in Allegheny and Pittsburg, and two sons, ministers in the United Presbyterian church are well known to many of our readers. To these and the other son and daughter Westminster extends heartfelt sympathy.

### EXCHANGES.

The Allegheny "Campus" as a weekly is a decided improvement on the old bi-monthly

The organ of Otterbein University, the "Aegis," is a new and rather well edited exchange.

The "Oracle" of Monmouth College in its new dress and enlarged form, reflects much credit on its new board of editors.

The "Washington-Jeffersonian" for September maintains its usual high standard in subject matter and is almost typographically perfect.

A Millersburg, Ohio, sweet girl graduate chose as the subject of her commencement essay, "From Fig Leaf to Shirt Waist." She was original, to say the least.

The "Notre Dame Scholastic" for September 30th contains a most excellent critique on "The Little Minister." It is well written and analytical, its author showing a keen appreciation of Mr. Barrie and his work.

The "Index," the exponent of Pacific University—"a first-class periodical, entered as second class matter, at a third-class post-office," as is facetiously stated on the

editorial page—has reached our table. It is unique in its make-up and its general tone is refreshingly original.

The three hundred and tenth thousand of "David Harum" is now on press, and the vitality of this phenomenal book is shown by the fact that on one day in the first week of October the orders amounted to over 4,000 copies. It is also of interest to note one significant fact regarding the sales, which is that the actual records show an increase. The average sale of "David Harum" for every business day in August was thirteen hundred and sixty copies, while the average rate in September was fifteen hundred and twenty-one copies. It is of course obvious that no book of recent years has approached the record already made by "David Harum."

Of the graduating class at Harvard 408 members have indicated their choice of a future profession, and the result must be declared to be distinctly depressing in some particulars, while it is exhilarating in others. With a surplus of lawyers already practicing law and running for Congress, 100 of these graduates intend to study law, 29 will reinforce the crowded ranks of the medical profession, 12 will study for the ministry, 45 will teach—until they can find something more profitable to do—and business careers of various kinds will claim nearly a hundred more. Twelve of the class expect to enter journalism, eleven to become architects, three are put down as intending to enter literature, and there is only one artist and one musician in the whole 400.



We reprint the following as one of the most clever bits of verse met with for many moons:

### 8ale.

Sender tale I now rel8  
In figurstive speech. As f8  
Gave me no power to corusc8  
In metaphor and trope orn8,  
I'll use my lowlier gifts, and st8  
My facts in humble figure 8

Young, beautiful and lissome K8  
Was loved and wooed by William W8,  
Daily as they together s8,  
And nightly at the garden g8;  
Yet when he'd ask her if she'd m8,  
She ever answered, "William, w8!"

He showed her all his love so gr8,  
He argued every night till l8,  
Upon his cheerless, lonesome st8,  
He plead with her to fix the d8;  
But she would not particip8  
In his long, amorus deb8,  
But would her forehead corrug8,  
And coyly answer, "William, w8!"

"At least," he cried, "O maid sed8,  
Though it my woe may aggrav8,  
Tell, oh, I pray thee, tell me str8,  
Lov'st thou another? Oh, rel8  
His h8ful name, and seal my f8!"  
She blushing murmured, "William W8!"

"I see!" he did ejacul8;  
"Tis I! 'Tis I! I am William W8!"  
He clasps the maiden rose8;  
Their hearts in rapturous joy pul8.  
"And may I kiss thee once, dear K8?  
Just one sweet kiss? Say yes, oh s8!"  
The shy maid whispered softly, "8."

They kissed; 't was spring in '88,  
By fall they'd scored 8,000,008.  
But now—alas that I must s8!—  
When she pleads for a kiss, the gr8  
Big brute does thus retali8,  
"W8, K8; w8, Mrs. K8 W8, w8!"

—Frank Crane, in the Century.

A consideration of the history of the modern novel brings out two facts. First, that the technic has been steadily improving; that the story is now told more directly; that character is now portrayed more

carefully and elaborately, and that the artist is more self-respecting and takes his work more seriously. And, second, that the desire to reproduce life with all its intricacies, has increased with the ability to accomplish this. The best fiction of the eighteenth century serious novelists—and I include among these humorists like Mark Twain, whos' "Huckleberry Finn" is a masterpiece of verity—serious novelists nowadays seek for the very interest of their narratives not in the accidents that befall the hero nor in the external perils from which he chances to escape, but rather in the man himself, in his character with its balance of good and evil, in his struggle with his conscience, in his reaction against his heredity and his environment. Know thyself, said the Greek philosopher; and and the English poet told us that the proper study of mankind is man. In the modern novel, wisely studied, is presented an instrument of great subtlety for the acquiring of knowledge of ourselves and of our fellow men. It broadens our sympathy, by telling us how the other half lives; and it also sharpens our insight into humanity at large. It helps us to take a large and liberal view of life; it enlightens it sustains and it cheers. What Mr John Morley once said of literature as a whole is even more accurate when applied to fiction alone; its purpose is "to bring sunshine into our hearts and to drive moonshine out of our heads." —Prof. Brander Matthews, in September "Cosmopolitan."

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Subscribe for the HOLCAD.

## MUSIC AND ART.

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On Nov. 5, Mr. Robert Nourse will deliver his lecture on "John and Jonathan" instead of the one billed "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

There will be no pupil's recital in the Music Department this term. Instead the work of the pupils may be judged by the performances at the Junior Orations, for which the Department will furnish the music.

The opening lecture of the course was delivered by Mr. H. DeWitt Miller on Oct. 4th on the subject "Love, Courtship and Matrimony." The lecture was an interesting one in many ways. A very large audience greeted the speaker, one of the largest ever present on an opening night. The season bids fair to be the most prosperous in the history of the lecture course in this place.

The Chorus is doing excellent work with the selections in preparation for its term concert. An additional Gounod number, the famous "Unfold Ye Portals" from "The Redemption" has been added. It is unfortunate that the way does not seem to be open for the production of the work or something of a similar nature in its entirety.

The success of the Mass last year led us to hope that it would be attempted,

Roy Dindinger has been chosen leader of the Philo Mandolin Club. As yet little has been done towards the permanent organization of the Club for the year. There is a great deal of new material in the Society and before long it is hoped that the best and largest Club that it has ever had will be organized.

The musical numbers of the Society programs have not been the least interesting parts to the large audiences in attendance. The new Faculty rule, granting the full term to the new students for the purpose of choosing a society, has been taken advantage of by many. It is a good rule. A man's friendships are largely within his society and he should be allowed plenty of time to make up his mind on this, to the undergraduate, very important question.

A Glee Club has been organized under the direction of Prof. Peterson. The following make up the organization: First tenors, Briceland, Cornelius, Williamson, Second tenors, Breaden, McCalmont, Newmyer; First basses, Donaldson, George, R. Work; Second basses, Chambers, Ewing, J. Work.

# THE HOLCAD.

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No. 3.

## The Holcad

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

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### EDITORIAL.

The gallant ship which for so many years weathered the storms of criticism that dashed in fury upon us has made its last

voyage. From its position on the front cover it caught the first wildness of the storms. Not by them was it overcome, we will not allow that it was even weakened. But it has fulfilled its mission and so we put it by, regretfully. It has witnessed many changes in the years. Many anxious moments have been spent in the getting ready of its freight, so precious to the ones who toiled, so lightly esteemed by those who it received. Much laughter has it brought, a few heart burnings, and to those who would have it so, knowledge and wisdom. It may be hard for some to accustom themselves to the new ship. It may not seem the same to them. If so we are sorry. As it sets out on its initial voyage it is with our prayer that in the coming years it may do an even greater work than did the old, that farther and wider may spread the glory and the influence of old Westminster, our Alma Mater dear.

The Hallowe'en reception has come and gone. Everybody enjoyed it. Why can't we have a similar affair every term? Is there not too little attention paid to the social part of our education here? We trust that we will not be thought over bold as we

suggest these thoughts. Is not an education intended to enable a man to take his place among men, complete in every part? Can this culture be gotten entirely from books? We know that there is another side to the question—that there are those who seek to get this culture entirely outside of books. Are not both partially wrong? We have known men, college graduates, who could not pass an evening in a social assembly without the breach of some law of etiquette. This surely ought not so to be. If we go back to the years of his preparation we may find that he sneered at society and social usages, as many who read this may do. Or he at least did not enjoy his opportunities for social culture, or again such opportunities may not have existed. And when the time came when he had to go out, he was either rusty or ignorant. Surely we need a few more occasions when we may rub off the rust, at least one more a term.

Of all the contemptible jokes in the world the most contemptible one to our mind, is the one at the expense of the old maid. Go over the list of old maids that you know, and how many of them resemble the highly colored caricature that the pseudo-humorous lecturer draws for the edification of his audience. There are a few we grant, God pity them, who long ago "cast their faith in human-kind away," but these are the exceptions, not the representatives. What man is there among us, who is not better in some way through the influence of some old maid, a relative, a teacher, or it maybe one whom he merely

saw living a life full of sweetness and light in the little circle where she had been placed? Let us have done with the false humor that makes sport where honor is due, and destroys the chivalric ideal that demands from all men reverence and respect for all women.

Somewhere from out that mystic maze that men call memory these words came to us. We had forgotten who their author was, where we had read them, almost that they had been. We cannot even think what brought them back.

"It isn't the thing you do, dear,  
But the thing you leave undone,  
That causes the bit of a heart-ache  
At the setting of the sun.  
The kindly word unspoken,  
The letter you did not write,  
The flowers you did not send, dear,  
Are the haunting ghosts to-night "

Haunting ghosts! Our lives are full of them! They pass us by, crowds on crowds, ever thicker, ever faster, as the years go. In the silent hours when we are alone with ourselves they gather around us, pressing their pale, cold faces against our own, whispering words long since forgotten. Ghosts of deeds undone, ghosts of thoughts unuttered, ghosts of kindnesses neglected, a great accusing assembly. Little things they were, most of them. We did not attach much importance to them. And yet life is made up of little things. We hear that so often, and as often forget it, until the ghosts come back and tell us how much better things would have been, if—. But we did not, and so the memories haunt us, sometimes to help for the future, sometimes to be forgotten. Oh, the sorrow that would not be, if we only never forgot!

## RUSHLINE AND BACKFIELD TOO.

(WITH THANKS TO MR. KIPLING.)

As I was standin' on the bridge, from the college about a mile  
 I seed a man a runnin', got up in singular style  
 'E wore a canvas coat an' pants an' I sez to 'im "Oo are you?"  
 Sez 'e, "I'm a rusher, a football rusher, slugger an' scrapper too."  
 Now 'is work begins when 'e leaves 'is bed an' 'is work is never through  
 For 'e is one of the regular line an' maybe more than a few.  
 Ho! They aint no limpin' procrastitutes, pushers an' punters too.

An, after, I met 'im all over the world, a doin' all sorts of things  
 Like facin' the Spaniards' Gatlin' guns and standin' the Mauser stings.  
 'E slept on the ground of a fever camp an' 'e drilled with the deck on a slew,  
 An' 'e sweat like a rusher, a football rusher, slugger an' scrapper too.  
 For there isn't a thing atop of the earth the fellow don't know nor do,  
 You can leave 'im alone in a mucker crowd an' 'e'll fight till 'is 'ands is blue —  
 'E's a sort of giddy cosmopolite—fighter an' runner too.

To take your chance in the thick of a rush with sluggin' all about  
 Is not so bad when you're thoroughly mad—till the referee puts you out.  
 But to stand and be still to that "guards back" drill is a different bullet to chew.  
 But they done it, the rushline, our football rushline, forwards an' half-backs too.  
 For the rush was hard and they pushed it back, they was brothers to me an' you,  
 Their choice it was plain an' with might an' main a 'elpin' their backs came through.  
 An' they done it, the rushers, they won the game, won it—straight football, too!  
 'Ats off t' the scrappers—our football heroes—rushline and backfield too!

## Autumn in the Woods.

"One impulse from an Autumn wood  
 May teach you more of man,  
 Of moral evil and of good,  
 Than all the sages can."

—Wordsworth.

The Autumn is with us! Its approach was heralded by the hazy skies that veiled the brazen sun; the sea-like murmur of the rustling corn, and the low-voiced brooks that wandered by purpling clusters of juicy grapes swinging on the vine.

It is here now, and what a change it has passed on the face of nature, where all was spread in robes of living green!

The subtle frost has plied its mystic art. The golden sun, by day has wrought true wonder; and the wings of morn and eve have touched the changing leaves with magic breath.

As we cast our eyes afar over the circling landscape, what gorgeousness of blazonry and pomp of colors burst upon our ravished sight! Here, where the maple raises its yellow crest, is a golden glory; yonder, where the oak stands monarch of the forest, the ash is a flame-like parasite, and the dog-wood spreads beneath a rolling field of deepest crimson, while away farther on, the gnarled gum is a cloud of bloodiest red.



That our simple hearts may not resist the sacred influences which these gray old woods mingle with their mossy boughs, or the invisible breath which sways their massive foliage, we have to bow our hearts in holy adoration to the spirit of boundless power and inaccessible majesty, from whose hand comes forth the seasons in all their magnificent splendor. We adore these ancient sanctuaries, and adore among them, those to whom the workings of Nature is as a great miracle that is still going on in silence, the perpetual work of a finished creation, yet, renewed for ever.

Nature here, in the tranquility which we love, enjoys our presence, because we tell the tale and pass on. These trees bud, and their green leaves shake in the breeze; the soft wind runs along their summits in music, but tells no tale of what has been done. No prince in all the proud world ever wore a crown so lofty as the green coronal of leaves which graced yonder mighty oak, whose immovable trunk seemed almost annihilated, until the fantastic carvings of autumn came, that changes and renews the barky race.

All is done in silence! no tale is told. But O Autumn! written on thy works we learn the lesson of our own eternity. We fade as a leaf. We all grow old and die. Then, while we sojourn here may it be ours to meditate on the milder majesty of the calm shades, and learn to conform our lives to the beautiful order of thy works; until at length life shall mock the idle hate of the arch-enemy, Death—yea, and seat itself upon the sepulchre.

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### Systematized Reading.

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The world of literature is like the world of astronomy. To be studied advantageously it must be studied systematically. To the uneducated and careless observer the stars shining out night after night are always the same bright quivering sparks of light scattered promiscuously over the dark arch of the heavens. He fails to see them as they appear to the diligent, thoughtful student, in all their beauty and sublimity of concerted action, ever moving, ever changing their positions with reference to each other, yet always in harmony, always governed by the fixed laws of the infinite.

It is the same in literature. The careless reader, picking here and there without any definite idea of what to read, or appreciation of how to read it, gets nothing. It is as tho' he had the key and stood upon the threshold of knowledge, but refused to enter. The inevitable result is that he acquires a habit of forgetfulness which will always be a hindrance to him in his life's work. He loses the mental discipline, the shrewdness of observation and the acuteness which is cultivated by a systematic course of reading.

As the astronomer divides the apparently kaleidoscopic grouping of the stars into constellations, planets and their satellites, meteors, and star mist, so the student of literature must group his books into the constellations of history, philosophy, poetry and fiction. He must study the planets, such as Plato and Horace, Homer and Aristotle, with their satellites which stand out so brilliantly in the pre-Christian ages.

He must note the meteors, books which flash with great brilliancy and glory across the literary zenith of his own time. He must find a vast amount of the last class. He must not neglect the star mist, which is the current literature of his day.

Read the moral and the artistic, read that which interests and instructs, read the fascinating, read the good and leave the bad, but whenever, however, whatever, you read, let there be system, and there will be gain.

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### Lament of Aeolus.

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Ah would that I once more might rule  
The tempests and the winds,  
Would that in mountains dark  
Mine were the hand that binds.

For it was Juno's word that lost  
My rule o'er wind and wave,  
Because I could not send  
Her en'my to the grave.

She came unto my mountain home  
Where ruled I as a king,  
And in my ear did speak  
As nightingales will sing.

I listened to her words, alas,  
I tried to do her will,  
But Neptune horsely speaking  
Bade the winds be still.

"And if again that this should hap,  
Go tell that king of yours,  
His rule is lost and he  
Shall move to other shores"

So did he speak. The winds came back  
And told me what he said—  
All quiet they and calm,  
For theirs was terror dread.

And when proud Juno came to me:  
"You have not done that thing!"  
I answer made. "I dare not  
If I would be the king."

Nor reason then had Juno left,  
She would not listen more;  
And so it is unknown  
I roam on foreign shore.

For straight she flew to mighty Jove:  
"He will not heed my sway!"  
And with her tears she moved him  
To take my rule away.

Oh would that I once more might rule  
The tempests and the winds,  
Would that in mountains dark  
Mine were the hand that binds.

M

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### The Third Hollow Pillar.

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There always had been something wierd and uncanny about the Qualitative Chemical Laboratory. Cold solutions were poured together and lo! they boiled. Warm solutions were mixed and became cold. Odd precipitates of red, yellow and black, solutions of green, purple and blue, gases of strange and wholly indescribable odors, all aided in throwing over this haunt a mysterious atmosphere creative of uneasiness and apprehension.

The room itself was long and low. While windows along two sides should have let in an abundance of light, yet they were covered and clouded with fumes. The long benches at which the students worked were disfigured with fantastic stains and burns, and the vapors which continually filled the room, threw the place into gloomy shadows.

Beneath this creepy abode of unknown and misty spectres was the lecture room of the Zoology Professor. Here the Zoology Professor taught his classes the differences which exist between skeletons, alimentary canals, methods of digestion, and so forth. Often he imagined he heard muffled reports.

Stealthy treads sounded on the floor above. Indeed, had he been alone the hairs on his head would surely have stood upright and the sweat on his face would have hung in beads. But he was not alone. He was teaching his class and must therefore retain command of his emotions. He must be hard and inflexible as the hollow cast-iron pillars which supported the ceiling of his lecture room. Those pillars! They were the Zoology Professor's terror. There they stood, three in a row and about ten or possibly thirteen feet apart, stern, dreadful and forbidding. They were each symbolic of the Zoology Professor himself and he knew it. There had been in years before two other Zoology Professors. They were dead and a hollow pillar stood for each. When he should be dead the third hollow pillar would stand for him. Often he wondered if this seemingly inevitable fate could not be averted and sinister thoughts would rise in his mind. The Professor of Zoology was a thin, nervous man, and at such times he would be extremely fidgety and his eyes would light up with unnatural sparks.

## II.

It was a cold and dreary night. The snowflakes rapidly covered the ground, foot on foot, until the wind piled the drift to the window sill. The old men of the neighborhood said that it was the stormiest weather for many years.

On this night when the wind shrieked and whistled among the leafless limbs those who lived near the Science Hall and who happened to glance at the windows of the Qualitative Chemical Laboratory noted that those windows glistened as though there

was a low light within. Some, as they beheld, imagined that the wild blast bore to their ears an angry shriek, a shriek of horror and agony. Others denied that it was so, and for many years it was a question of much dispute in the neighborhood, until the story passed into legend and was almost forgotten. Certain it is, however, that from that night forth the Qualitative Chemical Laboratory was shrouded in still deeper gloom and mystery. While before none cared to enter it during the hours of darkness, now none liked to approach even in daylight. In fact very few students could be induced to study chemistry and those who did take it, if they did not fall sick, were regarded as connected by shadowy bands to the Evil One.

But to continue our narrative. The morning following the storm found the students of Zoology gathered together in the lecture room. The Professor of Zoology was not on hand. The morning wore on. Still no Professor. The students weary of waiting returned to their rooms. As the day passed the absence of the Professor became more and more strange. He did not appear at all that day. A week passed, months and years. The Professor of Zoology never returned. Those who had seen the low glimmer in the windows of the Qualitative Chemical Laboratory told their story, those who heard the far away shriek repeated their tale. A few stains as of blood were found in the Qualitative Chemical Laboratory and it was at once pronounced haunted beyond all doubt.

Thereafter it was a sign of much daring and fool-hardiness for any to enter the Lab-

oratory. Here, it was generally conceded, the Professor of Zoology had met his death. How, none knew, for no sign of him was ever seen, no trace left.

A few there were who advanced the theory that in this place the Professor of Zoology had himself become a murderer and had then left the country. This, however, was generally discredited as no one was found to be missing whom the Zoology Professor could possibly have overpowered. But the Professor had, at least, disappeared, and both versions passed into tradition.

### III.

It is years now since all this happened. The myths, the legends of the past have been fading away. While the Qualitative Chemical Laboratory is still a place of mystery and dark wisdom yet the tale of the Zoology Professor lies at the bottom of the half-forgotten traditions which are covered by the dust of generations. A gay class of Senior Chemists now use the Laboratory and the ghost of the Zoology Professor is stilled.

There remains, however, the fact that a month ago a most startling discovery was made. The floor of the Laboratory was observed to be rotting in a section about two feet in diameter. It soon became necessary to replace that part of the floor with new boards. In doing so the iron plate which covered the top of the third hollow iron pillar was uncovered. The plate was raised and the interior of the pillar was opened to the light and there was drawn forth the grinning skeleton of a man. Whether this skeleton was that of the Professor of Zoology or of his victim was and is still a matter of conjecture.

E. R. M.

## The Goth and Vandal in Our National Life.

While the Euphrates valley was being filled with the ruins of dismembered Persia; while the shining domes of Carthage lighted up the Afric plain; while Greece was steadily ascending to the pinnacle of her fame, there was slowly arising upon the Tiber's bank an empire that was to far eclipse the ancient glory of Persia, receive the homage of haughty Carthage, exert an influence beyond that of the splendid empire of Alexander, and from her massive Capitol send forth the thunder of her eloquence long after the Athenian acropolis had mingled her sacred walls in unhallowed dust.

Oh Rome, thou wast indeed the Star of the West, thy valiant deeds, like a magnet, have drawn the historian to thy shrine, and inspired the poet to sing of thee odes of rapturous melody. And yet thou didst perish, thy star of glory was blotted out, and darkness enveloped thy seven hills.

The question has often been asked: What caused the downfall of this proud nation? Many have been the explanations. Some say the influence of paganism; others, the sway of demagogues; and still others, the enlisting of the Goths and Vandals under the imperial banners. Doubtless, the first two are true in a measure. And yet three hundred years after the death of Christ, both ruler and people became Christian, were blended in a common brotherhood, and Rome in a measure was rising to her former supremacy as "Mistress of the World."

About the year 380 began the migration of the northern barbarians. The Goth



and Vandals, driven from their homes by wandering Huns poured over the plains of the Danube and appeared as suppliants upon the Tiber's bank. "We will," said they, "if permitted to cross into the Roman state forever remain the firm and grateful allies of the Roman people." In an evil hour the prayer was granted, the barbarians crossed the Tiber, and as a pledge of faith forty thousand of the new inhabitants were enlisted in Roman legions. The result is too well known. For a time the pledge was kept, but as the barbarians increased in number their native instinct of greed crept out, Christian Rome became the birth place of heathen gods, the last Roman soldier lay bleeding on his native soil, and the sun of Roman glory sank into the awful gloom of the Dark Ages.

Speeding through the cycles of centuries past since then we behold the sun of a new civilization rising out of the dark waters of the Atlantic. A continent of forests lies before it and in vain does it strive to lift the hovering shadows until the English settler enters, the forests fall before the axe and towns and cities teeming with industry cover both hill and valley.

But what mean those hordes which are darkening America's horizon and like ominous clouds seem harbingers of a coming storm? The Goth and Vandal have travelled down the centuries together and are again standing as suppliants on the borders of a happy land. They are freely admitted and the Italian, the Hun, and the Bohemian, the counterparts of ancient Goth and Vandal, are made a part of the American repub-

lic. They fill our towns and cities, they snatch the bread from the mouth of the American wage earner, and are made the willing tools of the political demagogue. The ancient Goth used the spear. The modern Goth uses a weapon far more deadly—the ballot. Government becomes a farce. The ignorant vote and know not for what they vote, while the demagogue, whom they elevate to power takes his place as a law-maker of the nation.

Certain judges, honest in their efforts to uphold the purity of the ballot, have refused the right of citizenship to these ignorant applicants and in many cases when standing for re-election, have been defeated by the fraudulent votes of the very ones they have rejected; and men are placed in the judicial chair, whose love for morality is subordinate to their own selfish interests.

Thus time goes on and the foreign element becomes an important factor in the government of the nation. And if the number still increases and their standard of morality be no higher, the sun of our national glory shall be darkened while it is yet noon and dismantled ruins of the world's greatest republic shall also remain, a warning to nations yet to come, and a silent witness of the ceaseless greed of the modern Goth and Vandal.

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If a young man would choose a quiet place to kiss a girl, he should avoid her mouth.—Ex.

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Man was made of dust, but along came the sprinkling wagon of fate—and his name was mud.



## ATHLETICS.

### STANDING OF INTER-COLLEGIATE LEAGUE.

	Won	Lost	Tied
Westminster	4	0	0
Allegheny	2	1	1
Thiel	1	3	1
Geneva	0	3	0

The foot-ball season now drawing to a close has thus far been the most successful of any in the history of the college, not a single game having been lost. There remains but two games yet to be played and these the hardest of the season, W. and J. on November 25th and Allegheny on Thanksgiving. We recognize the disadvantage at which we are placed by the loss of our coach and nothing will counterbalance this except the hardest and most conscientious work on the part of regulars and scrubs. The work up until this time has been of the order which makes a winning team and if continued we may expect to end as we have begun, in victory. Of course the most sanguine do not expect to win at W. & J., but by faithful work we may make a better showing than ever before against this college. The Allegheny team shows better form than when we met them early in the fall and the hardest game of the intercollegiate series will no doubt be with them on Thanksgiving, yet we believe if the team keeps in condition and practices faithfully we will be able to defeat them a second time.

The most unpleasant game of the season was played against W. U. P. at Allegheny on Wednesday, Oct. 10. The game

was given to Westminster by forfeit in the first of the second half, the score at that time being 11-11. A large crowd was assembled to witness the game, among whom were many Westminster followers. The W. U. P. rooters however greatly outnumbered these. The field was not roped off, so that the crowd tended to surge upon the field. W. U. P. kicked off and our boys found no difficulty in scoring. Again the ball was kicked off and again was it taken over for a touchdown. Up until this time Westminster had everything her own way, but now there was a change. The W. U. P. rooters took a hand and crowding upon the field they began a ringing of bells so that the Westminster boys could not hear the signals. In vain were the officials, the home team and the crowd appealed to. They continued the disturbance every time our team had the ball, so that it was necessary for the team to fall back, make up the plays and then come forward and play them. This made the game very slow and allowed our opponents time to recover after each play. The noise also made it impossible to hear the decisions of the officials, so that through ignorance of the number of the down an end run was attempted on the third down when the ball was lost by a foot. This was the only time during the whole game when the ball was lost by Westminster on downs. There was no more scoring in the first half. In the second half W. U. P. had the umpire and their players began to hold their opponents. The umpire took no notice of this and soon Robinson, W. U. P.'s half back was free around Westminster's right end in a play that could have

easily been stopped had our end and half back not been held. This play resulted in a touch down for W. U. P. Again the ball was kicked off and again W. U. P. scored by means of the same tactics. Shortly after this Cameron, Westminster's official, gave the ball to Westminster for illegal formation on the part of W. U. P. who persisted in playing their ends inside of the tackles. W. U. P. refused to accept the penalty and the game was forfeited to Westminster. It was a noticeable feature that in the first half when Westminster had the umpire W. U. P. lost the ball each of the three times they possessed it, on downs, while in the second half with the W. U. P. umpire they did not lose it once. The game was unsatisfactory in every particular and it is hoped we may not have another such during the season. The line-up was as follows;

Westminster—11.	W U. P.—11
Kuhn.....L. E.....	Fisher
Chambers-Sturgeon..L. F.....	Newell
McCandless.....L. G.....	Mitchell
Donaldson.....C.....	Chesrown
E. Campbell.....R. G.....	King
C. Campbell.....R. T.....	Dale
McCalmont.....R. E.....	V. Kinn
Mehard.....Q. B.....	Cullers
Cummings.....L. H.....	Jones
Edmundson.....R. H.....	Robinson
Smith.....F. B.....	Sterrett

Touchdowns—Edmundson, Cummings, Robinson, Sterrett. Referee—Cameron. Umpire—James. Time of halves, 25 minutes.

The fourth game of the Inter-collegiate series was played against Thiel at New Wilmington on Nov. 11th and resulted in a victory for Westminster and insures the championship of the League there being only one more game to play, that against Allegheny college on Thanksgiving. The game against Thiel was one of the most pleasant of the season neither side raising a single

kick on a decision during the entire game. The home team was slightly weakened by the absence of Cummings at half and Lwing at end; but McCalmont and Grier, the men taking the place of the cripples, played an excellent game. Thiel had two new men in. The home team being crippled some difficulty was anticipated in winning; but since the score of the first game was more than doubled the greatest satisfaction prevailed. Thiel had the ball but twice during the game, each being in the first half, and each time they failed to make any gains. Westminster's gains were slow but steady, the ball being lost but once on downs. The most effective play, as in all previous games being the short end run. Perhaps the most noticeable individual work of the team was Kuhn's end bucking, when, with or without assistance as it happened, he nearly always made gains of from 2 to 7 yards. Edmundson played his usual fierce game, and Smith's line bucking was up to his usual high standard. The feature of Thiel's playing was the work of Murphy the full back, who played quarter in defensive play. He seemed to be in every play and the great majority of tackles were made by him alone. The line-up was as follows.

Westminster—27.	Thiel—0.
Kuhn.....L. E.....	Ernst
Chambers.....L. T.....	Hamilton
McCandless.....L. G.....	Wineman
E. Campbell.....R. G.....	Roth
C. Campbell.....R. T.....	Snyder
Grier.....R. E.....	Shanon
Mehard.....Q. B.....	Packard
Edmundson.....R. H.....	Bemon
McCalmont.....L. H.....	Gehilem
Smith.....F. B.....	Murphy
Donaldson.....C.....	White

Time of halves, 20 minutes; Touchdowns, Kuhn, Edmundson. Chambers; Referee, Cameron Umpire, Martin.

The second team played the Mercer high school in New Wilmington on Monday Oct. 30th, in which they were victorious by a score of 34-0. The second team put up a good game both in defensive and offensive play, their offense being quick and their interference compact. While in defense they crowded the whole line of their opponents back causing them to lose ground nearly every scrimmage. The feature of the game was Westminster's team work and Neville's 60 yard run.

Nov. 6th, the second team played their second game against the New Castle High School at New Castle in which New Castle won by a score of 6-5. It was a very interesting game. Our team had the advantage in weight and individual work but the New Castle boys had the better team work. In the first half New Castle kicked off and the scrubs began ploughing through their line and running their ends until they had reached New Castle's five yard line where there was some fumbling, off-side plays, and exchanges of the ball. The scrubs however managed finally to get the ball over for a touchdown. During this time the spectators began to crowd upon the field and made it very hard for either side to play good football and in a case of this kind the visiting team usually suffers most. There was no more scoring in the first half. In the second half New Castle began a series of tackle bucks which the scrubs were unable to stop, gains of 15 yds. being sometimes made. On this play they managed to score a touchdown and by kicking goal they won the game. The teams meet again on Nov. 25th, and if the scrubs develop some team work

and devise a defensive play to stop New Castle's tackle mass, they should have no difficulty in winning.

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## ALUMNI NOTES.

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Miss Jane Miller '97, is visiting Miss Elizabeth Wilson at East Brook.

Rev. Clarence Manor, '96, of East Liverpool, visited friends in the village on Monday.

Mrs. Eleanor Sloss Snodgrass '96, who is now spending a few days at her old home, visited chapel one morning.

Rev. N. L. Heidger '84, has accepted a call to the pulpit of the First United Presbyterian church of Toronto, O.

The United Presbyterian of Nov. 16 contains excellent portraits of Dr. John Wilson '63 and John McNaugher '80.

Dr. R. M. Russell '80, and J. K. McClurkin '73, assisted in the dedicatory services of the new Allegheny Seminary building on the 14th.

Hon. S. S. Mehard '69 and F. P. Trimble, Esq., '91, were guests at the banquet recently tendered by the Pittsburgh Bar Association to Justice Sterrett.

Miss Margaret Harris, a student of Westminster about 15 years ago, now a professional nurse of New York City, is visiting her sister Mrs. Edgar.

Ernest Phillips '97, a chemist in Sharon, Nellie Whitney '94, a teacher in Mount Hope College, Ohio, and Miss Elizabeth Williams '96, a teacher at Edenburg, are recent visitors.

Rev. Davis W. Lusk '78, receives the congratulations of all Westminster friends in that his church, the Sixth Presbyterian of Newark, is now free from the entanglement of debt.

Rev. J. H. Breaden '74, of West Sunbury, has been obliged by ill health temporarily to relinquish his pastorate and is spending the winter in Ocala, Fla.

This week has witnessed the dedication of the Thirteenth U. P. church Pittsburg, of which Rev. D. P. Smith '92, is pastor. Dr. Ferguson attended the dedicatory services.

On one morning last week, Rev. J. E. Drake '87, gave the students a talk in chapel which showed us that the boys of then were not much better than the students now. The speech was witty and highly appreciated by the students.

A wedding of October 26 was that of Miss Mary B. Howell '96, to Mr. Russell Stauffer. They will make their home at Loraine, Ohio. Miss Margaret Howell '00, attended the ceremony which took place at her home.

Miss Cornelia Shaw, a Westminster student from '92 to '94, now a student of Wellesley College, has received a \$40 prize from the Woman's Home Companion for a story on "A Materialized Spirit" published in the November issue.

On Sabbath evening, Nov. 12, Dr. Jessie Wilson '87, gave a talk in chapel on her missionary work in Persia. Her lecture was very instructive and interesting. She has been a medical missionary in that country for some years and after a time of rest, expects

to return to her field of labor. She succeeded E. W. Alexander '78, at Hamadan.

Miss Bessie Stuart '99, attended the wedding of Dr. Denslow, a former student here, to Miss Dee Andrews, at Wellsville, which took place on Thursday, Nov. 9. Dr. and Mrs. Denslow will make their home in Allegheny.

R. E. Owen, '95 has been elected teacher of Latin in Indiana State Normal school, vice R. M. Sherrard resigned. Westminster is well represented in the faculty of that institution. The chair of English is held by Miss Melissa McBride '81, the chair of Physics by Charles Robertson '93 and Harry Phythyon '98 is assistant in Mathematics and Physical Director.

Another wedding of note and which was attended by Miss Theda Byers '00, was that of Charles P. Byers, a Westminster student in '87 '88, to Miss Margaret Jane Alger of Franklin. Mr. Byers is now engaged in business in Ellwood and they will live in New Castle.

Rev. James P. McKee, D. D. '68, died at his home in Jamestown on the 1st inst. Dr. McKee was born in Ireland and received his early training there. After graduating from Westminster he accepted an instructorship in Mathematics in his Alma Mater and subsequently received an appointment as missionary to India. Of his work and influence in his chosen field, Dr. Robert Stewart long associated with him there, spoke interestingly in Chapel one morning recently. Dr. McKee was held in high esteem by the British officials in his district and was always consulted by them in mat-



ters concerning England's educational policy in India. He was universally beloved of the people as well, from rajah to peasant, and was the arbiter in all of their difficulties and disputes, and the mediator between them and their English rulers. Had his burial occurred in India, thousands would have thronged to pay their respects to his remains. He was modest, unassuming and grandly competent. Failing health obliged him to return to the States a few years ago. Last June he was elected a member of the Board of Trustees, which position he held until his death. Westminster mourns a loyal son, a generous benefactor, and a wise counselor. Dr. McKee's daughter Ada McKee '91, is a practicing physician in Oil City.

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## MUSIC AND ART.

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The failure to run the proposed special train to the concert of the Pittsburg Orchestra in New Castle was a disappointment to many who wanted to seize the opportunity to hear this fine musical organization.

The date for the term concert of the Music Department has not yet been definitely fixed. It was originally planned to have it on the evening of Dec. 7th, but the concert of the Slayton Jubilee Singers on the 8th necessitates a change.

The lecture of Col. Geo. W. Bain, delivered on the evening of the 22nd, was very greatly enjoyed by the large audience. Its wisdom was interspersed with pleasing anecdote and mirthful jest. Perhaps a trifle too much of it was of a personal nature. Indeed it was suggested that a more appro-

priate title than "Among the Masses" would have been "I, Colonel Bain, and My Wife."

The music furnished by the Music Department for the Junior Orations has been of a high order of merit. The exercises as a whole have been very enjoyable and reflect credit on the class. The outlook for a close and exciting Junior Contest is very good. It is well that this oratorical work is being given so much attention. Westminster's record in the past as a training school of speakers is an honorable one and there still remain many first places in Inter-Collegiate contests to be won and more substantial honors afterwards.

The Adelphic Society, according to custom, issued the challenge to Philomath Society for the thirty-second annual contest to be held on Commencement night. It was immediately accepted, and after the usual preliminaries, representatives were chosen on Monday the 20th. The teams are both good ones and whether they win or lose will bring honor to the Societies to which they belong. The contest will be worth witnessing. It is an honor that a man should be proud of to be chosen to represent his Society in a Contest on which so much depends, in which so many men who have since made names for themselves in the world have engaged. And with the honor comes responsibilities, not to be lightly assumed, not to be carelessly performed. And they will not be. The following men were chosen by the Adelphic society: Debater, Thomas Cunningham Cochran, '01, Mercer; orator, Frederic Benton Shoemaker, '00, Rainsburg; essayist,



Edwin Glenn Frazer, '00 Frankfort Springs; declaimer, Carl Hamilton Smith, '00, Toronto, O. The Philomath contestants are: debater, Homer Clinton Drake, '00, Volant; orator, William Bruce McCrory, '01, Pittsburg; essayist, Samuel Cooper Gamble, '01, Jamestown; declaimer, Earl Miller, '02, Allegheny. As preliminary contestants for the honor of representing Westminster in the Inter-collegiate Oratorical contest to be held in May at Bethany, W. Va., the Adelphics elected Albert Henry Baldinger, '00, Allegheny; William Sylvester Bingham, '00, Slippery Rock, and Wallace Radcliffe Ferguson, '00, New Wilmington. The Philos appointed William E. Brooks, '00, Philadelphia; Lloyd Thompson, '03, Mercer; and Clyde Gibson, '02, New Wilmington.

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### EXCHANGES.

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The "Sibyl," of Elmira College, for October, has reached our table. It contains a sketch of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, which tho' rather brief, is withal very well done.

#### APHORISMS.

The hardest last longest,  
The bigger the pipe the less the student.

As an investment a college education  
is profitable; as a pastime it is time passed.

Ex.—

A Freshman was wrecked on an African  
shore.

Where a cannibal monarch held sway;  
And they served up the Freshman in slices  
on toast

On the eve of the very same day.

But vengeance of heaven followed swift on  
the act,

For ere the next moon was seen,  
The tribe was by cholera morbus attacked,  
For that Freshman was dreadfully  
green —Ex.

The essay on Rndyard Kipling in the October "Lawrentine" is at once critical and appreciative. Its writer while praising Kipling's works unstintedly, seems to realize that everything he has done is not perfect; nevertheless, she shows an abiding faith in the powers of the man and in the stability of his productions.

California is building up two great and rich universities within forty miles of one another. Stanford, with an endowment of fifteen millions, is within thirty-five miles of Sau Francisco; the University of California, for which remarkable plans of enlargement and adornment have just been provided at the cost of Mrs. Hearst, has its seat at Berkeley, only nine miles from San Fraucisco. Both of these universities promise to be institutions of the first rank in so far as money and architecture can make them so. Their future is exceedingly interesting. Think of it! Wait till they settle down to the great work of education, and then just imagine what football matches they will have and how it will strain the resources of San Francisco to provide their young men with due experience of life! One of the things we will want to kuow when our shades revisit earth iu the eons to come is whom and what those two big universities have found to teach, and what manner of men they have turued out.—Life.

Louuger, in the Critic, says there are

rumors of many new magazines in the air besides those already announced as forthcoming. One of the most interesting of these is to be a ten-cent monthly in which color printing will be a conspicuous feature. This will be published by Mr. R. H. Russell and the first number will probably be out late in November. Another forthcoming magazine will be published by the Macmillan Company. This, strange to say in these days of half-tones, will not be illustrated. It is to be more or less critical, with each department of criticism in the hands of an expert critic.

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### LOCALS.

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Mr. Robb only experiences fifty weeks in a year.

According to "reports" hunting is very good around here.

Cornelius seems to have the "hop-scotch" championship."

How many boys and girls said "Hello" after hearing the lecture?

R. Work in Greek.—"For if they should become disheartened, all will be ill."

McGinness took the bun. If he would shut his windows missiles could not be thrown in.

McGinness still hears from her, and it is said that two or three copies of his Junior have passed through the mail.

"Bill" Ramsey says the cat followed him clear home. It was very "amewsing" to see them ambling together.

McCartney's scientific knowledge is not to be trusted.

"Punk" Anderson says that he would like to play against Jim Chambers; "some one nearer my own weight."

Reed had a thrilling experience under the hydrant while returning from Neshannock Falls. Lots of cold thrills.

Stewart Jordan is going to take the chicken bone out of the gate post now; he doesn't state that it is a wish-bone.

It was reported at the bazaar that the Hall girls baked some of the cake. Is it any wonder that all the boys ate such a large quantity?

Miss Thompson in Greek: "The wall was of polished stone incrested with shells fifty feet high and fifty feet wide." Just imagine lugging one of those shells to school for a zoological specimen.

Walter Mehald offers the following suggestion to Junior orators: Instead of using the stock-worn phrase, "Nations have risen, flourished and perished," why not substitute, "Nations have performed, been criticised and excused."

Overheard between hours:

First Prof.—"Why did the Freshmen get these Jockey caps?"

Second Prof.—"For use in their daily horseback rides.

There are rumors of a mysterious lady seen leaving Black's a few moments before dinner time Friday evening. Witherspoon found a card under his plate, blushed and hastily hid it. Since then "Lanky" has been playing the Sphinx.

Mr. Ramsey began studying Bugology last week.

Ask Ella Richmond how she likes French rice.

Can you tell what has become of the Senior necktie?

Drake claims to hold the record for the season—two weeks.

Have you seen Smith? (This question to be answered in next issue.)

Earl Fraser had a very bad attack of Pneumonia for several weeks.

Mayme Turner spent a few days with Miss Gail Moore at New Castle.

Edna Ramsey would not make a good milk maid. She is not heavy enough.

It doesn't take Bruce McCrory long to recite. He is through before he begins.

"Hen" Pillow in Junior French—"At this time of year the sun sets at 15 o'clock.

Dindinger thought he was playing foot-ball the night the chapel seat went over

"Shadow" says he is sorry that he caused so much trouble; and will not do it again.

A stove in "Poker Flat" fell down the other day and the "outcasts" had a hot time getting the joints of the stove pipe together.

Pollock was translating Latin and came to the word meaning "anything."

Prof.—"What do you get out of that?"

Pollock.—"Anything."

Pit wants to know what relation Alex

Tricity is to Jennie Rator. One might say that it is a "current" rumor that they have been sparking.

Prof. Moore to Montgomery: Now, Mr. M—, tell us all you know about the subject and no one shall interrupt you until you have finished."

"Bill" — "I guess I won't begin."

Of course John Nelson was not the only one who mistook that sky-rocket for a meteor on Thursday night. Some of the girls won't believe it yet.

Sabbath evening after chapel Miss M blew into one of the rooms on third floor and exclaimed: "Say, Kids, Teelbury's (Ding) knee must be worse for I haven't seen him out all day."

Prof. M—— wishing to illustrate the partitive genitive.—"Suppose this class were all—the whole thing—"

Mighty laugh

"However; some in this class aren't so many."

General depression!

McCartney Sr. and Taylor had darkened their room and were concealed, awaiting developments in a trick which, they had been informed, was to be perpetrated. The two Campbell boys were watching out of the upstairs window to see the fun when Christy and McCartney Jr. came down the alley, intent on tearing the room up. But, alas and alack, just as Christy got his head and shoulders in the window a pitcher of H<sub>2</sub>O was thrown in his face and he was hors de combat. A hasty retreat followed and slumber was resumed.

# THE HOLCAD.

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No. 3.

## The Holcad

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

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### EDITORIAL.

The merrie time of Christmas is almost here, the time that calls a truce to our labors, and joins us again to the friends and dear ones from whom months have parted

us. The season is full of delights. In the glory of being home again, all the worries and vexations of life are forgotten. How a man can be a pessimist at Christmas time is beyond our ken. Think of the joy that the season has brought in the years upon years since that Christmas morning in the long ago, when the angel chorus sang to the wonder-wild shepherds of the peace and good-will that men should have in the reign of the new-born Saviour-King. How much easier it has made the burden of woe which the world has had to bear! In the dark ages, although the serf was oppressed at other times, at this season he too was permitted to enjoy for a little while the life that had been given him. The Truce of God bade warfare cease, and forced the baron to respect for the nonce the man whom at other times he might oppress or even destroy. And ever since then charity—or better love—has been more manifest at the Christmas season than any other time. To enjoy it truly we must help some one else enjoy it. There is no part of the Christmas joy for the selfish man, for it commemorates the birth of the most unselfish man that the world has ever seen. Because He was so

unselfish, our joy is made possible, and as our love for Him is, so will we seek to make joyful all hearts on this day. So have poets sung, so have teachers taught. One of the sweetest of our poets, a man who brought joy to many child hearts sings thus. It is a good text for a living Christmas sermon.

"Sing O my heart!

Sing thou in rapture this glad morn  
Whereon the blessed Prince is born!

And as thy songs shall be of love,  
So let my deeds be charity,—

By the dear Lord that reigns above,  
By him that died upon the tree,

By this fair morn  
Whereon is born

The Christ that saveth all and me!"

We wish for you, for every one of you, the Merriest of Christmases, and a New Year full of happiness, happiness that shall endure, unending.

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The oftener we hear impromptu performances in the Literary Societies the more are we impelled to the thought that the average student is badly informed on current events. He is given a recent happening as the subject of a speech, and almost invariably informs us that not having read the papers, he cannot tell us anything about the matter. This ought not so to be. A student ought to be above every one else a man well informed on the matters of the day. How can he expect, otherwise, to fill his part afterwards in creating current events, if he has not followed their course in his preparation days? If the educated man cannot lead who will? Of course there is another side. There are those who read to the neglect of their college work, but they are also worthy of blame. He is wis-

est who neglects neither, and so is not obliged to confess, when brought to the test, that he is not informed.

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The football season is over, a very satisfactory season, in many respects, to us. As was expected we won the championship of the Inter-collegiate League of Northwestern Pennsylvania. It was unfortunate that we could not have won the final game and thus made our League record an unbroken series of victories. It is claimed, and we think justly, that the unfair methods of Umpire Whelen were a large factor in the result of the game. It is unfortunate that officials wholly unprejudiced and having no ax to grind cannot be secured by the League and the occurrences of Thanksgiving prevented. We blame Allegheny in no particular for the happening and believe the Umpire to be solely responsible, he evidently suffering from a case of cephalic distension. We congratulate Captain Edmundson and the team on the season's work. Westminster has demonstrated to her own satisfaction that with an amateur team she can play amateur teams from institutions of her own rank and hold her own. She does not aspire to the laurels worn by other institutions which grow fresh or fade according to the amount of money available for the purchase and support of players.

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The appearance of the Glee Club marks, we hope, an important new departure in Westminster life. Attempts have been made in the past to establish permanent musical organizations of a like nature, but they have always been unsuccessful. We



hope that the present one will be different from all that have gone before. The Glee Club can be made such a pleasant factor in the College life, on College occasions, in the celebration of some victory, or in the honoring of some one deserving honor. We have thought that too little attention was paid to singing by the student body. The presence of such an organization may help to overcome this. There can be nothing prettier than the custom of singing on the campus on the long evenings, nothing that promotes good fellowship better. And while the Glee Club is being placed on a firmer foundation ought not something to be done toward providing songs distinctively our own, of a more permanent nature than those than an occasional game calls forth. Particularly an Alma Mater song. These will help to establish the Glee Club. To those who are fostering the project we offer our heartiest good wishes for success.

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## LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

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### Our Modern Jonathan and David.

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"In real friendship there is always the knitting of soul to soul, the exchange of heart for heart. The love of friends is an active passion and delights in rendering services and bestowing benefits. It is a real characteristic of friendship that friends enjoy being in each other's company and hearing each other talk, and that they admit one another to the knowledge of secrets which they would not reveal to the world at large."

So it was with our modern Jonathan

and David. Jonathan enjoyed the company of David. David liked to hear Jonathan talk. Not that Jonathan talked more than David for each did his share. They told each other all their thoughts and experiences and were friends together in war, peace, and love. Fishing, working, studying, or bent on general mischief, they were always united. In short no friendship was more lasting than theirs.

Both were very young, as the students and professors judged not only by their faces but by their general make-up. They didn't keep their shoes shined nor their hair parted, and several other sure indications of an innocent mind. How often is it noticed that two friends are very different in looks and manners. Jonathan was short and chunky. His straight, black hair corresponded well with the depths of his black eyes. His features were sharp and well defined. When at rest he was not unlike a marvelous statue. His manner in harmony with his looks was abrupt and decisive, yet pleasant and fascinating.

On the other hand David was slender and lythe. His figure was that of a trim and graceful dancer. His hair was red, brick red and fiery. He was not handsome at all. His eyes were gray. His nose blunt. Yet there was about him an air of humor and a commanding look. In all things he was steady and sure. He conceived, and Jonathan and he executed; he commanded and Jonathan and he obeyed. He was the leader of the two.

At last, however, the day came when Jonathan broke loose from the friendly guidance of David. As David said, Jonathan

had a "case." The object of Jonathan's attentions was a fairy. That is, she did not seem human. Eyes of brown, ringlets of black, a light and easy step, all combined to make a sweet face and a charming figure. Her name was Eva.

David, who was a year older than Jonathan and hence riper in experience tabooed the idea, but, nevertheless, Jonathan continued to wear button-hole bouquets, keep his shoes shined, his hair parted, and betray by other signs his newly awakened love. David was pleased to call it "puppy love." Yet, incidentally, as became a true friend, David gave him such pointers as occurred to his fertile mind and as were in his power, such as warnings to always tip his hat, smile very sweetly, look sad, and NEVER go in his shirt sleeves. Jonathan minded these things as matters of life and death.

Another affair which also showed David's great love for Jonathan was the fact that David was becoming very fond of Dora, a bosom friend of Jonathan's lady-love. This was merely a piece of acting, as David secretly explained, that the friendship of David and Jonathan might continue and that together they might take their sweethearts boat-riding, for sodas, and so forth.

For once the course of true love ran smooth. Jonathan basked in the smiles, and at night dreamed of lovely visions of dark brown eyes, delightful ripples of laughter, charming ringlets of glossy black hair, and pearl-white teeth. Jonathan's whole life was spent in joy, all his dreams in happiness.

Such peace, however, could not last.

A day of parting came when vacation arrived. Eva returned to her home in New Castle and Dora went with her. Jonathan and David went to their homes in Slippery-Rock.

The days wore on and became months. One thing alone consoled Jonathan, was the presence of David, who was always on hands with his merry ways and sympathetic words. They went walking and boat-riding, for they were both enthusiastic oarsmen. Yet the time hung heavily until David had an idea, a fatal idea, and disclosed it, as a friend should, to Jonathan. They would drive over and surprise the enemy by calling upon them.

To think was to act. Accordingly they obtained the necessary articles—a horse and buggy, gloves, canes, cards and so forth. Then they drove over. The road was hilly and rough but what was that to the joy which would soon be theirs.

At length they were awaiting the answer to their brave and manly summons. The door opened. Alas, they learned that the enemy had gone to a concert. As they retraced their steps they passed a window in which appeared a flaming poster announcing the concert. Again David had an idea, a very bad idea. They, too, would go to the concert. They could see and, being unexpected would probably be unseen.

The first number had just commenced. The bass viol pounded down in long and heavy measure, the violins were spritely and nervous, the triumphant cornet was heard in thrilling bursts. The glitter of many lights dazzled the eye. The music became grander and grander, its waves swelled into

the march of a victorious army. At this point our heroes entered. They were ushered to their seats and the band played on.

Alas for the "best laid plans o' mice and men." In the seat back of them sat Dora and Eva, beautiful and serene, beaming brightly on the two—well, to use David's word, "bumpkins" who sat in the seat with them. Here was a situation! Jonathan glared and grew red in the face, David squirmed to keep Jonathan company.

As David and Jonathan rode home they were very quiet, perhaps they were buried in their own thoughts, perhaps they were sleepy. The next week saw the commencement of a new term. Jonathan reported that Eva would not speak to him, he could see no just reason and believed that Eva was false. On the contrary, Dora refused recognition to David while Eva had smiled very sweetly. Eva had expressed her belief to David that Jonathan was "silly."

All the events of the romance were faithfully told on each side and resulted in another idea on the part of David. Warning Jonathan to keep quiet he became at once deeply infatuated. Two weeks had passed and Jonathan, despite David's apparent loyalty was beginning to doubt his friend. How true is it that love is blind! However he was not long in darkness. There was to be a grand party in New Wilmington. The evening arrived. Jonathan made his appearance alone and heavy at heart. He dreaded every knock at the door for it might be but the announcement of David and Eva. At last the moment came, David stepped into the hall and through the open

door Jonathan saw that he was alone. A great wave of relief yet regret swept over him.

On the way home Jonathan and David walked together.

"Yes," said David, "she was false to you and I am to her. You she shook and her I have dropped."

David embraced his friend more closely as they walked along. Several minutes passed. Then he said "But O, David, Eva'll feel so bad!"

David muttered something almost unintelligible about "the maw of the lion."

E. R. M.

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### The World's Silences.

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At a banquet given in honor of Dr. Kane after his return from the Arctic regions, the question was asked of him, "What was the hardest thing to endure in the Arctic seas?" His answer was "The silence was most oppressive; it hurt even the sense of hearing."

As light is necessary to the eye, so is sound necessary to the ear. One shrinks even from the thought of being kept in complete silence, yet the ear of our soul is often strained in vain for an answer to our questionings. Through all our life from childhood to old age, perplexing queries come to us. We wonder about the heavens above and the earth beneath, about the change that comes to all, about our future state, but we cannot fathom the mysteries of life or death. In our great dreams of

dying, as in our long dreams of life, we listen for that which we never hear, we speak that which no man understands,

"Between two solemn silences  
Our brief lives go ;  
'The silent stars above us,  
'The silent graves below."

Nature teaches us the beauty of working silently. All things grow in silence, the silence of perfect harmony. "The soft song-mornings climb in light, and silent darkness overawe." The stars in their places fulfill their mission in silence, or as Longfellow has it—

"Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows  
of heaven,  
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots  
of the angels."

Nothing appeals more powerfully to our inmost souls than the great silences of Nature. Although the rest of our little world is busy around us, engaged in selfish interests, jostling one another in eager striving for gain, noisily clamoring for real or imagined rights, we often find ourselves alone with Nature, yes and with Nature's God, for "this overcrowded planet has some lonely places still." And when we find ourselves thus alone, we enjoy a quiet communing that is of itself a feast to our souls. Then Nature sings for us a song of silence, sweeter, purer, more tuneful than that of any voice. Who of us has not in the lonely night-time come upon a hush and a quiet that calls a halt to all thoughtlessness? And in that mysterious silence Nature seems to be listening to some voice from above that speaks a message intended only for her. We may wish for some such message for ourselves but oftentimes in vain.

"The infinite always is silent,  
It is only the finite speaks ;  
Our words are the idle wave-caps  
On a deep that never breaks."

Every human relationship from that of perfect harmony down to the greatest discord may be expressed by silence. Extreme emotions of all kinds as joy and fear, astonishment and anger, are without voice. We feel more deeply than we can express, and the inner pulse beat of our soul is not heard by any other. Sympathy so perfect that no words are needed for its expression is a possession to be coveted. There are times in our lives when every sound is a discord, and then the strength and comfort to be derived simply from the knowledge that another's heart beats with our own, that another's inmost thoughts are the same as our own, cannot be measured.

That there is a silence of imperfect sympathy many great minds have found. To them the truth is so clear, to them its revelation is so complete, that they look with pity upon those who are self-satisfied, content with any little advancement they may have made, without further effort to gain more knowledge, to strive for greater blessings. But the one filled with higher ideals, possessing a nature sensitive beyond all his associates, finds oftentimes that he is alone, and then he longs for sympathy, from someone, even from a child, but the answer to his longing is only silence. Then it is he needs to take heed, lest finding himself misunderstood by everyone, he should despair and allow the best within him to be rooted out, and supplanted by the petty interests and cares of the worldly ones around him. Hard as it is to be in the right all alone, to



him who triumphs over all obstacles, who strives ever to make plain his revelation, the reward will be great, a prize that is worth the striving to obtain.

There are some feelings we cannot impart to others; perhaps if we could, we would not, for they seem so entirely our own, so precious a possession, that to part with them would be to part with our best selves. In our joy there is secret fear of sorrow, in our sorrow there are rays of hope and these are treasured as ours alone. "The sweetest songs are those that are never sung," and these unsung songs, these untold feelings, are blessings to us, for they lead us up and on to better things. So, "not even the tenderest heart, nor next our own knows half the reasons why we smile or sigh."

All great works are preceded by silent thought and plans in the mind of the architect. We praise the result of his work, but often forget "what most merits fame in silence hid," the thought and care, the patient toil, the enduring heart, that brought about the result. All these works have somewhere their roots in silent growth. Their service may be short, but the preparation must be long.

"Of every noble work, the silent part is best:  
Of all expression, that which cannot be expressed."

In from the worries and discouragements, the trials and temptations of the world, and the excesses and shortcomings of his worldly life, a youth enters the gallery of memory's pictures. The walls are closely crowded with images of all kinds. He goes from one to another, with only a careless glance at some, while he looks at others more thoughtfully, a long forgotten

interest seizing him. But there is one picture closely draped which he seems to avoid with care. The drapery is sombre in its blackness, and its material is strange, being his own narrow prejudice against good, his own rebellion against Providence for the taking away of one so dear to him. The picture is that of his sainted mother. Suddenly a desire for better things comes to him, and he lifts the heavy curtain and gazes on that face as though he were transfixed. At first glance one would note the close resemblance between the two; the same noble brow and kindly eyes—yes, and still as he looks the same glowing soul seems to shine on the face of each, until at last the likeness is complete, the one is a counterpart of the other. Tears fill the eyes of the living as he sees more of the love of the dead, and the doors of his heart, once strongly barred by self, are opened at last to the love of the Saviour. The morning stars sang together again over the creation of a new heart, and there was joy in the presence of the angels.

As he bends there in humble submission, in pleading prayer for forgiveness, a new life is granted him, and in the stillness of that hour and place he hears a silent voice saying:— 'Fulfill thou the purpose of thy God for thee.' He goes forth to the battle of life with new zeal and lofty aim, determined that he will yet make his life a blessing. So, often in the silent hour that still, small voice comes to us freighted with a messenger from Him who is our life, a message that draws us up and away from self and the world and near to our heavenly home.

ESTELLE SPENCER, '00.



### The Cost of Excellence.

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The dark night becomes still darker and every whisper of the wind tells us more clearly of the terror that reigns without. Nature seems to have lost all her calmness and has yielded to that weird power which comes no one can tell whence, nor whither it goes. How it rushes through the pines and seems to be calling for that which is beyond its power. Then, wearied with its fruitless efforts, it dies away. Stillness now reigns supreme, the silence not again to be broken, and see! light is coming out of the darkness. Slowly the clouds break and the first glimpse of silvery moon-beams bids us rejoice. The light though bright and clear after the darkness, is soft and gentle, only a reflected radiance of the light that is soon to burst forth at the morning hour. And behold, it comes! Amidst bands of crimson and gold, the sun rises majestic- ally upon a calm day.

But how much darker than the darkest night is life to him who is groping for success! Man has within him that ceaseless desire to advance, always improving on the past, never satisfied with the present and ever forming higher aspirations and ideals for the future. It is this striving toward ideals that makes life worth living, smooths out the rough places, lightens the dark night with the calm splendor of the moon, and brings into it the color which the sun alone can give. But few know the full meaning of success. Partial success in some line of work is possible to every one but the cost of that success which means excellence is known only to the reigning

few. It is bought by that which is not money; and even of those who might attain it, but a small number are willing to pay the price.

The majority of men and women is ordinary; that is, they possess an ordinary amount of endowments. Those that possess rare talents are exceptions. But even those who are fortunate enough to be born with rare talents may find, and usually do find, that genius is largely a capacity for hard work. Of what use would unusual power be without the acquired skill to direct it? Many examples of great men might be cited, but their stories are the same. Julius Ceasar was a remarkable man as a general, a statesman and an author, great in everything he undertook, and he was ceaselessly active. Sir Isaac Newton revolutionized science, the result of a lifetime of closest application. Sir William Pitt a century ago, and Gladstone in our times, have attained the greatest eminence as statesmen, and both have been renowned as among the most studious and active men of their age.

Genius is a great help in obtaining success, but it is encouraging to remember that many who did not possess genius have attained excellence. From them, we learn that persons possessing only an average share of endowments have a fair chance of excelling in their particular work; and if on the other hand, work does not come to assist genius, if the person rests contented with the power to do something easily and fairly well, if he does not form for himself a high ideal and toil faithfully to reach it, most of his great possibilities lie idle and

The sun of actual success does not shine for him, but strange darkness is his lot.

That success requires time and perseverance is evident and it is the lack of using these two elements that causes so many failures. Johnson says: "Excellence in any department can be attained only by the labor of a life-time; it is to be purchased at no lesser price." How long it has taken that stalwart oak to develop from the tiny acorn to the beautiful tree. Nature has worked ceaselessly on this monarch of the forest. From that which was seemingly very insignificant, she has produced one of her greatest beauties by rightly directed and constant energy. As the tree, so become our lives under the same constant influences.

And how few of us realize that these influences are having their greatest power over us now. Look into that important world, most important of all others to those passing through it, and see what excellence means in our college life. Here despair holds the student with mighty iron bands; he has failed and not realizing that only through the dark and weary road of perseverance can he gain his goal, he has given up. Restless, he seeks elsewhere to find that for which he is not willing to pay, only again to meet with failure, until through many disappointments, he finds the actual cost of success. And it is just as we put forth the effort to attain excellence in our college life, that we will be fitted to gain that for which we are to strive in our life work, Joshua Reynolds said, "Nothing is denied to well-directed labor, nothing

is to be attained without it."

But to attain the highest excellence, one should lay aside all other ambitions and be what nature intended him to be. Of our great authors, Bryant and Lowell abandoned the law, Emerson the ministry, Holland and Holmes medicine, Longfellow teaching, to devote themselves to work in which they reached the highest excellence. The same is true of Edison and a host of others. From among many things that might be congenial, a man must single out some one to which he may devote himself exclusively and thoroughly.

He who would pay the price of excellence, must pay it in patience. Wordsworth sometimes spent several weeks shaping two or three lines before he could satisfy himself with their structure. Thompson was fourteen years writing "The Castle of Indolence." The history of inventors, of authors, of actors, of artists, shows that men who would reach the summit must be willing to toil in obscurity, to suffer penury and neglect, and then perhaps, like the great Shakespeare, to see their work fail of worthy recognition during their own lifetime.

So, fellow-students, let us be working, more persevering in what little we have to do while passing through college life. Give patience and time to the little things, that we may understand better how to steer our ship of life most successfully.

Remember that in every work, entire self-sacrifice to attain it, and complete concentration of the mind on it, is the great cost of excellence. M. E. T. '00.

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### A Change of Heart.

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I knew he cut his classes, and I'd heard him flunk  
in history,  
And how he dared say "not prepared" so often  
was a mystery.  
He'd sometimes clam for an exam. but seldom  
knew a word in it.  
His parted hair grew long and fair; I thought  
he looked absurd in it.  
I felt regret whene'er we met, and bowed with  
utmost gravity;  
I didn't dream he'd joined the team—I thought  
him all depravity.  
When he revealed on College Field how great was  
his agility,  
I oped my eyes in marked surprise, amazed at  
his ability.  
He tackled hard, gained many a yard, place kick-  
ed and charged successively;  
He turned the edge of the flying wedge, and  
interfered aggressively,  
He hit the line! I thought it fine, and shouted  
out excitedly;  
He passed the ball behind them all; I saw the  
scheme delightedly.  
He clipped about the line without a thought of  
trip or fumbling,  
When to the din of tooting tin a crowd on him  
came tumbling,  
I felt a chill, my head stood still, when those  
mean men fell down on him,  
His clothes were torn, his nose guard gone, and  
sheets of black and brown on him.  
He scored a touchdown then, and such a frenzy  
I did never see,  
It made the umpire's whistle dumb and over-  
whelmed the referee,  
Then when he punted out in front, though hoarse  
with loud admiring  
I with delight yelled "He's all right!"—for they  
were all inquiring.  
The game was won, and we'd begun to cheer each  
man respectively;  
We rah! rah! raled! and blew horns hard, and  
shook our flags effectively;  
His eyes shone bright, as left and right they call-  
ed to him vivaciously;  
I my disdain recalled with pain, and waved my  
banner graciously.  
Now let him miss the Junior quiz, and fail to  
pass astronomy,  
To football lore what's German or political  
economy?

To have him bow in rapture now, to be passed  
by adversity;  
To catch his smile is worth the while attending  
University.

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### ATHLETICS.

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The foot-ball season has closed and although the finish was not as brilliant as we could wish nevertheless the season as a whole was very successful. Out of eight games played only two were lost, those being the last two games played. We were unfortunate in losing our coach as we did on the first of November. For although we cannot say the team retrograded yet it did not improve as a team should toward the end of the season. Had our coach been here until Thanksgiving the result of the last two games would possibly have been different. For in each of these games it was more a lack of anticipation of opponents style of play than weakness on the part of our team. With such a coach as we had during the early part of the season this would doubtless have been removed and our defensive work would have been directed to meet just such a style of play as that which we met. We hope next season to see a coach here who will be with the team the whole time and enable us to finish as this season was begun.

On Friday evening Nov. 24th the foot-ball team left for Washington to play W. & J. It was evident to all that we could not win the game yet many thought the score might be held to 2 touch downs. Great was the disappointment then when the score came in 48-0.

Yet considering all things this was not

so great after all. In the first place W. & J. have 4 men on their team who have played professional foot-ball while our own team is strictly amateur. In the second place their team will average about 15 pounds heavier to the man than ours. In the third place the ground was very muddy and this gives the heavier team a great advantage. Notwithstanding these disadvantages the boys went onto the field in the best of spirits, determined to play the hardest ball of which they were capable. Westminster kicked off and the ball was downed on W. & J's. 45 yd. line. W. & J. then began to assault our line and although they continually made gains they were pretty slow.

They then began to kick the ball and here they gained each time, several times securing the ball after their own kick. During the entire first half they continued to kick the ball and piled up the score pretty rapidly. In the second they didn't kick much but played a bucking game. Although we held them for downs but once they did not gain as rapidly as might be expected.

Westminster gained occasionally when they had the ball, the greatest gain being 20 yds. Several other times we gained 10 or 15 yds before losing the ball.

The lineup was as follows:

Westminster o.		W. & J. 48.	
Kuhn .....	L. E.	Core	
Chambers.....	L. T.	Theuer	
McCandless.....	L. G.	McFarland	
Donaldson .....	C.	Hammer	
F. Campbell .....	R. G.	White	
C. Campbell .....	R. T.	Thompson	
Ewing.....	R. E.	Schrontz	
Grier .....	Q. B.	Aiken	
Cummings.....	L. H.	McMahon	
Edmundson .....	R. H.	Philipps	
Smith .....	F. B.	Alexander	
Time of halves 30—20.			

The last and most exciting game of the Inter-Collegiate series was played with Allegheny College at Meadville on Thanksgiving and resulted in the first defeat of the season for Westminster in the League, the score being 18—11. Allegheny kicked off and our boys carried the ball down the field for a touch-down in about 6 minutes. Again the ball was kicked off and after a fair advance the ball was lost on downs. Then Allegheny began an attack upon our line, which was very successful as their style of play was not what we anticipated. When we met them early in the fall they used the mass play on the bucks but this time the man with the ball usually took it alone and depended upon hurdling the line, and this was something we were not prepared for. The last three weeks of the season had been spent chiefly in developing a defence which would stop a mass play which for the individual play encountered was entirely useless.

By means of this play two touch-downs were scored by Allegheny in the first half. In the second half our team got together and adapting themselves to their opponents style of play held them for downs and started toward the opponents goal. Then was displayed such team work as we had not exhibited during the season, gaining chiefly on the short and long end runs. The ball would go around the end with a solid wall of interference, usually for from 5 to 10 yds and on ends over with the long end run for about 30 yds. By this means another touch-down was easily made. But we failed on goal. This made the score 12-11 in Allegheny's favor. Allegheny again kicked off and again we started towards their goal with



if anything better interference than before. But on a long end run Edmundson who had been working like an iron man all through the game was given a hard tackle and brought down in a very exhausted condition with the ball under his arm. Not being able to grip the ball firmly it was stolen by one of Allegheny's players and Whelen the referee gave him the ball saying Edmundson fumbled it. When Allegheny thus got the ball they again began to make gains and our team being pretty badly crippled by this time were unable to stand the assault and another touchdown was secured making the score 18-11. Time was then nearly up and the game thus closed.

As before stated it was the most exciting and the most hardly contested of any of the Inter-collegiate series. It was also a clean game not once having the semblance of a scrap. The Allegheny team and the citizens treated us in the very best manner. The only condition of the game unsatisfactory to Westminster people was the work of Umpire Whelen. In the first place as coach of the Allegheny team he was hardly the person to occupy the position, especially as he at times attempted to fill both his position as coach and official on the field. And finally when he gave the ball to Allegheny on Edmundson's alleged fumble, we believe if the ball had not been taken from us unfairly another touch down would have been scored which would have changed the result. Yet as it is we still retain the championship of the League and although wishing to have had a clean record we are satisfied to still hold that honor with such an antagonist in the field against us as Allegheny. The line up was as follows.

Westminster—11.		Allegheny—18'	
Kuhn.....	L. E.	.....	Taylor
Chambers.....	L. T.	.....	Douglass
Mc'andless.....	L. G.	.....	Hammon
Donaldson.....	C.	.....	Carr
E. Campbell.....	R. G.	.....	Selkregg
C. Campbell.....	R. T.	.....	Rhorbaugh
Ewing.....	R. E.	.....	Cota
Mehard.....	Q. B.	.....	Moorehead
Cummings.....	L. H.	.....	Frazier
Edmundson.....	R. H.	.....	Borland
Smith.....	F. B.	.....	Secrist

Time of halves 25 minutes. Touch-down Frazier, Cota, Borland, Kuhn, Edmundson. Goals Secrist (3) Kuhn. Referee and Umpire alternating Whelen and Cameron.

New Castle High School came up here for their return game with the scrub team, sanguine of victory; but their hopes were soon shattered as they were unable to keep the ball for any length of time and but once had it in our territory. The "scrubs" all played well, particularly the backs and the tackles, Dindinger and Adams. The features of the game were John Nelson's thirty-five yard run for a touch-down, after New Castle had fumbled a delayed pass; and Neville's stopping a New Castle man who seemed to be going for a sure touch-down. The line-up follows:

N. C. H. S.—0.		Westminster—11.	
Moore.....	L. E.	.....	Murray
Robinson.....	L. T.	.....	Adams
Hilderbrand.....	L. G.	.....	Christy
McClelland.....	C.	.....	McCartney
Pearson.....	R. G.	.....	Bingham
Falls.....	R. T.	.....	Dindinger
Norton.....	R. E.	.....	Fulton-McMichael
Sullivan.....	Q. B.	.....	Nelson
Eckles.....	R. H.	.....	Montgomery
Douthitt.....	L. H.	.....	Witherspoon
Forkum.....	F. B.	.....	Neville

Touch-downs, Adams, Nelson, Goals, Montgomery (1); Referee, Mather, (New Castle) Umpire, Cameron, (W); Linesmen,



Gordon. (W); Preston, New Castle; Time-keepers, Eroo and Drake; Time 25 and 20 minutes.

The Basket Ball candidates are beginning to get into form, quite a number making bids for positions. There will be very little done this term towards picking a permanent team simply getting the men in shape for good hard work next term. It is difficult as yet to recognize just how excellent our team will be, yet we hope it may come up to former standards of excellence. The candidates now in training are Sloss, Ferguson, Kuhn, Cameron, (Manager of team) Smith, McKim, Edmundson, Kennedy, Donaldson, Edgar.

The Inter-collegiate Football series resulted as follows:

	Won	Lost	Per.
Westminster	4	1	800
Allegheny	3	1	750
Thiel	1	3	250
Geneva	0	3	000

### ALUMNI NOTES.

Roy Long, '98 and J. P. Lockhart, '99 were in the village recently.

The late Bishop Baker, of Georgia, was a brother of J. R. W. Baker, Esq., '71.

Rev. John A. Courtney '82, according to reports, has received little benefit from his stay in Colorado.

Dr. E. N. McElree '59 and Rev. J. D. Barr '88, attended the Sabbath School Conference in New Castle on the 4th.

R. E. Cooper '98, preached at Lackawannock on the Sabbath before Thanksgiving

and at Shenango for the Rev. H. G. Edgar on the following Sabbath.

J. A. McLaughry '84, Superintendent of the Sharon Schools, attended Junior Orations Thursday evening, Dec. 7.

Dr. D. S. Littell '57 and Rev. H. C. Swearingen '91, delivered addresses at the recent Sabbath Observance Convention in Butler.

A. B. Thompson, Esq., '70, of Mercer, spent Sabbath, the 3d, with his daughter Miss Grace Thompson, '01; and his sons Harold and Lloyd, '03.

Rev. J. R. Brittain, '63, Superintendent for Pennsylvania of the Anti-saloon League, called on President McKinley on the 11th in the interest of the cause.

Miss Emma M. Campbell '93, a teacher in the public schools of Canonsburg, Pa., Messrs. J. M. Ferguson, '97, L. K. Peacock '98, R. E. Cooper, '98, Robert Hamill '95, students at Theological Seminary, visited friends in town during Thanksgiving week.

H. G. Byers '95, Ph. D. (John's Hopkins '99,) Professor of Chemistry in the University of Washington, has sent to the scientific reference library a copy of his doctorate thesis. "The Reduction of Permanent Acid by Manganic Dioxide."

Dr. J. R. Brittain '63 and the Rev. R. C. Dodds '80, are honoring their Alma Mater by the excellent work they are doing as District Superintendents of the Anti saloon League in Western Pennsylvania. Both conducted meetings in Pittsburg on "The World's Temperance Sabbath," November 26.

The Synodical Sabbath School convention of the First Synod of the West, held Dec. 4th and 5th in the 2nd United Presbyterian church, New Castle, of which Dr. J. Q. A. McDowell '78 is pastor, was well attended by Westminster Alumni. Dr. J. K. McClurkin '73, delivered an address, Rev. J. D. Barr presided part of the time, while many others contributed to the interest of the convention.

Dr. Elizabeth McLaughry '87, gave one of a series of addresses before the New Castle High School, on the subject of Physical culture.

Prof. R. R. Ramsey, formerly of our Faculty, has just been appointed Assistant Professor of Natural Science in Indiana State University, his Alma Mater. After his resignation here, Prof. Ramsey accepted an assistantship at Cornell, where he has since been. He has made an excellent reputation there and the University authorities were very loathe to accept his resignation.

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### EXCHANGES.

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Little verbs of Latin,  
Little roots of Greek,  
Make the verdant Freshman,  
Feel extremely meek.

Then a little German,  
With a little French.  
Make the foolish Sophomore,  
Think he has some sense.

Then a year of Logic,  
And Philosophy,  
Makes the best of Juniors,  
Wise as he can be.

Then comes analytics,  
'Turns a fellow's head,  
Makes the wisest Senior  
Wish that he were dead.—Ex.

The "Boom-a-Lacka" is the rather unique name of one of our new exchanges, a sheet published by the students of Tabor (Ia.) College.

The "Crime of the Brigadier," by Con-an Doyle, is one of the features of the December "Cosmopolitan." Frank R. Stockton, Olive Schriener and Edgar Saltus also have stories and sketches in the Christmas number. Olga Nethersole contributes a very interesting sketch of her personal experiences in her efforts to succeed on the stage. Life has not been all sunshine for Miss Nethersole. She made her place battling against great odds, and tells how she succeeded in a way that is at once interesting and inspiring.

Just because a co-ed saves you from a flunk by judicious prompting, do not imagine she is in love with you. She is merely demonstrating the superiority of the feminine intellect—Knox Student.

The "Sorosis" of the Pennsylvania College for Women has been received. It is illustrated, something unusual for a college publication, and the typography is excellent.

Don't hitch your wagon to a star,  
For college paths are stony;  
'T will be more practical by far  
To hitch it to a "pony."—Ex.

Young lady (translating Latin): "And Caesar commanded the single men that they should be on their guard against sallies from the town."—Campus.

Under the title "A Merry Woman's Letters to a Quiet Poet," some of the delightful correspondence that passed between "Gail Hamilton" (Miss Dodge) and John Green-

leaf Whittier appears in the "Ladies Home Journal" for December. Nothing could show more charmingly the personal side of these two poets and the great contrast between the vivacious, quick-witted "Gail Hamilton" and the gentle "Quaker Poet."

#### WHY NOT?

A foreigner who has not been long in this country, and is learning our language, thus liberates his puzzled soul in verse:

If a lot of little mouses  
Are a lot of little mice,  
Why are not a lot of houses  
Called a lot of little hiee?

If a lot of little geoses  
Are a lot of little geese.  
Why are not a lot of mooses  
(called a lot of little meese?—Ex.

#### MUSIC AND ART.

The term concert of the Music Department was in every way creditable to the Directors and his pupils. The music rendered by the chorus was of a high order, and the rendering was charmingly delightful. The parts are balanced much better this year than formerly, and there is not the preponderance of the bass, that was somewhat of a fault of last year's organization. The "Gloria" from the Twelfth Mass was especially well given, with an earnestness such as the work demands. In pleasing contrast was Hatton's four part song, now fortunately well known to us. Its treatment was light and dainty, in fitting accord with the words. The Glee Club's number was a disappointment, but they were encouraged nevertheless, the encore being given with more spirit and in a decidedly better manner than the first selection. The duet of Miss

Clark and Prof. Peterson needs no comment. Their work is always good, and the only fault that we can find was that they only had one number. Miss Balph's voice has much improved since her last appearance and gives promise of future possibilities, as does the technique displayed by Miss McCreary. The readings of Miss Acheson were no small part of the evening's entertainment. In fact we would characterize them as the best we have ever heard here. Especially good was the Van Bibber selection. The program follows:

#### PART I.

Behr-Blasser. - - - Scherz-Polka, Op. 443  
MISS MAE BALPH, MISS FLORENCE KYLE,  
MISS EDITH MCCREARY AND MISS ANNA REED.  
Gounod. - - - "Praise ye the Father."

#### CHORUS CLASS.

Richard Harding Davis. "Her First Appearance"  
MISS ACHESON.

Kuntze. - - - Evening Song.  
GLEE CLUB.

Corbett. - - - "Other Days."  
MISS BALPH.

Mozart. - - - Gloria from 12th Mass  
CHORUS CLASS.

#### PART II.

Hatton, Four part song. "Softly fall the shades  
of evening."

#### CHORUS CLASS.

Borowski. - - - Taquinierlth  
MISS MCCREARY.

Pauline Phelps. - Scorching Versus Diamonds  
MISS ACHESON.

Gounod. - - - "Breezes of the Night".  
MISS CLARK AND MR. PETERSON.

Gounod. "Unfold Ye Portals." (The Redemption)  
CHORUS CLASS.

\*Mr. Mac Weddell, Accompanist.

The pupils of the Art Department have completed quite a number of very pleasing

studies in the last month. They are all good, but some are of a higher degree of excellence. Miss Hodgen is to be congratulated on the advance made by her pupils in the term just closing. The gem of the collection is an oil still-life by Miss Barr, "Apples with Basket." It is well conceived and the detail carefully carried out. There are several water-color sketches worthy of notice, particularly the little "Violets and Bowl" by Miss Elliott, and Miss Wilson's "Carnations." Miss Irons' "Peppers with Basket" and Miss Cook's "Chrysanthemums," are very well executed. There is a very dainty little collection of China, containing notably a tea set with an apple blossom decoration by Miss Irons and a vase by her also in monochrome with figure of a head. Miss Hodgen's own work is represented by a very beautiful vase with figure decoration and a jardiniere most charmingly finished with orchids.

Junior Orations are over at last. The work done, while hardly in advance of previous years, is still very creditable to the class. The list of the contestants has been announced. In making up the list those who were on Society Contest, or who were behind in three studies were not considered, cutting down considerably the list of those eligible. The Faculty selected the following: Mary Caroline Pillow, Butler; Mary Alice Neely, Pittsburg; Margaret Madeline Gealey, Plain Grove; Belle Corinne Mercer, New Wilmington; Thomase Ashmore Sampson, Fay; Charles Henry Williamson, Wellsville O.; George Guy Yolton, Frankfort Springs.

## LOCALS.

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How did you like "Tutta" at the concert?

"Doc." Mehard is very Hopeful nowadays.

Gordon had to go home on account of a sore knee.

While there's life, there's Hope; how about it, Witt?

John Nelson is out for the position as tutor in zo-ology. Apply in person.

Mr. Ramsey surprised the Horace class by his sudden manifestation of piety.

The tiddledy-wink tournament which has been going on for some time is nearing its close with "Poker Flat" away in the lead. "Palm Valley" is a close second; the "Whitney Ranch and Neals" are close—are closely bunched for third place; the "Ellioft House" also ran, but was distanced in an early stage of the game.

The average weight of mail matter passing through the New Wilmington post-office will be increased this month. Evart Campbell received one from a young lady on which (the letter) there were two cents due. Gordon had to pay four cents in the same way, his letter weighed a pound and a half.

"Judge" rejected this:

"On what does the aim in the present South African war depend; the bores of the rifles or the rifles of the Boers?"

Can you blame them?

What makes Ferguson in Geometry call the "secant" a "scant"?

Prof. Moore's advice: "Do not lend your books to book-keepers."

Russell was given a "cold water" lecture one evening in the presence of a few friends.

Miss Florence Kyle and Miss Edna Ramsey spent Sabbath with the Misses Moore of New Castle.

Bingham had been sleeping quietly, and Reed was studying, when Bingham woke up, and rubbing his eyes joyfully asked: "Is this Heaven?"

Gymnasium opened with a large attendance and has kept it up. Dumbbells and Indian clubs are needed.

Miss Mabel McClure a former music student, spent a few days with friends at the Hall during the last week.

To "Jim" Grier et al: "Don't leave your chicken-bones in the room after the feast, the owner might find them."

"Bill" Ramsey on the corner; "Good evening, fellows, and others." I guess he did not see the professors directly behind the "fellows."

"Al." Newmyer went into Tommy's to see about the powder magazines but some one had been there before him, so he had to do without.

Bruce McCrory suggests this one. "The Physics class was told the other day that for years people had been searching for a light that will make no heat. How about a dead Israe-lite?"

"Doc." Mehard was walking aimlessly about the hotel at Meadville in his shirt sleeves when a man walked up to him and asked:

"Are you the man who shines shoes?"

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Johnnie—"Yes, it is perfectly proper to take the same young lady out more than once."

"Keg."—"We are glad to see that you got your hair cut."

"Jim."—"Of course you should send her a Christmas present.

Metz—"No, there is no law that prohibits the placing of the hands above the head while applauding."

"Shorty."—"We cannot answer your question; ask ——."

Robb—"Yes, you should dance the home waltz with the young lady you have had the honor to accompany."

Christy—"I don't believe you should; persons might misconstrue your actions."

Boyd—"There are others. We express our regrets."

Murdock—"No; we cannot accept pumpkins and corn in payment for a subscription."

Constant Reader at Hall—"The only cure for snoring is to wake up."

Venus—"We know no reason why they should call you the "human jumping-jack."

Shadow—"Yes, we publish a book "Physics at a Glance," ten cents, please."

Ad multos: "This is not a matrimonial bureau."





# THE HOLCAD.

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No. 5.

## The Holcad

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

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### EDITORIAL.

A new year, the last of the century, is spreading out before us. No doubt the question comes to every one, "What does it

hold in store for me?" It is a natural question, and yet few of us would want it answered. The future's chiefest delight is its uncertainty. We do not have to bear our troubles before they reach us, we are not transported by our joys before the fitting time. It is well so. Few of us who are young, realize life in its proper proportions. We fail to grasp its intercompleteness, the troubles and the joys, either softening the other. It took a Browning, wise in years and life's great experiences to write,  
Life with all it holds of joy or woe or bliss or pain

Is just our chance of the prize of learning love,  
What love might be, hath been indeed and is.

May the new year help us in the understanding of this thought of the great poet-seer. It is worth understanding.

We hope to devote our February number to a consideration, very brief and merely fragmentary, of the Westminster of the past. Some of the Alumni have promised us articles. To them we are grateful. We hope through them to stir up a further interest in the old Westminster, and the men and women who filled these halls in the

days gone by. We do not propose to worship the past, nor to give it more praise than it merits. We do hope that the old traditions will become living realities, that by them our College spirit, which is only another term for College love, may grow more full and strong. That thinking over the history of the past, the history that we are making will be all the better, all the more worthy of honor, as the deeds we do are incited by their deeds.

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In Lowell's "Commemoration Ode" in the conclusion of his eulogy on Lincoln he speaks of him thus,

"That kindly, earnest, brave, far-seeing man,  
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame."

Since first we read the words we have marveled at their meaning. Could it be possible that Lincoln's success was due to the fact that he dreaded praise? To many of us praise is life. Blame we find hard to bear, and we are even prone to grow cynical and pessimistic if it is long continued. And yet he stands the greatest figure of our history, and for his memorial the greatest of our poets has written that he dreaded praise not blame. That was the quality that caused him to endure when it seemed as though all the powers of earth were arrayed against him, and even Heaven had shut away from him its light, the quality that converted the back-woodsman into the character the sublimity of whose dignity cannot be equalled in all profane history. It is a trait worth study, worth careful study, that we may meet crises with that calm devotion to duty that made him great.

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## LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

### The Old Mill-Wheel.

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Creak! creak! splash! splash! drip! drip! sang the old mill-wheel, the same song it had sung to generation after generation for nearly three centuries. Just the touch needed to make the picture perfect, thought I, as I lazily puffed at my pipe. When the poet wrote, "What so rare as a day in June!" surely he had never enjoyed a loaf in the country in mid-August. Everything seemed under the same spell of balmy, lazy romance that so completely held me captive. Far off in the distance could be dimly seen through the haze a group of low-lying hills, like some great monster enfolded in a gauzy net it was too lazy to shake off. The cattle stood motionless in the fence-corners under the trees, blinking lazily at the sunlight. Even the leaves hung listlessly on their branches and forgot, in the absence of the soft reminder of their lover, the wind, to whisper to each other their secrets. In the cote under the mill-eaves a dove cooed gently to his mate, but the effort was too much, and he was silent. A saucy robin hopped carelessly up to my foot and pecked at it leisurely; he had too much confidence in the ruling spirit, or spiritlessness, of the day to fear that ugly beast called Man. An old hen, stopped in her wanderings in the middle of the dusty road, had drawn up one foot under her wing and was peacefully dreaming of days when she was a chick. Only the mill and my pipe showed signs of activity, and the latter was growing feebler as the song of the wheel

grew more alluring. Puff! puff! puff! That last ring of smoke seemed vested with some strange magnetic power, for it was drawing me after it toward the hills, and I was floating—floating—floating—

The mill-wheel had stopped singing. It was talking now, addressing its remarks to no one in particular, so I appropriated them:

"Of course. I have seen and heard a great many interesting things in my time, being an intelligent, observant mill-wheel, and a day like this always brings these old memories rushing back. I tell you what it is, people who wander over the earth in search of adventure and diversion make a great mistake. Now here am I, never moved from the same spot in nearly three hundred years, and yet I've seen things more wonderful than all the creations of the novelists of to-day. If they could only transcribe the events which have taken place right here in this old roadway, the books that now sell by hundreds of thousands would be considered tame and insignificant. No, people don't know where to look for romance nowadays."

The wheel stopped here a moment, and fearing that it would not continue, I ventured a question.

"I suppose you never tell of any of these things you have seen? I've always had an idea that you could tell a story well, if you cared to."

The wheel ruminated a moment, looking quite pleased at the compliment.

"Well, you seem to be a young man of a keen discriminations, and I don't mind telling you a rather stirring story that had its

centre here. If you get tired listening, just say the word, and I'll stop—a day like this it is easier to stop than to do anything else you know," smiling at its witticism.

"What I am going to tell you took place over a century ago, when I was in my prime; I hadn't grown this long beard of moss then. Those fields there were not fields then; they were waving forests. This white, dusty road then was only a part of the grassy carpet that covered the ground around here without a break for miles. My owner at the time was a young man of about thirty, who had lived here but a short time. About a twelve-month back he had suddenly appeared in this part of the country, bought the mill, hired mechanics and ensconced himself in the little stone hut back of it. No one knew anything about him, save what all knew, that he was a tall, strongly-built young fellow, who had little to say to anyone; that he never worked in the mill, but spent his time wandering through the forest or reading some books he kept in his hut. We learned more later.

"One afternoon in August, just such a day as this, when I was lying idle (as indeed, I did most of the time then). I heard the blare of hunting-horns, and saw a party on horseback dash by. They had gone but a few minutes, when again I heard horse's footsteps, and soon after the soft tones of a girl's voice; and there came into the opening in front of the mill a young lady who had been in the party, leading a lame horse. Her accident had evidently been unnoticed by the rest of the party, for she was untended. She was a young girl, and of such beauty that for the first time in my life I

wished I was a human being. She led her horse up to the mill, but finding no one about she examined the foot, and tried to extract the stone it had picked up, all the while keeping up a flow of talk.

"Poor Sultan! dear horse!" Dame Fortune does not smile on us to day, that we are to be left out of the hunt, and away here in the woods,—and yet it is rather pleasant, too. Just like the romance that Sir Guy read to us yestre'en of the lovely princess and the poor farmer who loved her. Ah, me, Sultan, it is a great misfortune, is it not, to be a young woman with no sweet, exciting romances to live.—And so this is the place where that strange miller dwells; well, he is not so eager to do his work as might be, with his mill lying idle and no signs of him around. Sir Guy said he had heard he was a remarkable tradesman.—Sultan, wouldn't it be nice if he were to turn out a gentleman and—and—be my lover. How I should like to be a heroine! Your poor foot—here let me see—no, I can't get it out, and I know not what to do. I do wish that wonderful miller would come around, and take it out. I don't want to be left here alone all night. This would be a good haunt for the goblins with which my old nurse used to impress the proprieties upon me."

"She had hardly spoken the words, when the miller himself appeared between the trees. Evidently the young lady forgot all about the possibilities of a romance, for she at once cried out, somewhat commandingly.

"Ah! here you are. I was just waiting for some one to take out a stone from my Sultan's foot. Be quick, as it lacks not

much till evening, and I must not bide here."

"Without a word or even looking up, he performed the task, and then rose.

"There, madam, I think that will relieve your horse."

Then for the first time he raised his eyes to her face, and a great change passed over his own. And well it might, for not many men are privileged to gaze on so sweet a picture as she made there that afternoon in the forest, so beautiful I dare not attempt a description. The touch of haughtiness, so disfiguring to other faces, but added a charm to hers. He gave a half gasp, and the sullenness which had hitherto been its chief characteristic, vanished from his face. Into his eyes came a look of which I had long since learned the meaning, ay! and so, evidently, had the maid, for though she unbent not the slightest, a shade more of graciousness crept into her expression. Woman is woman before all else, and it is in her nature that she must melt before admiration or love in a man, whatever may be his station in life. Instinctively his hand went to his hat, doffed it, and he bowed with a grace the finest courtier could not have surpassed. Tho lady allowed to come into her race none of the surprise she must have felt at such elegance in a poor, shiftless miller, but drawing her purse, she held out to him a coin.

"Her glance had been prideful, indeed, but it was humble compared with the look that now flashed from his eyes.

"Nay, madame, a gen—"he started and made a gesture as of self-repression—"I cannot take money from a lady for a little service like this." She stamped impatiently.



"But I cannot receive a service from a servitor without payment; here, you must take this, said she, haughtily.

"Let me but assist you to your horse; then have I been repaid more times than there are leaves in the forest."

"Which bold compliment coming from a poor laborer but increased my lady's surprise and hauteur, and she curtly refused a favor she would else have demanded. But her attempt to mount alone met with sorry failure.

"You see, madame, you must," said the miller, "and why should you not permit a poor miller to do you this service?"

"So she was compelled to receive his assistance. This time, however, she offered him no money, but gave him a thanks that was far from gracious. Then she rode away without so much as looking back, although I fancied I detected in her last glance at the miller a touch of curious interest.

"The miller stood long without moving, gazing intently at the point where she was lost to sight among the trees. Some five minutes later, while he was still gazing into the forest, the galloping of a horse and a man's voice calling came from the direction which the hunting party had taken and a horseman rode into view. Seeing the miller standing there, he called out,

"Hello, my man, did you see anything of a lady riding hereabouts?"

"No answer; still that abstracted gaze into the forest.

"I say, did a lady pass here?" repeated the man, riding closer."

"This time not in vain; for as the mill

er heard the voice he turned sharply, then fell back. A look of almost insane hatred passed over his face. A low whisper broke from his lips:

"Guy Oliver!"

"You—you!"

"Yes, I."

Folding his arms the miller stood facing the newcomer. For a minute the two men stood gazing at each other.

"Yes, I," he repeated, "and you shall not escape me this time. We are here alone, I and you, my worst enemy, the man who has robbed me of home and fortune, who has left me to wander penniless almost, friendless entirely, with only one object to my life for five years—revenge. Twice we have met during that time; both times you escaped me. Now you shall not. Oh! I shall not murder you. I am a gentleman; you shall have more mercy than you showed my brother. I give you one chance for your life. In the hut are two swords. Take one, and we will fight it out. If you can kill me, you can go. If not——"

"The unfinished sentence had a ring to it that was not pleasant to hear. The words give little idea of the bitterness of the tone. It is shown better by the actions of the man called Guy Oliver. At first he had met the gaze of the other with one as intense; then he turned pale, his eyes wavered. He glanced around as if for some way to avoid the miller, then without a word dismounted and followed him to the hut, from which two long rapiers were speedily brought. Handing them to Oliver, the miller bade him take his choice; then both repaired to the front of the mill. Stripping off extra clothing

they faced each other, the miller calm and determined, the other assuming a poor show of jauntness. No time was wasted; both seemed to know it was not the place for that.

"Are you ready?"

"Yes."

"I had not had time to get my wits collected, so sudden had been the whole affair, but ignorant as I was of the cause of the matter, my interest was not lessened on that account. Had I known then all that I shall tell you later I could not have been more anxious for the outcome. Strange as it may seem, although I had at this time been living for more than a hundred years, I had never witnessed a duel; and now that I had the chance I confess that I was not sorry of the opportunity.

Oliver at once assumed the offensive, and, although I am not much of a judge, yet I do not hesitate to say that the swordsmanship displayed by both was masterly. If any difference the newcomer seemed the more skilled and I could not understand why he wished to avoid the meeting. He pressed the attack so fiercely that the miller fell back using all his skill to defend himself. Round and round the opening they fought, Oliver always on the offensive. Both men soon showed signs of weariness, both were panting and dripping with perspiration, but the miller was lasting the better. Suddenly he changed his tactics, and I saw that he was a pastmaster in the art of fencing. His weapon played like lightning, lunging in and darting back like the tongue of an angry serpent. Around the opening once more they rushed, Oliver growing weaker. His sword arm is pierced; like a

flash his sword changes to the left. The miller does the same, and his superiority is still more evident. The blood is dripping from the arm of the wounded man in a little pool. A feint from the miller and Oliver falls back. A cry of exultation breaks from his adversary; he has found an opening, he lunges. But his foot steps into the pool of blood and he slips and falls, still retaining his sword. He tries to rise, but Oliver—"

Bump! creak! creak! splash! splash! drip! drip! The mill-wheel is singing again. Mechanically I sit up and rub my eyes, looking around for the combatants, but I see nothing but a sleepy hen standing in the middle of the road. Instead of the clashing of steel I hear only the swish of the water and the creak of the wheel. Lighting my pipe, I rise and stroll away, with a sigh for the broken threads of life. As I turn down the road, I look back and wonder how the duel ended, and whether the miller, so evidently a gentleman, married the beautiful lady. And from the mill-wheel comes the finish of its tale, "Creak! creak! splash! splash! drip! drip!"

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### The Ethics of Choice.

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"Men at sometime are master of their fates." What man as he gazes back through the long lane of his experience will not affirm this truth. In what life cannot the point be found where choice alone decides the fatal step, that leads the owner to his present place. It may have been unmarked when first experienced slight may

have seemed the divergance of the ways; but when the leaves of memory are turned he sees the place, where, master of the field, he chose the path he leads. Whatever circumstances now enclose us whatever barriers block our way we know that by our own efforts they might have been avoided.

All life is a struggle, a hard unending action from the simplest to the most complex in form; although the aims and ends may differ widely the same law holds with equal force for all; and man, the crown of earthly creation, is not exempt, but with his higher and most complex nature more subtle are the strifes which he endures. Not alone must he the combat for existence wage, but in his moral nature given from on high he must the greatest of his battles fight. From infancy until the age of death the strife continues; every choice, every act, every decision, has its effect upon his fate.

It matters little in the course of a life whether some battles be gained or lost. They effect but for the moment and when that is past life closes up around them like waters opened to receive a clod.

But others may like the terrible earthquake split asunder the strength of our natures in an ever yawning chasm. No man seeing the results would willingly make this latter choice. But from the similarity of causes he is deceived. From the unwise choice of unimportant things he may receive no evil effects. Led on by his seeming security he becomes careless, choices are made with indifference, results are disregarded; finally a point of momentous importance is reached, he fails to notice its meaning and treats it with indifference; caring nothing

for results, he makes the choice. Shall we wonder if he chooses the wrong course? This makes it necessary that every step of our life be carefully taken; that we be not deceived by appearances; that we let no step be taken until we have fully determined whither that step will lead

We can never tell when that time will come which will mark a decided change in our lives. To some it comes early, to some late; to some in youth, to some in manhood. But early or late it always comes. No man is ever sure he has gained that point, when he can trust in himself and say I have passed all danger, there is nothing further to fear, for even in old age have we known men to fall. But especially in youth is the time of danger; before experience has ripened the judgment, and young blood pulls hard at reins of restraint. Then it is that the voice of the opposition is heard and the choice is made which may change a life. Nowhere do we encounter more danger than in our college days. The young man leaves his home; he throws aside home restraints and governs himself perhaps for the first time. He is entirely upon his own resources; he follows his own inclinations and maps out his own course. Most often those things attract him which in his maturer judgment would affect him least. Having no experience to guide him he adopts a course which must influence his whole life, for once the choice is made there is no withdrawal. The effect produced upon himself by an action affects not only himself but all those associated with him. And one step is a criterion for subsequent actions. Especially then should we guard that period of life when

we are most likely to make an unwise choice—the season of youth the time of inexperience and folly.

Men of the greatest genius most often lose completely the mastery of themselves. It is possible for the moderate mind and talent to withdraw from an unwise choice. But for the man of genius this can never be; the energy of his nature once directed in a wrong channel sweeps him on to his certain end. The fierce current once turned loose can never be stopped until it has hurled itself over the precipice to which it has been directed. Many are the examples of this, inviting our attention in history. See that great genius Alexander sweeping down from his little home in Macedonia. With outstretched arm he advances and one by one he cuts down all the kingdoms of the earth and places them beneath the sway of his mighty scepter. What a picture for the centuries to contemplate! Such strength of determination, such power of achievements, such expediency of action none have beheld. But look at that force when no longer needed to crush resisting armies, and we see a picture changed to its utmost. It has now turned to the lust of the senses. With the intensity with which he has attacked his foes, he now attacks the temple of his own soul. And as rapidly as have perished the kingdoms of his opposition so crumbles that temple of clay. The great energy of his nature once turned in a wrong direction has carried him down to an inevitable end. Turn now to the history of France and we find yet another example, Napoleon having checked the misguided movements of the mob sees in its possibilities an instrument for his

hands. He may use it in either of two ways. He may unselfishly lead them on to victory and peace or he may use them to gratify his own ambition. He chose the latter course. Europe became a great battle-field. France wept tears of blood. The cry of widows and orphans filled the land and that kingmaker himself at last finds himself carried by his master Ambition to the dreary isle of St. Helena, where in the nameless days of his exile, he may see again, in fadeless vision, the picture of the mob in the street and remember his choice. So shall we find it throughout history—that the energy of genius once directed in a wrong channel can never be changed. Its end must be destruction.

The mastery once lost in however slight a degree can never be entirely regained. The man who has once taken an unwise step can never obliterate it. He may sincerely repent, he may have gained experience, he may be a wiser, but he will ever be a weaker man. There must follow a certain dulling of the intellect, a slight searing of the conscience. Never again will the heaven of his prospects be wholly blue; dark clouds must thereafter appear, sometimes flying across the zenith, sometimes low down on the horizon, yet always present. They may never gather to the magnitude of a storm yet they never can be entirely banished. A young man's first dissipation leaves a lasting effect. In some rare cases the first may be his last, yet that first will leave a life long taint. There must follow a deadening of the intellect, a light turning of that keen edge which will fail to respond to those finer purer emotions which former-



ly caused it to vibrate, Its power is weakened, its range is shortened, its tone is altered. That is the sad part of all our experience, once attained we could not be induced to part with it, but how different would have been our natures had we never learned the need of that experience. For experience is but a practical knowledge of the punishment of sin.

Then to him who still holds the mastery of his fate let him keep it as the jewel of his life. Take no unguarded step but before each one scan all the secret pitfalls in its way. Surrender not to any lust of flesh, ambition's folly, selfishness, or greed. Withhold from each so that on looking down you may behold each one a weakened subject and none which you must bow before as mas'er.

Within this course life's path is ever bright and closes in a peaceful happy end. But one wrong choice may mar a happy life, and, like an incubus drag down to sin, a noble struggling soul. For once ensnared and half the battle's lost. But always firm and, fighting we may stand, until the trumpet calls in victory.

JAS. CHAMBERS.

### **This is Life.**

The truest love has not been told,  
The sweetest song has not been heard,  
The noblest heart is hidden deep —  
Profoundest depths in death are stirred.

O great Vesuvius, mighty  
Was the force that tore thy heaving breast  
And let thy fiery lifeblood gush  
To give thee peace and solemn rest.

But greater yet must be the throb  
That lays the deepest beauty bare  
Of lofty thought and sympathy  
In homely and poetic care.

The greatest poet has not sung  
The inner flutterings of his soul  
But strives in vain to burst the bonds  
And let the leaping torrent roll.

His thoughts are far too deep for words,  
His life is broader than a song,  
His soul is beating in his breast  
The accents of a courage strong.

Then let him pour his life-blood out  
As Vesuvius from his breast,  
And let his fiery pulses burst  
And give him peace and solemn rest.  
EGBERT R. MORRISON.

### **The Charge of the Fair Hundred.**

Half a block, half a block,  
Half a block onward,  
All in the beauty of youth  
Marched the four hundred.  
"Forward the fair brigade,  
Charge for the office," she said.  
All in the beauty of youth,  
While Mrs. R. thundered.

Forward the fair brigade!  
Was there a maid dismayed,  
Not though the maidens knew  
Some hearts were sounded?  
Theirs not to wail and cry,  
Theirs not to turn and fly,  
Theirs but to hasten by;  
All in the beauty of youth  
Marched the fair hundred.

Pipes to the right of them,  
Pipes to the left of them,  
Tobacco spit back of them,  
While Uncle John wondered.  
Winked at by prep and swell,  
Boldly they marched and well.  
Noble fair hundred.

Waved all their short skirts there,  
Flirting with Juniors fair,  
Smiling at Seniors while  
All the town wondered.  
Plunged in tobacco smoke,  
Right thro' the line they broke,  
Freshman and Sophomore  
Reeled from blind Cupid's stroke,  
Shattered and sundered.  
Then they marched back, but  
Not all the hundred.



Fellows to right of them,  
 Fellows to left of them,  
 Fellows behind them  
 Rushed up and plundered.  
 Phased not by prep or swell,  
 While friends and room-mates fell,  
 They that had marched so well,  
 All that was left of them,  
 Left of a hundred.

## ATHLETICS.

The Basket Ball season is now on and the team is beginning to round into fair shape. The team work is quick and accurate and the goal throwing seems better than that of previous years. Until date two games have been played, one with the alumni team at the close of the fall term, one with Geneva on the 12th at Beaver Falls. They divide honors winning from the alumni and losing to Geneva. The game with Geneva was the first of the Inter-collegiate series and owing to the exceeding closeness of the game makes considerable guessing as to the final result of that series. Neither team has yet met Allegheny but since their team is composed largely of the same players as were with them last year a pretty fair estimate of their team can be made. From all appearances it will be a very close contest and the team winning the champion-ship will doubtless have but a small margin.

The opening Basket Ball game of the season was played against a team composed of alumni on the last Saturday night of the Fall term. The game was very one sided as the alumni had not practiced together and were also deficient in wind. The work of the regulars was very promising, the team work being good, especially the goal throw-

ing, the majority of reasonable chances being accepted. The lineup was as follows:

Varsity 42.	Alumni—4.
Kuhn ..... L. F. ....	Witherspoon
D. McKim ... .. R. F. ....	Degelman
Smith..... .. C. ....	S. McKim
Sloss..... .. L. G. ....	McBride
Kennedy..... .. R. G. ....	Stewart

The first league Basket Ball game of this season was played at Beaver Falls in Geneva's gymnasium. It was by far the most hotly contested game that Westminster ever played; so much so that after it was over, Geneva's captain said that we outplayed them and should have won. As it was, at the end of the first half the score was 8 to 8, and at the end of the second, after forty-two minutes hard work, the score was also a tie 15 to 15. Ten minutes extra play was necessary to decide the victory and Geneva came out ahead 18 to 15. The return game with Geneva is to be played here on the afternoon of March 10. The lineup follows:

Westminster—15.	Geneva—18.
Kuhn (C.)—Edgar... L. F. ....	Thompson (C )
Edmondson..... R. F. ....	Patterson
Smith..... .. C. ....	Atwood
Kennedy.... .. L. G. ....	George
Sloss..... .. R. G. ....	Leech

Time of halves 20 minutes; Goals from field, Edmundson 2, Kuhn 1, Smith 2, Sloss 1, Kennedy 1, Leech 4, Patterson 2, George 1; Goals from foul, Kuhn 1, Thompson 1, Patterson 3; Referee, Seibel; Umpire, McFadyean, both of D. C. and A. C.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association on Tuesday Jan. 16th, action was taken to put that body on a firmer footing than it has yet occupied. Nearly every man in college is a member and the greatest interest is taken in the movement. With an as-

sociation on a basis of this kind the athletics of the college cannot fail to take a higher standing than they have heretofore occupied.

Now is the time when track athletes are made. We would urge every man in college to go into the gymnasium and begin work for anything he may be able to do in the line of track and field work. It is conscientious work along any line that makes the proficient master and this is true in athletics as well as in any other field. Pole vaulters, shot putters and runners are not born but made. And the men who enter the gymnasium now and practice faithfully are the men who may expect to bring home the medals in the spring field meet.

### MUSIC AND ART.

The attendance at the Chorus this term is very large. The work to be studied is Cowen's Cantata "The Rose Maiden."

A number of new students have entered the Art Department and the outlook for a successful term is very promising.

Senior Orations began Tuesday evening the 23d. Following is the program:

Music.	Proudly as the Eagle	Spohr.
	Glee Club.	
Oration,	- - -	"The Ethics of Choice."
	James A. Chambers,	Eastbrook.
Essay,	- - -	"The Brightest Crown of Florence."
	Lucretia Hawk,	Youngstown, O.
Music.	Pas des Amphores. (2nd Air de Ballet)	Chaminade.
	Miss Anna Reed.	
Essay,	- - -	"The Nineteenth Century"
	Sara B. McLean,	Wilkinsburg.

Oration - - - "An Industrial Nation "  
Henry Pillow, Butler.

Oration, - - - "The Knight of a Pure Heart."  
Wm. E. Brooks, Philadelphia.

Music. Forsaken. Koschat.  
Glee Club.

The Rogers-Grilley recital, a feature of the Course, was one of the best entertainments ever given in New Wilmington. Mr. Rogers is a harpist of great ability and his work was of the highest order of excellence. Especially pleasing were the little accompaniments which he plays to parts of of Mr. Grilley's readings, adding greatly to their effectiveness and producing an altogether charming result. His telling of the little jokes was in its way as good as the interpretation of the difficult Waterloo selection, or the old fashioned tale of New England.

### ALUMNI NOTES.

The marriage of T. E. Brownlee, '94, to Miss Wylie, of Hebron, N. Y., is announced.

Beth Borland, a former student, was married on December 20, 1899, to James Irvine of Richmond, O.

Charles E. Meharg, Esq., '89, is a candidate on the Republican ticket for District Attorney of Lawrence County.

Jas. A. McDonald, '98, of Xenia Theological Seminary preached during the holidays at Plain Grove and at the First U. P. church, New Wilmington.

Dr. J. Q. A. McDowell, '78, made the fourth of a series of addresses to the New

Castle High School. His theme was the necessity of the use of correct English in conversation—one on which Dr. McDowell is well qualified to speak.

J. F. McLane '99, has been admitted to the Senior class in Yale University.

The Rev. W. B. Clark '89, has been appointed assistant dean of the Protestant Episcopal Cathedral of Spokane, Wash.

Rev. E. L. Porter, '87, who returned for a year's rest from India last spring is delivering an illustrated lecture on India for the benefit of the mission.

In the death of Dr. W. J. Robinson Westminster College has lost a valued friend and patron. His three sons, all of whom are ministers of the United Presbyterian church, were graduated from this institution.

J. A. VanOrsdell, Esq., '85, Attorney General of Wyoming, who for several weeks has been lying critically ill at the home of Senator Warren in Washington, D. C., is reported convalescent.

The Rev. J. W. Witherspoon, D. D., '59 on the 7th inst completed the 38th year of his connection, as pastor, with the Fifth church, Allegheny. Dr. Witherspoon assisted Dr. McElree in the communion services in the Second church on the 21st.

A. G. Boal, '96, is making rapid progress in journalism. In addition to his work as a reporter on the Pittsburg 'News' he contributes once a week an article of some length and much merit on "Books, Authors and Readers."

Miss Janette S. Lourie, who died December 14, 1899, in Newburg, N. Y., was the first lady professor in Westminster College. She graduated from Washington Seminary and remained there as an instructor for twenty-seven years with the exception of the three years, 1853-1856, spent at Westminster. The past twenty-five years of her life have been spent at Newburg, in home of the Rev. J. G. D. Findley, between whose wife and Miss Lourie there has existed a strong attachment ever since they were associated at Washington Seminary as teacher and pupil. During these years she was not idle, but served until 1889 as principal of Gormley Seminary in Newburg and much of the time since has been devoted to private teaching.

Miss Lourie remained until her death the same accomplished scholar, highly cultured woman, and pure, beautiful Christian that she had always been. She never grew old, but even last summer when the writer had the privilege of meeting her at Chautauqua she was full of life and vivacity as a young girl, interested in everything, and eager to hear and see whatever could be helpful. Her influence exerted over so many girls must be felt in many schools and many homes for generations yet to come.

Among our holiday alumni visitors were Rev. Herman Spencer, '94, teacher of English in Cheltenham Academy. Ogontz, Dr. H. E. Barr, '94, Baltimore; Rev. S. H. Moore, D. D. '75, New Castle; Prof. Chas. Robertson '93, of Johns Hopkins University; Gardner Robertson '95, Allegheny; J. A. McDonald '98, Xenia, O.; Rev. J. H. Spencer, '92, New Athens, O.; Dr. A. H.

Elliott '92, Emsworth; Dr. John Elliott '81, Sharon; H. B. McElree '96, Kittanning; E. N. McElree, Jr. '91, Sharpsburg; R. E. Cooper '98, Allegheny; Charles Trainer '97, Vicksburg, Miss.; J. M. Ferguson '97, Allegheny; R. W. Veach '96, Union Seminary, New York City; Walter Stewart '99, O. L. Degelman '99; Monroe Witherspoon '99; S. J. McKim '99, Allegheny; J. P. Lockhart '99, New Castle; R. C. McKinley '97, University of Michigan; Dr. J. R. Brittain '63, Oxford, O.; Sawin McClure '97, from McKeesport; Jos H. McClure '94, from Jefferson Medical College; Nellie M. Whitney '94, from Canfield, O.; Bess Robertson Crononwett '94, with her husband and child from Butler; R. W. Gealy '99, from Eldersridge Academy; Dr. A. H. Elliott '92 and wife from Ben Avon.

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### EXCHANGES.

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The Christmas "Sorosis," in its smart holiday dress, was a thoroughly enjoyable number.

The "Chips," by Prof. C. M. DesIslets in the Western University "Courant," are refreshingly original aphorisms and well worth reading.

One must never argue a professor into passing him; if you are too lazy to study, and too honest to trot, break some athletic record.—Ex.

The sketch of Dreyfus in the "Wittenberger" recently, in addition to its excellent diction, shows a rare understanding of the subject on the part of the author.

The Hiram "Advance" for December

15th was very fittingly decked out in a holiday cover in colors and was somewhat above its usual average in subject matter.

Through the liberality of Mrs. Mary Newton of Batavia, Ill., Alleghany College becomes possessor of an astronomical observatory which, when completed and equipped, will cost about \$10,000.—Ex.

A skunk once challenged a lion to single combat. The lion promptly declined the honor. "How," said the skunk, "are you afraid?" "Very much," said the lion, for you would only gain fame for having the honor to fight with a lion, while every one who met me for a month would know I had been in company with a skunk.—Ex. The moral is obvious.

Call a girl a chick and she smiles; call a woman a hen and she howls. Call a young woman a witch and she is pleased; call an old woman a witch and she is indignant. Call a girl a kitten and she rather likes it; call a woman a cat and she'll hate you. Women are queer. If you call a man a gay dog it will flatter him. Call him a pup, a hound, or a cur, and he will try to alter the map of your face. He doesn't mind being called a bull or a bear; and yet he will object to being mentioned as a calf or a cub. Men are queer too.—Ex.

There is no promise that the key of success will be given to every one who has the final benediction of his Alma Mater. The very freedom of college life, that which makes for success, has proved fatal, mentally and morally, to a marked per cent. of the number of those who have entertained



higher institutions of learning. Yet it would be even more disastrous to attempt to withhold this freedom. The elements of success spring from within, and the restraints of the high-school and the academy, essential in that stage of development, must be withdrawn, if character, which will stand the test of the world's pressure, is to be developed. The world does not need scholarship, but stalwart character. The per cent. of college men that fail, begin to drift during this period of freedom, and their end is failure.—Ex.

#### THE FADS OF AUTHORS.

How novelists write will always be of interest to readers. Each seems to have some favorite place for attacking the muse. Roe wrote "Near to Nature's Heart;" Hay, "At the Seaside;" and Besant, "All in a Garden Fair." Verne wrote "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea;" Drysdale, "In Sunny Lands," and Auerbach, "On the Heights."

While Gibbon wrote "For Lack of Gold," and Payne, "In Peril and Privation," Black wrote "In Silk Attire," and Haven "Out of Debt, Out of Danger."

Horatio Alger wrote "Slow and Sure;" Williams, "On and Off; and Pike, "Every Day."

Most curious of all were Bellamy, who wrote "Looking Backward," and Parker, who wrote "Upside Down."—Ex.

#### A SIMILE.

"My love for thee, vexatious maid  
(Thine ear art lending?)  
Is like Eternity—for it  
Can have no ending."

"And mine for thee," she laughing said,  
"Beyond all sinning,  
Is like Eternity—for it  
Hath no beginning."—Ex.

#### LAMENT OF THE PREP. IN CAESAR.

"All the people dead who wrote it,  
All the people dead who spoke it,  
All the people die who learn it,  
Blessed death, they surely earn it."—Ex.

"Non paratua," Freshi dixit,  
Cum a sad and doleful look,  
"Omnia recte," Prof. responsit,  
Et Nihil scripsit in his book —Ex.

#### LOCALS.

Back again!

Paint is on the wane-scoting.

Some of the girls took their "boas" out skating.

Did you see Santa Claus when you were home?

Metz isn't back this term; likewise Humphries.

Raise a disturbance one night; and raise a flag the next.

Are you out for the skating championship? Blanks at office.

"Buck."—"That's a good thought. I never thought of that."

"Skimmer" Davies was in town for a few days. "That's right."

Wait till we get our own windmill on the campus; then won't we be selfish?

Heard on the ice.—"Oh! I could skate all night if I could only keep on my feet."

Of course Miss Brown didn't mean it when she said that Earl Miller had brown hair.



Drake seems to inherit his powers of argumentation; Socrates speaks of fighting with a Shadow.

Cole is out for basket ball now and thinks he could make a championship team with a little practice.

Gillfillan: "Those were cold, upon whom the snow had fallen and not covered up."

Doctor to Sloss: "Did Paul have any misgivings (Miss Givens)?" No, but "Jim" did:

The report was circulated a few days ago that McCartney (Sen.) was married. Cheer up, "Mac."

Prof.—"Mr. Roessing, what is the symbol for sulphuric acid?"

Mr. R.—"Su."

Cornelius and the others made "quite a hit" in their impersonation of the Jubilee Singers at the Rogers-Grilley concert.

Bruce McCrory says that the day he missed his breakfast he looked like a gigantic appetite with a diminutive boy attached.

Of course Stuart Jordan wasn't at the concert; why did he wonder where they got the phrase, "A very good answer, says he"?

Purvis had quite an experience with the hydrogen pistol. He claims he has a case against "Doc" Mehard for pointing firearms.

The officers of the College Oratorical Association as elected are: Samuel Gamble, president; Frederick Shoemaker, vice

president; Claire Thompson, secretary and treasurer. John Nelson is the delegate for the meeting to be held in Pittsburg on Feb. 2nd. The preliminary contest is to take place on Tuesday evening, March 13th.

Murdock had a "pipe" dream about "our" class putting a flag up on the college and staying up all night to watch it. "Willie," please remember, you are not a Sophomore yet.

Drake and McCrory.—

Drake:—"We raised Cochinchina pigs weighing nine hundred pounds."

Bruce:—"That's nothing; when my father was a youngster they raised Shanghai, and never sent one to market weighing less than fourteen hundred."

Edmundson amused the Junior chemistry class by his vocal solos in the laboratory. As Prof. Freeman said, "Chemistry seems to have a good effect on him."

Gillfillan, reading, "And taking the men apart they questioned them, etc."

How very convenient, if the reconstruction act could only be carried out.

Pillow to Montgomery:—"You owe the society ten cents for absence."

"Bill."—"Why that can't be; I wasn't here that night!"

They had come upon the Greek for raiment. Some one said it came from the verb *isthio* which means "to eat."

Pror.—"Did they eat their clothes in those days?"

Whisper in the back part of room.—"No, but they 'chew the rag' in these."



# THE HOLCAD.

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## The Holcad.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

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### EDITORIALS.

In this number we present articles from some of the alumni, concerning the past of the college and the things she has accom-

plished. To these men and women, who amidst the press of other duties, have found time for this task, we are deeply grateful. We feel assured that they will feel themselves amply repaid if through their work a new interest is kindled in the days that are gone, in that brave past that is filled with struggle and grand endeavor. Westminster's history is the story of some one's sacrifice. She had no ample foundation from munificent millionaires. Every brick in her walls, every foot of her campus represents the surrender by some one of life's luxuries, aye and even of life's necessities, that here a shrine of education might be maintained. It is an honorable past. She has not sprung up, mushroom-like, in a night. The growth has been slow and steady. And now she has reached a place where she must go forward. To the Church, to her children who can help, she appeals. We, who are her youngest children, join in the cry. It is not for ourselves, that we may have the greater advantages that an increased endowment will bring. Soon we must pass out of her doors forever. But it is for those who come after

us, that they may have even more than we have gotten, of the advantages that only money can buy.

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The class banquets are over. Both were marked with the greatest good feeling on the part of the affiliated classes. Both were also marked by the entire absence of interference on the part of classes not banqueting. This is as it should be. As we have said before, we have class spirit, not class rowdiness here. Class spirit is a very good thing. It is the same principle that we call patriotism in national affairs. Class rowdiness is another thing. Demagogism comes nearest to it in national affairs. It is the spirit that considers no one as having rights but the members of a special clique or party. It refuses the claims of justice in the case of others, it demands more than justice for itself. It does not flourish here. The atmosphere of Westminster is not conducive to its growth.

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"To beat some one else in a game, or to be beaten, may mean much or little. To beat our own game means a great deal. Whether we win or not, we are playing better than we ever did before, and that's the point after all—to play a better game of life." We do not know who wrote these words. The way they came to us—well, that's another story. The truth that they contain is most important. "To beat our own game"—how many of us are? Yet after all that is what we are here for. It is sometimes well to lose. It opens one's eyes to our real worth, and destroys the fictitious values that we had placed on ourselves and

our abilities. But it is a bad thing to lose if we along with it lose heart. "To play better than we ever did before" should be the ambition with which every day is begun. Maybe the day will bring a more redoubtable opponent than any we have yet met, but whether we conquer or are conquered the greatest thing is the better game played. It is rather hard to look at it in this way, when we are in the midst of defeat. But is not success the result of forgotten failure?

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Now as we lay aside the Editorial pen it is with a feeling of regret, regret that the work we have so greatly enjoyed is over, regret that we have not better employed the opportunities that have been ours. To the staff, to all who have helped us, we express our hearty thanks. Without your actual help or your tacit support we could have done nothing. Few of you realize as we do ourselves in how great a degree we have failed to reach the high place that we set out to reach when we first assumed the editorial office. We wanted to so work that we would bring only honor to the College. If we have not, we trust that at least we have brought no shame. Can there be a higher ambition possessing any college man than to bring honor to that Alma Mater who should stand next to his own mother in his affections? We think not. And as we thank you for your support, we ask that you may grant it as fully to those who take our places. The college paper is not a success unless it reflects truly the spirit of the college, the alumni as well as the undergraduates. Alumni support we especially ask,

support both literary and financial. We have felt its need very strongly at times. We trust that our successors may not have to. The editorial path, some think, is strewn with roses. It may be, for surely we have felt the thorns. We are not complaining. That would be ungracious and ungrateful. Only it is in your power to strip away some of the thorns before you let the roses fall. Why not do it. Strip them so completely that when the new staff comes to say good bye they can look back on work well done with no sorrow tinging their joy. Again we thank you. Good-bye.

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## LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

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### Early Days of Westminster.

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A college is an organism, a thing of life. It grows and is not built. However many and imposing the piles of brick and mortar upon the campus they do not constitute a college. Life has its form, but it produces it. Form does not produce life. When, in '52, with knapsack on my back I walked twenty-five miles to enter Westminster college there was neither brick nor mortar in the shape of a college, to enter, but there was a college housed in a borrowed frame church. Though it may have had more life, it certainly had no more material wealth, after I entered it than it had before; for I presented the inevitable six dollar scholarship which was to educate the family line in perpetuity. I got in.

The old Seceder Church, in which the college in its infancy was cradled, stood a little to the east of where the First U. P.

church now stands, and in the twilight of Porter's woods and near to a copious spring of pure cold water, where the students, thirsting for knowledge, were wont to congregate to quench their thirst. At this time the college very nearly answered to the definition of President Garfield of a university good enough for him, "A log with Mark Hopkins on one end and he on the other." Westminster had two professors, one at each end of the log-church, and the students in the middle, the distinction between a college and a university. College students are supposed to require some watching and hedging, university students are not. The university student can slip off his end of the log where he wants to, and the professor just whittles away at his as long as he wants to.

Professors G. C. Vincent and D. H. A. McLean were in charge. The former I had never seen, the latter, very often, as he had been pastor of the home congregation and principal of the Greenville Academy. Professor Vincent had sustained a like relation to the Mercer Academy. Very frankly, in a sketch of his friend's life Dr. McLean writes, "Who was the originator of the movement I never knew, but think it originated with Dr. Vincent. The only thing I knew certainly was that I was not very favorable to the scheme." The idea of a college was not yet full fledged, something less than a college and something more than an academy was in process of incubation. Hence a committee was appointed by the Shenango Presbytery to meet a like committee from the Ohio Presbytery to consider the situation. The above au-



thority adds: "The joint committee met in New Wilmington in the winter of 1851-2. After nearly a day spent in conference over the matter Edward McElree, an elder from Harmony congregation, and father of Rev. E. N. McElree, D. D., moved that a college be established, under the care of the two Presbyteries. This caused a hearty laugh, but before the conference closed it was unanimously agreed to establish a college." It must also be put down to the credit of Father McElree that he did what he could to realize the success of the college. To my personal knowledge he made to it a contribution of three sons; and Newt has always claimed that he came to New Wilmington and was organized in full blast as a student a full week before the college was organized, and before any of the rest of us had reached there. He is there still, and there is he likely to remain, judging from the esteem in which he is held by his congregation.

These were primitive times in the history of the college. Every thing was in the germ and the bud, and nothing could better evince the necessity of time to develop such an institution, and surround it with an atmosphere peculiar to a college crowned with the dignity of years. Such an atmosphere began to stir and inflate the lungs of the coming orator. A literary society was organized, the Philomath. For the first year it was Hobson's choice with the boys. "This or none." Some preferred the latter horn. Another was organized, the Leagorean. But it goes without saying that this afforded them no relief. Another was organized April 10, 1855, the Adelphic.

We did not exactly choose up sides, but arranged the roll of the old society in alphabetic order, the odd numbers going to one society and the even numbers to the other. I think the Philos were the odd-fellows. So they always seemed to me.

From the fall of '53 to that of '56 I was not in college, but it still went on and even prospered. During these years many changes had taken place. Faculty and students had increased; a new and commodious building had taken the place of this old church and the little brick building on northwest corner of the campus; and the classes were fairly well organized. The late Dr. J. R. Johnson and myself were the large and scholarly accessions to the Sophomore class of that year. Justice to myself requires me to say that Johnson was not the large accession.

Reference to the catalogue of '56-'57 reveals the fact, that of the seven professors the venerable and venerated Dr. A. M. Black alone survives. Miss J. S. Lourie, a true woman and a born teacher, has been called home since receiving the HOLCAD's note requesting this article.

Libraries, laboratories and teaching facilities of all kinds were exceedingly limited. The chemical laboratory consisted of an old Leyden-jar. I remember it well, that is the jar, not the chemistry, and that through no fault of the reproductive faculty. There must be something to reproduce to make it useful. Enjoying the advantages of the thorough equipment of the Science Hall, the present professors and students are to be congratulated, but are not to flatter themselves that they could have done as

well as we with our facilities. Some of us got through on tip top grades and what would we not have done in Mary Thompson Science Hall? To be candid, the college has come a long way since then, and the present has entered into the labors of the past. The men and women who struggled against the difficulties of their surroundings, consequent upon the poverty of the institution, were grand men and women whose personal worth went far to compensate the students for the lack of institutional equipment. Dr. James Patterson was president, and a worthy predecessor of his worthy successors. He was a man of integrity, ability and scholarship, and his memory is to me a moral and intellectual tonic.

The class of '59 was a great class, the biggest thing the college had ever done, and for nine years, in the number of its classical graduates, did not repeat itself. Of the seventeen gentlemen graduated, twelve entered the ministry, seven of them are still living. Thirty-nine years after graduation and twenty after a last visit, through the generous thoughtfulness of the class of '98 I received a much appreciated invitation to take part again in the graduating exercises of the old college.

Some things continued as they were from the beginning, and many things continued not. Always beautiful for situation Westminster is more beautiful in her present cultivated setting. The hills which stood round about the little hill, which she so gracefully crowns, are standing still, though somewhat balder in consequence of the timely molting of their forest trees.

The ancient laud-marks of the valleys which lie between remain, excepting those obliterated by the serpentine trail of a train of cars which comes creeping and screeching into town. Such sights and sounds were never heard in the valley in the early days, and the students never came into the town making that kind of a noise. They came in on Jones' hack, sometimes with muddy shoulders, the effects of engineering it from behind with a rail. The geography of the town itself, as familiar to the old time student as his Latin grammar, had not materially changed, excepting the sidewalks which had entirely disappeared under pavements of stone, leaving the student of to-day wholly inexcusable for any irregularity in his walk. On the campus what a change. It was that of a contrast between a stubble field and a classic grove and all because the students of the fifties had been here. They sacrificed their time, the luxuries of their boarding houses, and the pleasures of recitation for a whole day, and would have done it for two days had they not been otherwise persuaded, that the students and professors of the future should be comfortable in their surroundings. They borrowed wagons, drove out into the country, and were for hours without the oversight of the faculty, in the underbrush of the woods, where they tore up things and saplings by the root and these great trees are the saplings.

If he who makes two blades of grass to grow where but one grew before is a benefactor of all his race, what shall be said of the student who makes trees to grow where none grew before? Beautiful emblems are these trees of the life and growth of the

colleges, which after all is the tree of the campus. Its growth has not been so rapid as to loosely weave the fibrous texture of its life, but gradual and healthy, extending its branches and increasing the quantity and quality of the fruit just as its roots have crept down into the hearts of its constituency; and, therefore, its promise for the future is full of blessing.

"Woodman, spare that tree.  
Touch not a single bough;  
In youth it sheltered me,  
And I'll protect it now."

J. B. McMICHAEL, '59.

### Westminster College in War Times.

Multitudes of people, who lived much farther away from South Carolina and Fort Sumter in 1861, than we in New Wilmington did, and were no better by nature than we were, heard the booming of the cannon long before it reached our ears. In those days our latest news of "war and rumors of war" came by way of Enon Valley, our nearest telegraph station, and was hauled from there to New Castle and New Wilmington by very deliberate and dignified "hacks" or stage coaches, which dumped our share of trunks and travelers, mail and merchandise, and Freshmeu, on the old hotel porch at the upper end of town, and then drove on with what was left. So we were always a little behind time in war matters. We were startled by the first shot, but not until after it had been fired several hours. We skedaddled at Bull Run, but several hours behind the army, and we pegged away at our brethren in grey sometimes long after they had surrendered to the

Northern forces. However we did the best we could with our somewhat limited opportunities.

At the outbreak of the war, we were as much interested, perhaps, in the walls of Westminster as we were in the walls of Fort Sumter. It would be difficult to tell which made the more discouraging picture. Both were in ruins, and that famous bird of fable—the Phoenix—never did better service than it did just after the burning of Westminster, early in 1861. Don't you remember, you boys and girls of nearly forty years (ahem) ago, how that frisky fowl used to "rise from her own ashes," in nearly every speech that was made by the faculty or by the students? Yes, and how we waded through the mud, from one professorial mansion to another, to tell the dear old worthies about "the Phoenix" and that we would "stand by the old ship?"

The war news did not disturb us much, at least at first. The national trouble seemed to be far away. We heard no cannon thundering, no bullets whistling through the air, no tramp of armed men passing through our town at dead of night. We saw no uniformed soldiers, with glistening bayonets and well filled cartridge boxes, pacing up and down our country roads, or tented in our neighboring fields. In fact, we saw comparatively few flags. Of course there were some, but it was not so easy to get flags then as it is now. None the less we loved "Old Glory," and were as patriotic a people, in town and in college, as could be found anywhere in the land. We had firm faith in the ability of the government to cope with the rebellion, and we

kept the fire steadily burning on our altars. Our Glee Club, do you remember it? No? Well—that is because we did not have one. However, when we were in an O-be-joyful mood, we used to make things hum in a musical way. We hung Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree, we rehearsed the sad story of John Brown's body and its mouldering condition, we sat in our prison cell thinking of mother dear, we proclaimed the Fall of Babylon, and later on you ought to have heard us coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more!

Then too we had war sermons, in the churches and in the college chapel, lots of them, that gave no uncertain sound, and left unsolved no burning questions of the day. We had patriotic prayers that seemed at times inspired by the God of battle himself. They guarded and guided the authorities in Washington, they covered the serried ranks of the North with His providential care, they sent His ministering angels to the sick and wounded in hospitals and prisons, and pillowed the aching heads of the bereaved in the bosom of the Lord.

How many the war kept from college, the writer has no means of knowing, but his impression is that there were not many who gave up their college course to enter the army. Some did, and after a term of service returned to graduate. Others entered after graduation. Some who went out returned not again. They laid down their lives on the field of battle. They were men of intellectual worth, as brave soldiers as ever drew a sword or shouldered a musket. One of them, an ideal Christian, just of age, was instantly killed while in com-

mand of a regiment, during a terrific assault. Let their names be gathered up, and their memory fondly cherished, by the Alma Mater whose patriotic sons they were.

In September, 1862, just a week or two after the opening of the term, a company was formed for drill. It was suggested that perhaps we would have a military department in the college. At any rate, we were promised the use of old government muskets and were to do great things, in the way of preparing ourselves for putting down the rebellion. It had gone on about long enough. But, before we had an opportunity to drill any, or were to appear before the public, the old stage coach came lumbering over the hill, from New Castle, at the terrific rate of five or six miles an hour, its wheels fairly squeaking with all sorts of exciting news. Sure enough! There was a hurried call from the authorities for more men. Emergency men were wanted immediately. Lee was in Maryland. Washington and Baltimore were in danger. Pennsylvania was threatened. There was wild excitement all over the North. "To arms! To arms!" That was enough. Two couriers were sent, on horseback to Enon Valley, to tender to the Governor the services of the Westminster Guards. The couriers returned with marching orders for five o'clock on Monday morning. That meant business, and the hitherto somewhat quiet town, and country round about, wakened up suddenly to the fact that something was about to be done. The Westminster Guards were going to war!

Now the women came to the front. From their point of view, there was much



to be done in the way of preparation, and a little time in which to do it. They baked their love of country into loaves of bread and cakes and pies—heaps upon heaps of them. They stuffed it into roast chickens and wrapped it in with sandwiches and other toothsome eatables. They sewed it into little needle books, and knitted it into stockings, and put it in patches on our old coats and trousers, and rolled it into bandages, and scraped it into lint, and made it into a beautiful flag which we were to follow and defend. That was a great Sabbath day, and a great Sabbath night, and in so using it those patriotic souls felt sure that they were “remembering the Sabbath day to keep it holy.”

Promptly at five o'clock on Monday morning, Sept. 15th, “Co. C., 14th Regt., P. V. M.” with our Professor in Greek, Dr. Geo. C. Vincent, as our Captain, stood at “attention” in the town square, in the presence of the assembled community. Now let none of you people, who perhaps were not born then, laugh at us. That is a privilege we who are left of that band reserve for ourselves. We had no uniforms and we wore our oldest every day clothes. In some cases shawls and big overcoats served as army blankets. We had no guns, but would get them on the way to the field of conflict. We scarcely knew how to keep step. No matter. It was a great occasion, in the history of the town and college, and our hearts kept time together, in throbbing love for our country. The flag was unfurled and presented, patriotic words were spoken, prayer was offered, good byes were said and in a few minutes we were off, in farmer's wagons, on our way to war.

At New Castle, we found navy transports waiting for us in the shape of canal-boats, which were to take us as far as New Brighton. It was a beautiful day, the water was calm, and food was abundant. We had confidence in our weather beaten navigators who had charge of the crowded vessels and did not mar the pleasures of the voyage with thoughts of possible storms and heavy fogs and collisions. We reached Pittsburg at eight o'clock that evening, and in a short time were on our way East, in box cars, with thousands of men like ourselves, from all sections of the North. After stopping long enough in Harrisburg to get arms and equipments, we were hurried down to Hagerstown, in Maryland, and were soon on the double quick, along the dusty road, in the direction of Antietam, where the great battle was raging, in which more than twenty thousand men were killed and wounded. We were put into camp about four miles from the main line of battle.

At last Westminster heard the thundering of the cannon, and the shrieking of the shells, and there was a dread reality in the sound that gave seriousness to all our thoughts and movements. At last Westminster saw the smoke of battle, the glistening bayonets of armed hosts, and multitudes of the wounded being carried back towards the North, and there was something in it all that for the time being turned boys into men. Time would fail did we attempt to tell of the midnight alarms, the hurried marches, the tentless bivouacs and fence-rail mattresses, the capture of two gray coated soldiers by two Westminster boys and other incidents of that memorable campaign.



Having accomplished what we went out for we returned on the 28th of September to our College duties, covered with dirt and glory, and what we did not know about war was scarcely worth knowing. Perhaps it was owing to this that we did not drill any more!

In 1863 we were out for a second term of service. On the first day of July we re-organized under our war-worn veteran, Captain Vircent, and as Co. I. formed part of the 55th Regt., P. V. M., with Professor Mehards as Chaplain. This time we were uniformed and on the war path about two months. We spent most of the time in the neighborhood of Parkersburg in West Virginia, guarding a railroad and trying to capture the wily Morgan and his band of reckless freebooters. We made history rapidly that we now tell to the little children when they gather about us for a story, and were mustered out at Pittsburg on the 26th of August in time to get ready for the opening of the college term.

Attention, Westminster Guards! Do not blame an old comrade for getting you under arms again. The Alma Mater's youngsters asked him to. But where are you, soldier boys of forty years ago? How many of you are left? While he wrote, the writer fancied you were about him, but as he lays down his pen you seem to be far away and he cannot count you, nor even tell who you all are! Oh well, it is all right! Listen now, can you hear your old corporal as he calls after you, "Good bye, boys, good bye, until we meet again." Forward, march!

JOHN S. SANDS, '64.

Philadelphia., Jan. 1900.

## The Alumnae of Westminster.

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Westminster was started broad guage. With pleasure and pardonable pride her women graduates recall the fact that the college was founded for them as well as for men. It seems not to have been discussed by our fathers when they established the school whether or not it would be expedient to admit women. That was taken for granted. Their thought evidently was, our children should be educated, and educated by the Church under the best possible influences. Why not our daughters with our sons! We are glad that it was so. We did not have to knock for years at doors barred by popular prejudice and then gain a reluctant admittance. Nor were we, to keep the peace, let in at the side door by way of an "annex." Therefore our Alma Mater is more to us than a stepmother; and we have cherished her memory and sought her welfare and feel an interest in her future that would not have been possible under other conditions.

With coeducation as one of her foundation stones, Westminster has stood far in advance of many institutions whose progressive measures are their boast. She thus early answered the demand made by this age for women of the best intellectual training and broadest culture. She sought to perform to society the sacred duty of seeing to it that the stock of talent and genius of each age shall have a chance for development, that it may be added to the world's stock and aid in the world's work. Thus has she been a factor in the social revolution witnessed by this century. She has helped

to shorten the day of doubt as to women's capability of what is termed higher education. She has helped to hide the blot of centuries when the inferiority of women was conceded and made the basis of cynical jests and unfriendly legislation and exclusive masculine privileges and advantages in the world's struggle for development. The question considered by colleges now is, not so often, "Can we afford to admit women?" as, "Can we afford to exclude them?" In Europe the Universities of Leipsic, Zurich, Cambridge and London led in the admission of women. More than 150 American colleges have followed their example. Some of these, as the Universities of Columbia, Cornell, Michigan, Missouri and Boston (and recently we believe, even Johns Hopkins), are the best in the land.

The principle of co-education has always been carefully maintained by Westminster in her practice. Ladies have been encouraged to enter, warmly welcomed and well treated in all departments of the college work. We have not been merely tolerated in a boy's school, but have been made to feel that it is our school, too. In 1885 special inducements were offered to girls in the way of a finely situated home and courses in music and art. Women were early represented in the college faculty; formerly by one, now by several. Moreover when the HOLCAD was first launched one of the girls was requested to help, and they formed a part of every subsequent staff.

All the college degrees and honors, whether graduate or post-graduate, are offered to women. So much for the Mother. What of the daughters? The women of the

fifties were not slow to see their opportunity. In '57, the fifth year from the opening of the school, ten were ready for graduation. They have formed a part of every class since except '75, although '62 had but one woman on its roll. The average of the 45 classes ('54-'99) is 7.

The Alumnae number 319; 71 received the degree Bachelor of Arts, 203 Bachelor of Science and 45 Bachelor of Literature. The degree B. L. was first given in 1861. In addition to these, there have been graduated from the musical department since its establishment in '85, 32 in Piano and 6 in Voice. The largest classes of women were '92 with 18 graduates, and '87 and '84 with 15 each; '94 and '98 each had 8 classical students, '71 and '87 each had 12 scientific students; '91 and '92 had 8 and 12 B. L. graduates respectively. Since then the number taking that degree has diminished, apparently showing less demand for that course than when it was first arranged.

But did the world make room for us? Perhaps the gloomiest days of life to many of us were those following the reception of our diplomas. It took faith to believe that we were needed and wanted out in the wide world. But to each one was assigned some part on the stage of life and most have filled responsible places. 172 have become queens—of home. At least 50 of the alumni are responsible for the fixing of the crowns. These young men who found at Westminster not only a preparatory education but the means of discipline for a life time are doubtless now, with a double devotion, trying to pay to the old college a double debt of gratitude. This number of

changed names we think sufficiently large to disprove the wearisome assertion that much learning creates in women a distaste for home-keeping or disqualifies her therefore in the estimation of men. The science of home life is broad and will ever be attractive enough to win explorers from the ranks of the best educated. Of these 172, many have, before marriage, found their efficiency in other lines of work.

Of the married alumnae many have the title "Mistress of the Manse." If any one believes that office to be a sinecure in these days, let him read the next article which he sees in any church paper under the title, "Duties of a Minister's Wife." Indeed many are coming to believe that a seminary should be opened to train those who seem destined for that position, and that none without a diploma therefrom should be eligible as a parson's wife. But meanwhile certain it is that all the training and learning and culture that the college can add to her original stock of common sense will be in demand in any parish where a woman goes by an unanimous call from the dominie. Some of these women are worthy of double honor, for they have crossed the seas to help their husbands let the gospel light into heathendom. Only those who have studied the conditions with care can appreciate the difficulties and sacrifice of those mothers out in India and Egypt who are trying to rear their families in the midst of unhealthful and uncongenial surroundings and to furnish to the degraded natives an object lesson of a Christian home. Seven alumnae have thus gone abroad to labor with their husbands in the gospel. Their lives are both a

rebuke and an inspiration to many of us at home.

Miss Nannie Spencer '90, is giving her life to save India. Miss Jessie Wilson '87, who is now on furlough at her home in New Wilmington, is a Medical missionary in Persia. Miss Mary Taylor '83, went with her husband Rev. J. S. Crawford as missionary to Damascus and there died within two years after her arrival.

Of the remaining 147 alumnae, many are in the different professions. About 75 are in the patient service of teaching. Some of these are working in the missions among the colored people of the South, and are finding their labor interesting because so evidently fruitful. Miss Margaret McLaughry '74, and Miss Ina Hanna '94, are in the faculty of Westminster; Miss Ella Russell '81, is a professor at Tarkio; Miss Melissa McBryde '84, is Professor of English in Indiana State Normal; Miss Zina Snyder '84, is teacher of Greek and Latin in the High School in Kansas City, Mo., and Miss Bessie Snyder '85, has similar work in the Omaha High School. In many other High schools they occupied responsible positions.

Doubtless, as is claimed, teachers are born, not made. But Westminster has given to many the furnishing with which to make better use of their birthright and has set before them high ideals in mind molding.

Four women graduates have chosen nursing as their life work. Two are catalogued as artists, one as a stenographer and one as a matron in a school for missionaries' children. Six are music teachers, and four have been brave enough to join the pioneers. With the title M. D., they are competing

with men in fighting off the ills that flesh is heir to. Mrs. Young '64, in Minneapolis; Miss Margaret Golden '80, at Wooster, O.; Miss Ada McKee '91, at Oil City, Pa., and Miss Elizabeth McLaughry '87, at New Castle, Pa. Their success is doubtless inspiring others to enter the same arena.

About 30 or 40 have remained at home. Many intelligent parents are ceasing to hesitate about educating a daughter unless she must make her own living. The home circle, with the home community and the home church, is often enriched by the presence of an educated and refined woman who has returned to it from the college. Many of these are as well qualified and as eager as others for professional or other life beyond the parental roof. But they are heeding duty's call, perhaps in the refrain "We canna' leave the old folks now." Happy are they who are called to the home service.

Many women are filling important stations in life who received their education at Westminster, but for various reasons did not take a complete course. In estimating the size of the circle of influence which the college has had, these should not be forgotten.

Over a list of 27 must be written the words "In Memoriam." Seventeen homes were thus left without a mother. Most of the other ten fell from the ranks of teachers. One was a music teacher, one, Miss Cynthia Houston, a home missionary. The only women in the class of '82, Miss Mary Campbell and Mrs. Lillie Boyd McIntosh, are dead.

292 of us are left to acknowledge our indebtedness to Westminster for happy memories and useful friendships as well as for

training for life's duties. It is a pleasure to us, whenever there is occasion, to state our relationship to her. We hope that she is never ashamed of us.

SARAH McELREE MILLIN, '86.  
Chicago, Ill.

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### Westminster's Educational Work.

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I am asked to write an article on the work accomplished by the sons and daughters of Westminster College in education. It is not easy to present a summary of this work. The work of a College reaches out so far, and touches so many people, that it is impossible to follow it in all of its ramifications. The work done in a half century by a Christian college reaches tens of thousands of people.

Westminster has had during the nearly fifty years of her existence an average of about two hundred students. While about 1300 young men and women have been graduated from the Halls of Westminster, a much larger number have taken partial courses. Probably more than five thousand students have been in attendance and have been helped in their preparation for life work. During the months which they have spent in Westminster, mind has been awakened, memory has been trained, talent has been brightened, and knowledge treasured up for future use; and better than all this the spiritual nature has been quickened and enriched. It has not been an unusual thing for a student to enter Westminster without any serious thought about life work or personal responsibility, and by the day of graduation to have decided to enter the Gospel



ministry. At a reunion of Westminster graduates, some years ago, after some pleasant references had been made to college life, a young minister rose and told how he had entered Westminster college without any fixed or definite purpose, or chosen vocation, and how, coming under the influence of the religious life of the college, he had one afternoon gone out alone into a secluded valley, not far away, and kneeling down had then and there consecrated his heart and life to God for service in the ministry.

The causes leading up to this act have had a similar influence on many other young men and women. A Christian college is a warm and living center of Christian forces. A Christian pastor or two, a Christian president, Christian professors, a large body of Christian students—all blended together, and brought into close relations in church service, in the class room, in Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. meetings, should develop a spiritual life and warmth not usually found elsewhere. Such a life and power have been characteristic of Westminster, and no man can measure the good influences of her spiritual life.

But I am to write about what these thirteen hundred or five thousand young men and women have done in education, or, as I prefer, in the cause of Christian education.

Four, at least, of Westminsters alumni are professors in theological seminaries. They are facile princeps teachers. In order to estimate their work we must review the young men who have been trained under their instruction. We must follow them into their pulpits, look into the eyes of their

flocks, and read the record God has written of souls saved and fitted for glory.

Four others, at least, have served or are serving as college presidents. Others partially educated in Westminster are serving in the same capacity. In order to measure the influence of these men, we must visit their institutions, and follow their students as they radiate from new centers to carry into other circles the life emanating from Westminster.

More than a score of other sons and daughters have found their way to professors chairs in their own Alma Mater or in other colleges. They have impressed upon their students by teaching and by example their own character. They have done and are doing more than tongue can tell to train leaders in thought and action, for church and state.

A score of other young men and women have gone to the foreign field. They have reached directly and indirectly tens of thousands of the heathen world in Egypt and India. They have helped to establish other centers—schools, colleges and seminaries—from which is now proceeding the same Christianizing influence which has been so helpful to our work at home.

One of Westminster's sons, with work finished more than a quarter of a century ago, Rev. Joseph McKee, began in Nashville our work among the Freedmen. Overwork and self-denial brought him to an early grave. "But he being dead yet speaketh." Under the guidance of another son of Westminster and by the aid of as faithful a band of workers as can be found anywhere, the work from '66 to the present



time has been carried forward successfully. How many thousands of the dark-hued sons and daughters of the South have felt the throbbing of Westminster's heart, only the Recording angel can tell.

The records do not show how many hundreds of Westminster's sons and daughters have taught school, some serving as superintendents, some as principals, some as grade teachers, some in academies and some in common schools. The number of boys and girls coming under their supervision and instruction can only be numbered by scores or hundreds of thousands. Into the character of each of these boys and girls has entered a streak of Westminster life to give again to others what they have received.

The hundreds of ministers who have been trained, in part, in Westminster are all educators. Having gained, in college halls, new power for their chosen work, they have become centers of widening and leavening influences. Here the tens of thousands swell to hundreds of thousands, and they again to millions, and they again to numbers innumerable.

Nor must we forget that Westminster has only fairly begun to do. Were her doors now to be closed, her influence would never cease. The waves already started from the college nestled in the little town sequestered among the hills of Lawrence county will break on the furthest shore of humanity, and will continue in never ending phases throughout eternity. But Westminster has only begun to live and do. The future lies before her. Her past, in glorious achievement, is only harbinger of what that future may be. Our God is the God of Providence.

Surely he has not begun so great a work only to blast it. Rather it is with the plan that the latter glory shall be greater than the former. When the consecrated wealth of Western Pennsylvania shall be poured into the lap of Westminster, it requires little imagination to paint the scene of new buildings, larger equipment, added professors, and double or triple the number of students crowding into her Halls, and by the blessing of God and the presence of His Spirit a new impetus given to those already acting forces which are destined to prepare the world for the coming of her Lord.

Certainly Westminster, without disparagement of any sister institution, and without detriment to such institution, deserves well of the church for which she has done so much. Her western sister bids her God-speed in her work for Christ.

REV. F. M. SPENCER, D. D., '68.

Cooper Memorial College,  
Sterling, Kan.

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### **Westminster and the Ministry.**

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Westminster has the reputation of sending out a great many men into the ministry. The writer is not aware whether this commonly accepted tradition has had anything to do with his being asked to write on the subject. He can at any rate say that he heard of this tradition before he was ever associated with the college. He can recall one instance in which young men contemplating entering Westminster were told that that was where they turned out preachers. Whether this was uttered as a kindly warning or not was left to be inferred from the tone in which it was uttered.

It ought not to be a slur to any college to have it said that a majority of her graduates do enter the ministry. More depends on the character of the men who as ministers look to her as their Alma Mater. No college, not even a denominational college, ought to aim just to be a feeder to the theological seminary. If Westminster's charter has anything like that in it it ought to be changed. A college is a place to make men and women. Its purpose is to so help them that when they are graduated they may themselves be able to judge intelligently and conscientiously of their fitness for any particular line of work. If Westminster has educated more men for the ministry than for the profession of law or medicine or pedagogy, it ought to prejudice no mind against her, at least, until they know the character of the men whom she has helped on to the ministry and the influences that have given them a trend in that direction.

If we look into the truth of the tradition with which our Alma Mater is associated it must be confessed that facts and figures substantiate its truth. Westminster has sent a great many men into the ministry. If we are to stick to our text mention should not be made, perhaps, of the ministers' wives found among Westminster's alumnae. But even with this deduction it is true that nearly 40 per cent. of Westminster's graduates have entered the ministry. Take a few figures that may be made out by any one from data given in the last triennial catalogue. They are for the first four and a half decades of the College history. Including even alumnae our College has sent out more into the ministry than she has sent

into law, business, medicine and pedagogy combined. Perhaps it should be said that the triennial catalogue is fuller in giving the after history of its alumni who have entered the ministry than of those who have entered other professions. So the following figures must not be taken as absolutely accurate. As far as the catalogue throws any light on the question, 47 men have entered business, 97 have entered law, 60 have entered medicine and over 100 are engaged in teaching, while over 400 have entered the ministry. The writer has no means of comparing this with our sister denominational colleges or with other co educational institutions of the same kind. But certainly this is an unusual showing. It means that out of every class Westminster has graduated up to '98, she has sent on an average eight or nine into the ministry. The first student she ever graduated went into the ministry. The first class she ever sent out went en masse into the seminary. The largest class she ever sent out, that of '71, sent 19 out of the number into the seminary. Other classes have done even more in proportion. The first decade of the college saw 63 out of 102 male graduates enter the ministry. The next saw 127 out of 189. The next 100 out of 163. The next 89 out of 193. In the last half decade there have been 30 out of 65. Thus decade after decade a steady stream has been going out from Westminster's halls into the world. We are not able to say what her sisters have done but certainly Westminster has done her share. Gathering under her sheltering wing the young men from hundreds of Christian homes throughout Pennsylvania, Ohio, New York and elsewhere she has sent

them out into the wide world. They may to-day be found in more than 30 states besides Canada and Alaska. A great many of them have been contented to pursue their callings within earshot of her commencement bells. More than 160 are located in Pennsylvania. But as we move westward we find a large sprinkling of them in Ohio, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, etc. They may be found on the Atlantic and Pacific sea-boards. Many of them are found in our largest cities, others showing equal consecration in less conspicuous places on the frontier posts in the West, others laboring for the amelioration of the freedmen of the south. It will always be a matter of pride that not a few have spent and are spending their lives in strange lands and amid strange peoples in telling the story of the cross. Westminster has among her ministerial alumni representatives in China, Japan, Siam, India, Syria, Egypt. Westminster's "line is gone out thro' all the earth."

It is not the aim of this article to discuss the character of the men whom Westminster may have helped on to the gospel ministry. We believe they will compare favorably with the same number sent out from similar institutions elsewhere. It has happened to some of them to have had conspicuous recognition of their worth and they are thus able to add luster to the name and fame of their Alma Mater. We might speak of some of them as serving their generation well as college presidents, of others as gracing the editorial chair of religious as well as secular journals. Still others have been asked to be professors in our seminaries. Some have filled positions of

trust in our colleges and are still doing so. More than one has proved himself a worthy son through his printed books. But enough has been said to show that quantity has not been altogether sacrificed to quality.

The question may arise what cause have led to so many of Westminster's graduates turning to the ministry. It is not because the name of the college is Westminster as some would think from the pronunciation of the uninitiated. Nor will it help us any to go back to the original meaning of the name, West-monastery. There is nothing in the charter to indicate that it was to give the students a bias in the direction of the ministry. It has been a denominational institution from the beginning. But the writer does not recall a single instance as long as he has been connected with it that would create the impression that any undue pressure was brought to bear on students to enter the ministry. The college curriculum has not been so arranged as to meet the wants of candidates for the ministry any more than for the wants of candidates for the other professions. The chief reason lies back of anything in the course or the environment of students taking the course. A glance through the catalogue will make this clear. The triennial catalogue gives the home of every student. It is surprising how many of the names belong to those who hailed from the quiet countryside or village. Take up any class at random and note the places from which the students came and it will be seen that the names revive the memories of many an old and staid community. In this fact must be found the answer to the question why so

many have entered the ministry. It has been partly but not originally what they got in college, but what they brought with them to the college. Doubtless the home influence has been the first influence that has sent most of Westminster's students into the ministry. College life may have strengthened a decision already made. But the quiet of the God-made country has first given germination to the impulse. The decade immediately following the Civil war gave the largest number to the ministry of any other in Westminster's history. What causes brought this about the reader must determine himself.

This article may be brought to a close by saying that Westminster is better equipped today for educating men for the ministry than ever before. She has an equipment to-day that she never had and by which she is able to more thoroughly furnish those who seek her tutelage with the view to afterwards entering the ministry. The minister cannot know too much. He needs to know something about everything and a good deal about most things to command attention in these days. So it is hoped that the future graduates of Westminster who enter the ministry will be able to reflect still greater credit upon their Alma Mater than those who represent her in that capacity to-day.

REV. J. D. BARR, '88.

New Wilmington, Pa.

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### Westminster Alumni in the Law.

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I take pleasure in dissenting from the statement of a prominent educator in an article in one of the many magazines that can be purchased for a

small amount of coin of the realm at any news stand, that "the success of a college or educational institution depends on the degree of prominence attained by its alumni in the learned professions." Had he used the word, reputation, there would be less room for criticism; but success and reputation are separated by as deep a gulf as character and reputation. The success of an educational institution like the success of an educator is to be measured by the true inwardness of the life and influence exerted. That old declaration, (I almost said saw) "we can at least be men", that rings out with renewed clarion power at each period of oratorical display in the life of the collegeman, carries with it more of truth than the orator often suspects. It has in it the true essence of success in a college, for the college that gathers in boys and young men from the highways and hedges of life and makes true men of them is a success, sans glamour, sans reputation, sans big endowment, but if it can get these and more, well and good.

The reputation of an institution rests, largely, in the reputation and work of its alumni; the morale of the institution is responsible, largely for the morality of the alumni. The instilling of principles of honor and morality is as much within the sphere of the corps of professors and tutors, as the following the ramifications of Greek roots and finding the value of minus quantities, and he who makes and properly moulds the character of a student does more for him and for mankind and for his Alma Mater than he who convinces him of the truth of all the requireds and forbidens and reasons annexed.



The inquiry is, "What have Westminster's sons done in the legal profession?" The answer is, they have done what their Alma Mater has enabled them to do. Men who have gone through college and taken their degrees, without the special grace of the faculty, would usually attain to a reasonable degree of success without college training. Men without college training have succeeded in the learned professions, and will continue to succeed therein until the ability to acquire a liberal education outside of a chartered institution of learning ceases to exist. The college never undertook to give natural ability, but to develop character, broaden mental capacity, and sharpen the natural acumen of the student. If these have been well done the college has done well by the student and fitted him for the learned professions.

I have known ministers, just a few of them, who have exacted seven per cent interest for the moneys they have loaned, ignoring the law that provides a penalty against usury. I have known a few lawyers who have collected and then kept the money of their clients. I have known doctors of medicine who have named themselves executors in wills they have written for their patients, against the direction of the testator to name another. I have not known these to happen often among college men not, perhaps, that they are possessed of a higher sense of morality, right and wrong, but that by reason of their training they distinguish more clearly between the principals of morality that underly the institutions of society and government, and those that are against the welfare of man-

kind. Right and wrong, the subject matter of all legal controversies, are, according to the individual, matters of commerce, religion, or moral conscience, but to distinguish between the two in such controversies is the duty of the lawyer, and the better his training, the greater the legal acumen developed by his training, the better his success.

Westminster students have taken their degrees and become lawyers. From Cape Cod to the Golden Gate they have stood in the fore front of the legal fray, shoulder to shoulder with lawyers of other colleges and of no college, and have come off with promotion for gallantry exhibited in the face of the enemy. Some have become judges and have administered the law with credit to themselves and to the position. Some have become legislators and have been honored by their constituents for their conduct in the high office. One died in a foreign land representing the flag that gave him freedom. Their education, their knowledge of books, the ability they acquired to know and distinguish things, gave them their standing among their fellows. Their clear insight into the matters in controversy, the logic with which they distinguished and established legal principals and applied them to the facts, their honest and honorable methods in the practice of their profession, secured to them the continued approbation of society.

Peter the Great said he had but one lawyer in his empire and he would kill him when he went home. A good elder once said to me, "There is not a lawyer in the Seceder Church." Now, if Peter and this



good man could look over the field today they would conclude that the lawyer had advanced as a desirable member of the body politic, or the church and the state had deteriorated. We must keep in mind, too, that lawyers have never formed a trust against mankind, have never combined against but have fostered religion, have developed the arts, and have always been with the best in questions of liberty and justice. The church of today finds the lawyer holding up the hands of the minister, directing the Sabbath school, sustaining the work of the mission and raising up the down trodden, not with a trumpet preceding him, but after the manner of the widow who did what she could. The public school finds its best friend in the lawyer, and he is found in the board of controllers, constant and faithful in his trust. The municipality finds him progressive in matters of police regulations, improved streets and in suppression of vice and immorality. In these matters the old student of Westminster is not found wanting. He is not wedded to his professional work to the exclusion of all else. He is a well rounded lawyer, and for that reason an advanced citizen. He recognizes the wants and necessities of the poor, and joins hands with the philanthropist, and the honest legislator in securing good drainage, pure air, proper tenements. He is generally found on the side of honest politics, and uses his powers in the interests of good government. He uses his efforts on behalf of the children in the public schools, insisting on the best possible ventilation, that pupils shall not be overcrowded, that they may develop physically as well as mentally. The municipal-

ity, the school, the church, in them the state, all are going forward, and not the least of the motive power is furnished by Westminster's lawyer. True to the principles of the profession, true to their clients and true to themselves, they are blazing the highway of national and legal progress that others may find the way more easily. They are calling to their Alma Mater to continue the teaching of the necessity of clear insight into the details of the subject under consideration. And at all times they keep in mind the saying of Westminster's first president, "When you have learned perfectly how to tear down and then build up again, you have almost solved the problem of life."

HON. J. NORMAN MARTIN, '81.  
New Castle, Pa.

## ATHLETICS.

### STANDING OF INTER-COLLEGIATE LEAGUE.

	Won	Lost
Geneva	2	1
Allegheny	2	2
Westminster	1	2

The Basket ball series is nearing its close and the prospects are not very bright for Westminster. The most we can hope is a tie all around with a possibility of holding last place. There is but one more game to be played, that between Geneva and Westminster to be played at New Wilmington. If we win this game all three colleges will be tied; if Geneva wins they will hold first place while we will hold down the tail end. Since the game is to be played at New Wilmington we may hope for the best results, especially since the former game with Gen-

eva at Beaver Falls was very close, being a tie at the end of the second half and requiring 10 minutes extra play to decide the victory. Taking these things into consideration we may be pretty confident of the coming result.

One of the most exciting basket ball games of the season was played here on Monday Jan. 21st, between the Sophomore and Freshmen classes. Before the game and during the practice the Sophomores were the favorites; their team work seemed better and there was more precision in goal throwing, but when the game was on the Freshmen gave a great surprise. Although the team work was not of the best, they greatly overbalanced this defect by aggressiveness in play, rushing for the ball and keeping possession of it the greater part of the time. When the Sophomores could get the ball and run through some team work they usually made it count so that the game proceeded with a close score. At the end of the second half the score was a tie, but after a very few minutes play the Freshmen succeeded in scoring another field goal which gave them the territory. The line up was as follows:

Freshmen	Sophomore
McCague.....	L. F.....
Veazey .....	R. F.....
Work.....	C.....
Degelman .....	L. G.....
Stewart.....	R. G.....

Time of halves 20 min.; Kuhn, Umpire; Sloss, Referee.

The game with Wilksburg at this place Jan. 27th resulted in a great surprise in the overwhelming defeat of the visitors. This was entirely unexpected although a

victory was hoped it was thought by a small margin only. The visitors showed up well in practice, but when the game was on the fierce aggressiveness of the home team told wonderfully. They had possession of the ball nearly all the time, and made very good use of their opportunities. The contest was too much one sided to keep alive a very keen interest and the final score was marked up 24-6. The line up was as follows:

Westminster-24	Wilksburg--6.
Kuhn .....	L. F.....
Edmundson.....	R. F.....
Smith.....	C.....
Sloss .....	L. G.....
Kennedy.....	R. G.....

Time of halves 20 minutes.

The second basket ball game of the Inter-collegiate series was played at Westminster Feb. 5, and resulted in a victory for our own by a score of 28-6. The visitors made a good showing in preliminary practice, but when the game was on they did not come up to the expectations of their previous work. The game was fierce from the start and while played with great vigor was not rough. Whenever there was a suspicion of rough play the officials immediately called fouls and by this means kept the play within bounds. The ball was in possession of the home team the greater part of the time. And by hard and aggressive working they managed to wind their opponents. Lampe, the star of the Allegheny team became so exhausted in the second half that he would often allow his opponent to become entirely separated from him. In this manner our team managed to pile up a large score and at the same time to keep down their opponents. Lampe played the star game for the visitors making ex-

ceeding long shots with great precision and scoring all six of Allegheny's points. While the defeat was overwhelming we recognize the fact that the visitors were slightly handicapped on account of the form of our gymnasium and expect a closer game when we return their visit. The lineup was as follows:

Westminster—28.	Allegheny—6
Kuhn.....R. F.....	Taylor
Edmundson.....L. F.....	Borland
Smith.....C.....	Lampe
Sloss.....R. E.....	Wolstoncroft
Kennedy.....L. G.....	Jackson

Time of halves 20 min; Goals from field, Kuhn 4, Sloss 1, Edmundson 2, Smith 4, Lampe 2; Goals from foul, Westminster 6, Allegheny 2; Officials, Thompson, Geneva; Thompson, Grove City.

Saturday night Feb. 12, our basket ball team went against the champion H. L. A. C. team of Homestead. The boys were lost for a time on the large floor of the H. L. A. C. Gymnasium and didn't begin to get together until the second half. The final score was 39-9 in favor of Homestead. Score in summary is as follows: Goals from field, Homestead, Geager 5, Lutz 6, Rosser 1, Anderson 1, Kelly 3, Gross 2, Lloyd 1; Westminster, Edmundson 1, Smith 1, Kennedy 1, Sloss 1; Goals from foul, Rosser 1, Kuhn 1; Officials, Powers, Agnew; Time of halves 20 min.

The third game of the Inter-collegiate series was played against Allegheny at Meadville Feb. 21st, and resulted in a victory for Allegheny by a score of 24-13. This was a great surprise to the patrons of the team, who nearly all anticipated victory or if defeat, a closely contested battle, since

the previous score with that college was 27-6 in our favor. In the first half, the boys seemed lost; the gymnasium is much larger than our own and perhaps nervousness in visiting contest served to increase the difficulty. At any rate but one point was scored in the first half. In the second half they took a brace and scored 12 points to their opponents 11. The loss of this game puts us last in the Inter-collegiate race, but we hope to retrieve our laurels in the last game of the series which is yet to come. The line up was as follows:

Westminster—13.	Allegheny—24.
Kuhn.....R. F.....	Borland
Edmundson.....L. F.....	Taylor
Smith.....C.....	Lampe
Sloss.....R. G.....	Frazier
Kennedy.....L. F.....	Jackson

Time of halves 20 min; Goals from field, Frazier 1, Borland 5, Lampe 1, Taylor 3, Smith 1, Sloss 1, Edmundson 1, Kuhn 1; Goals from foul, Westminster 1, Allegheny 4.

## EXCHANGES.

"Holy smoke," said Satan, as he toosed in another bishop.—Ex.

The Delaware Review is considerably improved by its new dress and reduction in size.

In ancient times people multiplied on the face of the earth—now they multiply on their slates.—Ex.

Hamlet evidently rode a bicycle; he says, "Watch over my safety while I sleep."—Ex.

The Normal "Enterprise," the organ of the Clarion State Normal has been re-

ceived. It is a new venture and we wish its editors success.

Prof.—“What would you consider a grave sign for a typhoid patient?”

Jun—“His epitaph.”—W. U. Courant.

“A rolling stone gathers no moss;”—  
it takes a rolling pin to pick up the “dough.”  
—Princeton Tiger.

The 400,000th mark has been passed by “David Harum.” The Messrs. Appleton report 400,250 to December 18. From the 1st to the 18th of December about 25,000 copies were sold.—Ex.

Baldwin City, Kan., is the seat of a Methodist college. Cards cannot be bought in the town; there is no place in which billiards may be played, and two attempts to hold a dance have failed.—Ex.

Her Greek-shaped head was classic,  
Her pose was rhythmic, sweet;  
I tho't her lines were perfect  
Until I scanned her feet.—Ex

We inadvertently neglected last month, to mention the really novel Christmas edition of the “Porcupine”, of Pennsylvania Military College. Churchill Brown Mehard, Westminster ex-'01, is the Exchange editor.

The initial number of the Kendall “Collegian” has reached our table and if the present degree of excellence is maintained in the future, the success of the publication seems assured.

Some of the older college magazines might take the recently established ‘Beaver’ as an example of neatness and excellence and not suffer by so doing. We wish it the success it merits.

With its unique cover of continental design and its pages well-filled with reading matter, the U. of M. “Inlander” makes a welcome addition to our exchange list. The story “The End of the Century” and the article on “Japanese Newspapers” are both readable.

An article that should have a peculiar interest for our girls appears in the March “Delineator.” It deals with the leaders of the large Women’s Colleges and mentions some of the larger institutions that are co-educational.

Beneath a shady tree they sat,  
He held her hand, she held his hat;  
I held my breath and laid right flat—  
They kissed, I saw them do it.  
He held that kissing was no crime,  
She held her head up every time;  
I held my peace and wrote this rhyme,  
They tho't that no one knew it—Ex.

Smith College still continues to be the largest women’s college in the United States and now numbers twelve hundred students, with a freshman class of four hundred. In the curriculum, its latest innovation is a new course in Italian.—Ex.

In a dainty cover of royal purple and gold, the Penn “Chronicle” makes its initial bow to the public as a monthly, and we cannot but congratulate the staff on the all-around improvement in their periodical.

A recent issue of the “Hermonite,” the journal published by the students of the school founded by the late Dwight L. Moody, at Mt. Hermon, Mass., might be called a “memorial number.” The articles on the life and works of Mr. Moody show, in a touchingly beautiful manner, the love and reverence the students of Mt. Hermon



had for the man. The poem "In Memory of Mr. Moody" is particularly worthy of mention and we cannot refrain from quoting the first stanza—lack of space forbidding us to quote the poem entire:

"We will not say that our loved friend is dead,  
Or past the power our lives to bless;  
But that the light of his new life is shed  
Across the path our feet must press."

The Literary Review makes the following offer to college undergraduates: Twenty-five dollars for the best short story; twenty-five dollars for the best essay on any literary subject; twenty-five dollars for the best poem of not more than fifty lines. The only conditions governing this competition are that all manuscripts be type-written and that they be submitted before July first, 1900. Further particulars of the offer may be learned by consulting the bulletin board. We would advise anyone with any literary proclivities to at least "make a try" for some of these prizes."

Professor W. E. B. Du Bois of Atlanta University, has begun an investigation into the career of college-bred Negroes, and will make a report to the annual Negro conference to be held at the university next May. He finds that there are between 1200 and 1500 Negroes who have graduated from college, and to each of them he intends to send a set of questions covering family life, scholastic life, occupation since graduation, literary efforts, official positions and financial success.

Superstition: To see the moon and 52,250,146 stars over your right shoulder, in winter, is a sign of ice on the pavement. In summer, it signifies a banana skin. To

find a horse shoe in your omelet is a sign that the cook is absent-minded. If you wake up in the night, and think you hear burglars, and find instead a black cat, it is a sign that the free and unlimited coinage of swear words goes into effect.

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### ALUMNI NOTES.

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Mrs. Daisy Barnes Dunn, '89, and Elizabeth Barnes are visiting their mother and sister in New Wilmington

L. K. Peacock '98, of the Seminary, attended the basket ball game at Westminster between the home team and D. C. and A. C.

J. C. Hanley, '97, of Allegheny Theological Seminary, has paid his Alma Mater two visits lately on his way to fill appointments to preach at Lackawannock and Eastbrook.

Dr. Isaac Lindsay, a former Westminster student and the only brother of Attorney W. M. Lindsay of Homestead, died Feb. 1 at his home in East Liverpool, O., where he was engaged in the study of medicine.

Dr. J. W. Sands, '72, of the Seventh United Presbyterian church, Pittsburg, preached for us on the Day of Prayer for Colleges. He also filled the pulpit of the Second church in the morning. Dr. Sands found many familiar features about the village in spite of the many changes that have been made.

Rev. C. S. Manor, '96, has been called to the pastorate of Harmony congregation, Butler presbytery. This congregation is

intimately associated with the older Westminster. Within its bounds Dr. Geo. C. Vincent, founder of the College, was born and reared. The venerable Edward McElree, father of Dr. E. N. McElree and grandfather of Professor J. J. McElree, was also a son of Old Harmony, and for many years a ruling elder. He it was who, when the establishment of an educational institution was projected, presented the motion that a college be founded and thus Westminster came into being. Rev. Manor has the best wishes of his Alma Mater in his new field.

The Rev. J. W. Witherspoon, D. D. '59, pastor of the Fifth church, Allegheny and Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Freedmen's Missions, will leave on Monday, March 5, to visit the colleges in Virginia, Tennessee and Alabama, under the control of the United Presbyterian Board. He will be accompanied by Dr. C. Jane Vincent of Allegheny, and Mrs. E. M. Hays of Pittsburg, who represent the Women's Board.

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### LOCALS.

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Westminster echoes!

A cold spell lately: i-c-e.

Miss Turner's mother paid her a short visit.

Hildebrand was on the sick list for a few days.

Wilson McGinness visited at Eastbrook for a few days.

Boyd Witherspoon's brother visited him for a few days.

Earl Frazier has been elected to reply to the "Pipe Oration."

Miss McCullough's sister visited her at the Ladies Hall for a couple of days.

"Who was Martha Washington?" Then all started: "First in war etc.

Zehner at the Chrestomath door: 'Go in and shut the door and I'll come in.'

"Doc" Mehard is going to have his Van Dyke framed—when it grows.

Quite a number of the boys attended the entertainments in the course at Mercer.

McCague lost one of his shoes the night of the banquet, but he got there just the same.

They had come to the vote on class pins. Leiper calmly remarks, "I shall be satisfied."

The boys at "Cascade Park" seemed to be minus in the clothes line the night of the senior reception.

Hazlett knew how to state the opposite of a condition by substituting a negative, but it didn't work

"Bobbie" McCutcheon makes the drawing and Miss Howell affixes the name to them. Good for the staff artist!

Miss B—. "Mr. McCandless, you may take a front seat, I can't see you back there."

And "Si" had his new sweater on that day.

"Dutch" Newmyer had quite an adventure one morning with an egg that had been

blown and then filled with water. He couldn't explain the strange phenomenon for several days.

Sara McLean informed the girls that she was not a "preacher."

Miss Theda Byers spent last Sabbath with her sister in New Castle.

Miss Lyda Imbrie spent Sabbath Feb. 18th with her parents at Hoboken, Pa.

The recent rains will no doubt refresh the "dry wells" of the Astronomy class.

You wonder what caused the general stampede in Junior lab. "Chlorine did it."

If it had been anybody else, but—well, how was it that Doctor broke the sofa anyway?

Stottler wasn't to be home that day, so he said. "Send it to Morrow," (meaning his room-mate.

Love was waiting for some one in the hall and the remark was made that it was an "atomic "wait."

Frank Mehard and Edna Ramsey thought a cyclone had struck the tower room one night not long ago.

Miss Grace McClelland has returned from Mercer where she was attending the wedding of Miss Claire Graham.

Drake has been searching all over the country for a lamp shade, and has just succeeded in finding one to his fancy.

"Ikey" Reed had a charge in his lap while going to Sharon on the street car. The boys made game of him, but he sat it out to the end of the line.

Valentines were received by quite a number of the students on the fourteenth—most of them that cent-a-piece variety with the complimentary remarks attached.

McCartney says the antiquity of man is a pretty hard thing to deal with, when they find man standing on his head in peat bogs thousands of years old.

J. Work to R. Work in an augry tone: "Gimme my Dutch book,"

Robbie: "It's upstairs,"

J.— "Tis not."

The signs manufactured by "the young ladies who were not entertaining" on the night of the Senior Reception, if not a thing of beauty are at least a joy forever to the fellows who got them.

"O say when you think  
Of the gay bobolink  
On his way toward the shimmering sky,  
Don't you wish you were there,  
Afloat in the air,  
To watch cloudy billows go by?"

A fragment from the poems of Theophilus Wintergreen, the tacky one.

A dog and a cat,  
A kid and a brat,  
A bird and a bat.  
A fly and a gnat,  
A mouse and a rat,  
A ball and a bat,  
A rail and a slat,  
A rug and a mat;  
Some lean and some fat  
Some this and some that  
Those fellows of "Poker Flat."

G. F. ZEHNER.

## MUSIC AND ART.

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The Lecture Course came to an end on the evening of the 23d, with the lecture by Henry Watterson, on "Abraham Lincoln." Mr. Watterson is an interesting personality, one of the most interesting in the South, and he spoke of an interesting personality, one of the most interesting in all our history. As a newspaper man he came frequently in contact with Mr. Lincoln in the days when stripped of all uncouthness he stood forth the hero and the statesman that he was. It was the element of personal acquaintance with the events recorded that gave the lecture its chiefest charm. It dealt largely with the personal side of Mr. Lincoln, not his deeds, but the man himself. That after all is the greatest part of any history, not the events which make it up, but the men who made the events possible. The lecture was written better than it was delivered, but considering it as a whole we think it the best of the Course.

The Course this year has been a very successful one in many ways, and to the Committee in charge who by hard work and wise planning made this possible, our thanks are due. The lectures were all excellent, of course in varying degrees. The recital by the Rogers-Grilley Company was one of the most enjoyable we have had the pleasure of hearing here. The Slayton Jubilee Singers were a disappointment, but for this the Committee is in no wise responsible. It

was the result of trouble in the concert company, merely transitory, which left them in a badly disorganized condition at the time of their date here. Since then matters have been straightened and most flattering references of their work has been received. The liberality of the committee in giving Miss Oliver's recital as a substitute for the Jubilee Singers fiasco is worthy of commendation, although really nothing was required of them, since the event was beyond their control.

With the Senior Reception at the Hall on the evening of Washington's Birthday the Senior social season was opened. It was an enjoyable affair in every way. The Hall was tastefully decorated with the Class Colors and in the parlors the guests were received by Mrs. Robertson, assisted by the resident teachers and members of the Class. After a social hour, the company repaired to the supper room, where a dainty luncheon was spread. The Doctor's speech was the feature of the evening. In it he paid equal and worthy praise to George Washington and the Senior Class in his happiest manner. The evening was "one to be marked with a white stone."

The Chorus Class is making good progress with the "Rose Maiden." There will not be a concert this term. The work cannot be gotten ready in time and postponement will have to be made until next term.



# THE HOLCAD.

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No. 7

## The Holcad.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

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### Publishers Notice.

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### EDITORIAL.

One year more of HOLCAD life is passed and is now a matter of history. Right proudly can the retiring staff wear their laurels, for they have earned their reward

by honest, untiring, faithful attention to duty. The past year has been one of the most successful since the establishment of the paper; its pages have at all times been well filled with readable matter. It has been their constant effort to establish and maintain a high standard of excellence; and in their accomplishment of this they are to be congratulated. Their labor has not been in vain; it reflects great credit upon themselves and has bro't honor and glory to "Old Westminster." We wish you success and happiness in whatever path of life you may tread. Though officially you have dissolved active relations to the paper, it is our earnest hope that you have not severed all connections. We shall be thankful for any suggestions you may give us, which you have as the result of your ripper experience.

One letter too many in a word may change that word materially. Perhaps none of the students use it but we have heard outsiders call our institution "Westminster;" this gives the word a very clerical appearance, and sets at naught the charter and

every other definite source of derivation. Two of the base ball suits last year had the name on with this extra "i," and certainly looked a great deal out of place. Two eyes are better than one in most cases, but we want to remain as Westminster. Discourage the use of this appellation.

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With this issue the new staff make their initial bow to the public. It is with a feeling of trepidation, of inability, that we assume our new duties; but we do not shrink from them, for we believe that with the hearty co-operation of every undergraduate and of every alumnus the Holcad will amply repay for all labor and time spent in its service. We ask your unstinted support, in both a literary and financial way. The catalogue states that the HOLCAD is a periodical published by the undergraduates. Should they not rather have said "written and published?" The staff are the mere depositaries of material for the paper, not the writers; Therefore if you become dissatisfied with the paper don't heap abuse upon us but upon yourselves. We are more than willing to thankfully receive any contribution with which you may favor us. If by any chance of fate, your production fails to pass our not over critical eyes, don't think it a slight and be offended; rather resolve to try again putting forth greater efforts.

A box for the deposit of local and personal items will be placed upon the reading-room door. If you have any item of interest, personal or otherwise, write it out plainly on a piece of paper, sign your name and drop it in the box. We assure you that it will receive careful attention.

Spring will have come soon, and those who are lovers of nature will have time to revel in the beauties of the woods and fields around our town. There are many pretty spots where the wild flowers bloom, and where one can tune his heart to the sweet song of the birds. And how much more charm will there be in it for the one who knows that he has helped to lessen some one's cares that day, and left a little kind deed to develop into something greater.

"O what a glory doth this world put on  
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth  
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks  
On duties well performed, and days well  
spent!"

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### The Power of Music.

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"Music," says Carlyle, "is a kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite, and lets us for a moment gaze into it." It is the language of the emotions, the sentiments of the heart, the embodiment of the outward feelings of which all the other orbs can but exhibit the effects. In one sense, it is far more ancient than man, and the voice, from the very commencement of human existence, has been a source of melody.

From time immemorial, the remarkable influence of music has been appreciated. Who has not heard the fairy tale of Orpheus, who, by the power of his music, tamed wild animals, and moved rocks and trees? The story is told of Amphion, the fabled builder of the walls of Thebes, that when he touched his lyre, the stones sprang into their places, and the wall went up, without the labor of hands. Such stories,

although not true, are very significant, for they show that the Greeks themselves were deeply moved by music.

Later the Greek philosophers, Plato and Aristotle, attributed to music great power. Plato himself says, "Music is a moral law. It gives a soul to the universe, wings to the wind, flight to the imagination, a charm to sadness, gayety and life to everything. It is the essence of order, and leads to all that is good, just and beautiful, of which it is the invisible, but nevertheless, dazzling passionate, and eternal form."

If the Greeks had not felt how greatly music intensifies and quickens, they would not have wedded all their poetry to it, nor would they have found anyone willing to believe in the Pythagorean doctrine that music has power to control the passions.

They believed that the even balance of a disturbed mind might be restored by the sweet spell of music, and even to-day the power of music in quieting an insane person is very marked. George the Third of England, in his fits of melancholy madness, was deeply sensible of the soothing effect of music in restoring peace and harmony to his mind. The Bible pays a tribute to the emotional effect and the power of changing the soul's atmosphere by David's harp: "And it came to pass when the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, that David took an harp, and played with his hand; so Saul was refreshed and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him."

We all know the instant power of music upon our temperaments to change our mood, and give us its own. It tends a secret sympathy, relief and expression to all

our moods, longings and sorrows; it locks out all the discords and doubts of our every day life and creates within us a longing for something above us beautiful and pure, lifting us above the hard poise of daily life. The sound of music that is born of human breath, comes straighter to the soul than any strain the hand alone can make."

In the days of Elizabeth the man who did not feel the soothing effect of music, was regarded as a morose being, whose company and conversation should be shunned Shakespeare expressed it:

The man that hath no music in himself  
Nor is not moved by concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus:  
Let no such man be trusted."

Music is incompatible with crime. The story is told of Stradella, a famous Italian musician, that his wonderful singing in an oratorio made such an impression on two men, who had been hired to kill him, that they not only refrained from their evil deed, but warned him of the plot against his life.

"Music," as Dr. Johnson has remarked "is the only sensual pleasure without vice," and for this reason it has a prominent place in the home. The infant's vexation and impatience may be subdued countless times by the charms of a cradle song. It is in childhood that our moral habits are formed, and it is a fact that the child, long before it can understand poetry, is susceptible to the influence of its rhythm. It may enjoy hearing poetry read or recited but it is rather for the melodious rhythm of its lines than for its meaning. For the young people in a home, music is one of the principal amusements.

From the earliest ages, song has been the sweet companion of the laborer. The rude chant of the boatman floats upon the water, the shepherd sings upon the hill, the milkmaid in the dairy, the plowman at the plow. Thus the daily toil of life is lightened and those who listen are better fitted for their duties.

Music has always been provided at social and public gatherings, because it has the power of uniting the feelings of many into one sympathetic wave of emotion. For this power, the church has always employed it as a handmaid to religion. St. Augustine, when hearing the Christian chant at Milan, broke forth into raptures of praise, declaring that, while the sound had entered his ears, the Truth had entered his heart, and within him glowed the spirit of devotion. Mr. Gladstone once remarked: "Ever since the time of St. Augustine, I might perhaps say, of St. Paul, the power of music in assisting Christian devotion has been upon record, and the great schools of Christian musicians have attested and confirmed the union of the art with worship."

Martin Luther, the greatest musical enthusiast among mediaeval churchmen, wrote a special treatise on music, placing it next to theology. "Besides theology," he wrote, "music is the only art capable of affording peace and joy of heart like that induced by the study of the science of divinity. My heart, which is full to overflowing, has often been solaced and refreshed by music when sick and weary."

The late Henry Ward Beecher went so far as to admit that in singing you come into sympathy with the Truth as you per-

haps never do under the preaching of a discourse.

In some nations, particularly Wales, preaching takes the form of a musical recitation, and it is said among no people is the preaching of the Word so effective as among the Welch, because it interprets, in the music of love and sorrow, the divine passion of the cross.

In time of war, stirring martial strains are used to incite the courage of armies, although philosophers have often been at a loss to account for the peculiar power that such music has over them. Nevertheless, soldiers can march more cheerfully and fight more bravely to the music of the drum and the trumpet. What is it but the martial beat of music that lifts the foot of every soldier and moves it onward with the precision of mechanism? Napoleon, the greatest commander that ever lifted the sword, had a strict regard to the pieces of music which were played on particular occasions. Certain tunes were at times prohibited; others were to be used only under peculiar conditions. Whenever his soldiers would become discouraged and almost ready to give up in despair, he would order the bugle to sound their liveliest notes. Such encouragement never failed to bring them over the most formidable difficulties.

In politics, also, music has had its part. Terpander, by the power of his song, could reconcile political factions in Sparta. Plato taught that only such music should be tolerated by the state as had a moral purpose, while enervating forms should be suppressed by the law-makers. Among the Japanese, it is said that formerly an ambassador, in



addressing a foreign court to which he was accredited, did not speak, but sang his mission. Many a song, like the Marseilles hymn, has revolutionized an empire, or supported even for ages the nationality of a people. By such facts as these, we are enabled to see what sway God has designed to exert over the human heart through the medium of this mysterious force. It will probably not be long before music will stand forth as the mightiest of the arts—the one which touches most nearly the intense life and complex civilization of our modern world. The millions need expansion, and music offers itself as the most available and most influential of all the fine arts.

“Like the sound of bells at night, breaking the silence only to lead the spirit into deeper peace; like a leaden cloud at morn, rising in gray twilight to hang as a golden mist before the furnace of the sun; like the dull, deep pain of one who sits in an empty room, watching the shadows of the firelight full of memories; like the paeans of exalted praise; like sudden songs from the open gates of paradise—so is music.”

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### To A Friend.

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Friend! sacred title often spoken,  
 Oft with thoughtless accents heard,  
 It is often but a token  
 Rather than a noble, precious word.  
 Common usage may obscure it,  
 May its blessed meaning blight,  
 And unconsciously we see it,  
 Pass into the realm of night.  
 Sad, but true this change of meaning  
 May its true light dawn again,

May its rays again appearing,  
 Be the beacon light of men.

Search for something purer, nobler,  
 In whatever vale you tread,  
 Look for something better, grander,  
 Than a sympathizing friend.

Then when wearied with your searching,  
 Cast your heavy cares aside,  
 Come again to one whose cheering  
 Can your burdens all subside.

Then you'll recognize how sacred,  
 Is that common word we've penned,  
 You will comprehend how hallowed,  
 Is an ever constant friend.

Friendship's ties though slowly moulded,  
 In a moment may be rent,  
 Angry words with envy uttered,  
 May create your discontent.

Discontent which is the saddest,  
 That can secret thought employ,  
 For when friendship is remotest  
 Distant is your dearest joy.

Guarded then be every action,  
 Lest your lot be ever drear,  
 Let your every word be spoken,  
 In a spirit most sincere.

Truest friends are not discovered,  
 When successes strew your way,  
 Many will although unwelcomed  
 Strive to share with you your joy.

But when grievous trials surround you  
 And your way seems dark as night,  
 Then the truest ones will guide you  
 Like a ray of purest light.

They will share your burden with you,  
 They will cheer you on your way,  
 They will constantly be near you,  
 Till you reach again the day.

Oh how sweet the joy it brings you,  
 When with thorns you may be crowned,  
 In the crowd though distant from you,  
 But one Mary may be found

Life without this blessed spirit,  
Is a life without its joy,  
Shorn of all that does endear it,  
To the pilgrim passer by.

Kindred spirit may you ever,  
Bind us to the ones we love,  
May no evil motive sever  
Ties that live in realms above.

Friend! one word we give in closing:  
May you pathway ever trend,  
In the way which at its ending,  
Brings you to the Perfect Friend.

'99.

### Auld Lang Syne.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
An' never brought to min'?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot.  
An' days of auld lang syne?  
For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll tak' a cup of kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne."

The old familiar word had a ring only to be heard the morning after Commencement—a ring that failed to sober few of the young faces trying so hard to cover with gay laughter and light words the ache that was tugging at their hearts. To a young man standing on the rear platform of the train it brought the realization of it all, as he has not felt it before. His Commencement over he was taking farewell of college and looking for the last time on the crowd of dear young faces he has seen so often during the last four years. His throat ached with the intensity of it. A discordant shriek from the locomotive, and the hum of voices subsided. Someone called out, "Three cheers and long life to John Clarke!" And as the train moved, the young man

took off his hat in response to the hats that waved to him. He heard the hearty cheers and shouts of, "Good-bye, old man," "Success to you;" but before all, through the mist of tears that rose to his eyes, he saw dimly the figure of a girl in blue waving her handkerchief. As the train pulled into the cut, the words came faintly to him.

"For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll tak' a cup of kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne."

\* \* \* \*

Commencement at Westminster. The campus is dotted with gay dresses and parasols and escorting youths, the spirit of June gaiety is in the air. Two Juniors standing outside the ring of seats are discussing the strangers.

"Who's that tall, good-looking man standing over there under the tree? The distinguished-looking one."

"There? Oh, that's the Clarke we hear so much about. Graduated in eighty-blank, eight years ago."

"Not the Clarke that won——"

Yes, he's the man. Brainiest fellow in his class, they say. Did no end of fine things after he graduated. Ferreted out some sort of a political scandal down in New York and became a big bug. They elected him State Senator last year. He's rising fast, according to all accounts."

"Some sort of a romance, wasn't there—love disappointment, or something?"

"Yes, he was engaged to a girl in the Sophomore class of his year, but something happened after she graduated, and it was broken off. Going to marry a fellow with

lots of tin, I hear. It was that swell-looking girl we saw at the hotel, by the way. Oh, there are the girls, come on."

The man in question stood leaning against a tree. He had tired listening to the orations, and had come over here to watch the people and listen to the band. It was playing an air that somehow went to his heart. As the strains of "Auld Lang Syne" floated out into the summer air, the crowded campus faded from his sight, and his thoughts carried him back over the eight years that had elapsed since he last heard that refrain at Westminster. He saw a young man standing on the platform of the train as it pulls into the cut. From the group at the station came the words of "Auld Lang Syne," and a girl in blue waves her handkerchief to him. That was centuries ago.

He saw that young man start into life with an ambition and energy that needed no spur. His class-mates expected him to succeed, and he did. His power and enthusiasm conquered the difficulties in the way, and when he was admitted to the bar people recognized his worth, and pushed him. People were ready to make much of the young lawyer who had discovered the "Maroon Frauds" and was honest enough to expose them, when a fortune was offered him to keep it quiet. But this didn't make him the happy man it should have. Before this the girl whose picture he carried in his watch, the one who had waved farewell from the station the morning after his Commencement, through some misunderstanding has broken the engagement. His pride kept him from explaining. He had carried

an aching heart for many a month, that he had tried to forget in hard work. And he thought he had. But somehow when they elected him to the State Senate (the youngest man who had held such an office for years) he did not feel the elation he once thought it would bring him. And now for the first time since his own Commencement he had come back to Westminster—the success of his class, and he wasn't happy.

He remembered she had stood right over there when he was speaking his oration. remembered, too, how her eyes shone with pride as he carried off the honors. One could just have seen her back from here. That woman standing there looked something like her; why, she was leaning against the wall in just the same fashion she had had. He could imagine himself back in college quite easily with the resemblance before him. He hoped she wouldn't move soon and bring him back to realities. One's pleasant illusions never last long, at best.

He knew to-day he had not forgotten.

The woman spoke to the man at her side. He was a stranger like everyone else, but Clarke knew the look in his eyes. He couldn't see hers, but from the confiding way in which she turned toward him he guessed what was in them. He remembered—they turned in his direction. Clarke sighed as he was about to give up his fancy; but if the curious Juniors had been looking at him now, they would have seen him start and stare at the girl. Strange things happen sometimes even outside of novels. He recognized in her the one who had just been in his thoughts. The couple passing leis-

urely by did not notice the man who gazed so hungrily at her. He wondered if she remembered the Commencement eight years ago, and he noticed that she looked much older.

She passed on with her escort, but John Clarke stood against the tree, seeing nothing, hearing nothing of what went on around him. The campus was deserted for dinner, but he still stood there. The two Juniors coming back from the Hall spoke to him, but he gave no answer. He was lost in a dream of the past.

"Surly chap," remarked Junior One.

"Yes, the way with your high men," answered Junior Two in his great wisdom.

When the people began to gather for the afternoon program Clarke had not moved. A man brushed against him.

"Pardon—why, John Clarke!"

He was aroused from his dream. He knew that voice. He had heard it often in college days, leading a band of rooters or on the coaching-line. It was that voice had talked with him so often Senior vacation long after the rest of the town was asleep, when he and his chum sat up all night, getting all they could of each other's company before they separated. It was that voice that had teased John and its owner's sister. It was its owner that had called for the cheers as the train moved away, and had stood beside the girl who had waved her handkerchief.

"Len, old man!"

Men of thirty are not demonstrative, but their few words mean more than is on the surface. Leonard Thompson had been his chum in college, but they had not met

since she—he did not like to think of that. Thompson explained that he had just come on the noon train, and that he was looking for his sister. "She came up on the hack last night with some friends!" Then he stopped as he saw the look of weariness that passed over John's face and thought of what had passed between the two.

"Yes, I saw her a moment across the campus."

An afternoon with his chum, thus unexpectedly met on the scene of their old friendship, showed Thompson that in spite of eight years' success John was not so happy as he might be. It was with a thoughtful air that he ate his supper after he had laughingly introduced to his friends, "the find of the afternoon, the great political prodigy, and my one-time pard, John Clarke;" the latter found himself seated opposite his old sweetheart, Marian Thompson. If he expected any constraint, he was disappointed, for she greeted him with,

"Why, Mr. Clarke, such a pleasant surprise to see you again. I can assure you that your friends have been greatly pleased at your success in the east," and included him easily in the conversation. He was introduced to "Mr. Lane," and recognized her escort of the morning. He laughed grimly to himself,

"The successful rival in this novel; so play your part of thwarted villain—I suppose I'm the villain—with as good grace as possible." And he answered in kind.

Leonard's thinking was not without result. He proposed a walk around the college in the dusk, and to their joint dismay, succeeded in pairing John with Marian.



And his scheme still further developed as the two became separated from the rest of the party in the new Science Hall.

"Never mind," said he, though "Mr. Lane" looked decidedly dissatisfied, "they're all right. I'll give the idiots this one chance." This last to himself.

When they came out of the building, John and Marian looked in vain for the rest of the party.

"It appears we are deserted. You will have to trust to my guardianship. It has been eight years since I was here last, but college recollections generally stick to one, and I am not so strange to the campus as to the people I have seen to-day."

"Why have you stayed away so long?" she inquired, merely to continue the conversation. "Do you forget old friends and associates so easily?"

"It wasn't that. It was—I couldn't come very well."

The moon was rising full and bright over the trees, just as it had shone when years ago they so often walked together in the Campus like this, thought John. Not like this, either, but the moonbeams were getting into his brain and heart, and he was forgetting everything, save that he was with her—with her—with her! All the pent-up longings of eight years were rising in his breast, and it was only by sheer force of will and the vision of "Mr. Lane" that he could hold himself in check. And Marian—she was forgetting, too, forgetting that six years ago she had written to him so angrily and unjustly: She hadn't expected him to take her at her word, but he did, and there were tears yet in her heart that

were aching to be shed. Forgetting all but how natural it seemed to walk through the dear old Campus in the moonlight, her hand in his arm, and listening to his voice. Could it have been only eight years since she had heard that voice speak with all a Senior's enthusiasm of the time when he should have started on his career and they—She was remembering, too. But she must not think of that—he had forgotten it all in his greatness—that was plain from his manner at the table. And so she talked aimlessly on, the poor old conversationally dilapidated moon being the victim.

"How brightly the moon shines to-night! It is just the same old moon that used to shine here years ago when we were in college. How long it seems! Didn't you feel a patriarch when you saw those boys and girls in the graduating class—they seem like boys and girls now to us."

John must have made some sort of an answer, but he never knew what it was. A wild exhilaration took hold of him, such as he had not felt for years, with a power but increased by its long repression. He would be happy to-night in being with her—more, he only knew he was with her; past, future, all else was forgotten but that one fact. He laughed a great deal. From the church came the sound of applause and he laughed. How superlatively young they were to think of such things! What was the applause of a hot, restless crowd in the stuffy church, to being with her out in the beautiful night, to feel her hand in the crook of his elbow (he tightened it, but very cautiously so that she would not notice), to laugh with her, to hear her voice chiming with the music of the wind!

They reached the walk in front of Old College, and John stopped. The two Juniors coming from the Hall sang, "Auld Lang Syne," and the old familiar strains, mellowed by the distance, came softly to the ears of the one-time lovers. John stopped laughing.

"Should auld acquaintance be forget,  
An' never brought to mind?"

To the minds of both came the vision of a departing train and a young girl in pale blue waving her handkerchief to the young man on the platform.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
An' days of auld lang syne?"

came the dear old words that so long have wakened a thrill in the hearts of lovers singing and lovers listening. John spoke and a lump was in his voice,

"Years ago, just where we are standing, stood a young man and a girl. His heart throbbed with the beating of a love that was all to him; he had brought her here to tell her of it. At her throat there was a white rose, and he asked her for it—it her heart could come with it. She gave him the rose. The rose leaves withered, but the thorn grew sharper and sharper. Her love withered, but his pain never grew less. Success and power are nothing to him but faded roses—faded roses. Do you wonder why I never came back?"

While he had been speaking her hand had gone to her throat, and now it came away holding a white rose. She kissed it and said, softly,

"Faded roses are best forgotten, but 'auld lang syne' never. John, do you—would you like a rose? See, I have pulled

off all the thorns. And forgive me, dear, it was all my fault."

John did. And the Juniors were singing,

"For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll take a cup of kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne."

'99.

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### The Skeleton.

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(Sequel of the Third Hollow Pillar)

I have told you the legend of the third hollow pillar. I have told you of the grinning skeleton which was drawn forth from the dark and narrow confine of that iron prison. As I have said, whether this skeleton was that of the Professor of Zoology or of his victim still remained an unsolved problem and one giving rise to much conjecture. The question has now been answered. Wrap your cloak closely around you and in silence listen to a strange and shivering tale.

Wandering through the museum one day my glance fell on the skeleton, the very same skeleton which had spent years in its ringing tomb, which had then been found, and which had since been utilized to enrich the museum.

As I looked on the skeleton my soul felt moved and I cried, "Oh gruesome fellow-being, speak to me, tell me all the curdling tale of thy death! Tell of the foul play! Let me be thy avenger!"

Even as I cried, the hollow holes, which once had been eyes, glowed as two round disks, two pale, vaporish, green spots; the room became dark; the skeleton itself

faded from sight; and all was blank darkness except the two green spots which now glared at me through the darkness with a strange and horribly fascinating power. I next heard a wild, raving, demoniacal shriek, half a laugh and half the insane cry of a demon.

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The faint rays of the rising sun were creeping through the museum when I awoke. I came to with a start, great beads of perspiration stood on my forehead, the pangs of hunger were gnawing me for I had had nothing to eat since dinner the day before.

As I hurried home my head became clearer and I remembered that as I slept I dreamed, and vivid pictures of a realistic dream now traveled before me. I dreamed that as I sat there, with the two green disks glaring upon me; I heard the hollow voice of the skeleton through the darkness. At first his voice jarred and jerked like the squeak of a rusty hinge, but, as he talked, his words became smoother and his voice steadier. He clasped my hand with his long fingers; as he did so, he clanked his arm awkward and stiff with disuse, upon his ribs and I heard the click and grate of hollow bones. I could not see, I could only hear and feel. Then he spoke: "Let me be thy avenger!" Many years have I waited for those words. How little knew ye their meaning. Too late now, you shall be my avenger, you shall hear the harrowing tale of a lost soul, in vain shall you struggle! You are mine! Mine! Oh fool, why troubled you the secrets of the dead! Avenger you shall be and struggling ever to be

free, cursing, you shall submit to a power which you shall not know. Tomorrow prepare to do my bidding or repent. Take from your nasty vials and bottles sulphuric acid and sulphur. Pour over my bones and through my jaws the sweet sulphuric acid. Envelop me in clouds of burning sulphur. Then, indeed, shall the fire of life be in me; my mouth shall pour forth clouds of vapors and my eyes shoot sparks; I shall speak and you shall listen and obey."

What so moved me I shall never know but, hastily eating my breakfast, I returned to the museum. I poured sulphuric acid over the bones and through the jaws of the monster whose strange power so held me. I buried him in billows of burning sulphur and a voice came from the midst chanting in a voice deep and hoarse,

"My bones you burn,  
Your wages earn,  
Then look and learn."

The smoke rolled away, and finely written on his skull and his ribs in charred letters I deciphered the following words:

"Years ago I loved a tender maiden. Sweet and winning were her ways and charming was her face. Constantly and devotedly I loved her, and great was the joy which I felt when I knew that my love was returned. It was an old saying, but a true one, that true love never runs smooth. I had a rival. He cheated me, he ruined me in business. In vain I argued and entreated; for he was influential; I threatened and he lied, and my reputation was lost! With one last hope I turned to her who was to have been mine. Disdain was on her face and distrust was in her heart. Broken I turned

away and a month later she married my rival. The base villian who had cheated me and lied about me had now robbed me of my only hope and life. Do you wonder that the single word "Murder" always stood before my eyes in great flaming letters. To be brief, many years had passed. I had become the Professor of Zoology in your college. One evening my rival came to New Wilmington. The old passion which I had learned to think of as dead returned to me, stronger and more turbulent than ever. Evidently my rival had prospered. I could tell this by his easy going air and his clothing.

Unrecognized by him, late in the evening I took him through the rooms of the college, my manner very suave and subtle. Finally reaching the Qualitative Chemical Laboratory, I threw off my mask. Unable to check myself longer I allowed my old nature to leap forth. Not only did my old self return but, I think, my old look of sullen hatred and revenge must have kindled once more.

In an instant I was recognized. At the very pinnacle of success I was foiled. My adversary was quicker than I. When I returned to consciousness I found myself, not among the living, but the dead. Need I continue! You are my avenger and I shall be avenged! You will know the man when you see him, and propelled by an unseen force you shall do your work, you shall be sucked down into the human quagmire by a force other than your own, your struggles will be useless, and I shall hear your story when we meet again in the land of "shades and shadows."

E. R. M.

## LOCALS.

"Be on your Guard!"

The first of April approaches!

The Glee Club is very popular.

Ramsey spent Sabbath, the 11th, at his home in Sharon.

A concert will be given by the Glee Club in the early part of next term.

"The Central Traffic Association——." Too busy to make announcements now.

John Lockhart '99, was in town attending the Preliminary Contest on the 13th.

Geneva's rooters lost their nerve when they heard parodies on everything they sang.

Some of the Astronomy Class took advantage of the fine evenings last month and went star-gazing.

In Sr. Latin.

Prof.—Mr. Wright, define a case——  
Oh, I mean a Latin case.

Laura Turner and Edna Ramsay were the guests of the Misses Moore, of New Castle, on the 11th.

One of our benevolent old ladies was heard to remark: "That Mr. Miller is such a nice boy, he is so childlike "

Voice of McGinnis from without.

"Wake up, mine lofe!"

Why did Laura Turner blush?

At a meeting of the Athletic Association, it was decided to send a track team to Washington on June 2, to compete for the Tri-state championship.



Wanted—An assistant Librarian for the first period after Chapel.

Harry M. Irons, '97, spent a few days in town, visiting old friends.

A motion was made to lay McCollam on the table for a week. Poor Fat!

We are sorry to hear that Miss Balph will not be in college next term.

Miss Imbrie thinks a golf cape is something like a bicycle—built for two.

Philo Mandolin Club made its first appearance this year at the Preliminary Contest.

Miss Mary Wilson, a former student of Westminster, visited friends at the Hall for a few days.

Student (?) (in translating Homer)—“embraced his knees and tickled him under the chin.”

The Senior Chemists would like to know if Miss Imbrie has weighed her over-shoes yet.

To all those having colds we would recommend Hattie Cook and Laura Turner as skilled physicians.

Mr. Soper, the state secretary of the college Y. M. C. A., conducted the services in chapel on March 13th.

The 13th was an unlucky day in Senior lab. Miss Mellie Thompson and Mae Edmondson were the victims.

Will Saxon leave his hat outside again, when he calls at the Hall? It takes him fifteen minutes to tell about it.

Miss Acheson, assisted by the Elocution Class, will give an entertainment about the second week of the Spring term.

Willie Williams should be informed that seven o'clock, and not six-thirty, is the hour for calling on Friday evenings.

Hereafter, those having local items for the HOLCAD, will please drop them through the slot in the reading room door.

Pittinger left on the 12th for his home in East Liverpool. He will not return for the Spring term. We shall miss you, Percy.

Lieper (in society)—Say, Mr. President, that last feller, shouldn't he be fined? Didn't he speak sorter, kinder disrespectful to you?

Visitor (at college Monday afternoon)—Well, Perry, how's business?

Perry—About as usual, every room is full.

An illustrated lecture on India was given in the College Chapel on Thursday evening March 15th, by Rev. E. L. Porter, a returned missionary.

While skating, Laura Irons and Mary Pillow were very cleverly tripped up by a sprightly little chap, called Love. They were so overcome that they tumbled. This is so sudden.

Prof. McL.—What effect has the introduction of steam had on the lives of English speaking people?

John Gamble—Guess it has killed a good many.

The Geology class spent the last week of the term “scratching rocks.” Some of

them grew so skilful that they could classify cinders. How about that, Deever?

Prof. McL.—What modern conveniences were introduced during the Tudor period?

Seth Fruit—The discovery of America and the discovery of the motions of the earth.

During vacation, the VanOrsdell Club will move into the Armstrong property, a few doors south of their present home. The reason for their moving nearer the College is to prevent being locked out of class the first period.

The Professor sat in his easy chair  
And gazed at the fire with a vacant stare:  
He thought of how, in his last exam.,  
He had made his pupils dig and cram  
On a holiday.

The lines of care on his Roman Face  
To lines of pleasure, soon gave place,  
He laughed to himself in goulsh glee—  
"I made them study and cram," said he,  
"Through all the day."

And the pupils—what did they think of him  
Who had ruined them all by his little whim?  
Their remarks were at least derogatory,  
They wished he'd remain in purgatory  
For many a day.

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### ALUMNI NOTES.

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Thos. R. Jones '98, is very ill with typhoid fever, at his home in Sharon, Pa.

Dr. B. B. Snodgrass '93, has recently taken up the practice of medicine at Jamestown, Pa.

Miss Emma Campbell '93, of the Cannonsburg High School, attended the funeral of Mrs. Edgar.

Chas E. Mehard '89, has received the Republican nomination for District Attorney of Lawrence county.

Eugene Warden '95, a successful attorney of Greensburg, Pa., visited us for a few days during the past session.

The marriage of Mr. Scroggs, a former Westminster student, and Miss Boone of Cannonsburg, Pa., took place recently.

George W. Hood, Indiana Pa., of the Class of '70, died a short time since. He was a lawyer and politician of some note.

J. C. Hanley '97, of East Liverpool, O., a senior in the Allegheny Theological Seminary, spent a few days with college friends.

The life and work of D. S. Kennedy, D. D., '58, has been well presented in two late editions of the United Presbyterian—March 1-7.

W. M. Lindsay '87, has been ill for two weeks from an attack of typhoid fever. All who knew Mr. Lindsay will watch eagerly for news of his recovery.

Rev. G. W. Robinson, '98, has been appointed temporary pastor of the First church, Allegheny, to succeed his father, the late W. J. Robinson, D. D.

The U. P. church of Minden, Neb., was formally dedicated on Sabbath Feb. 25. Rev. W. A. Duff '81, of Chicago, a former pastor, conducted the services.

The Rev. K. W. McFarland '88, of the Egyptian Mission, is on his way home for a rest. He will probably spend his vacation at his old home near New Wilmington.

The Rev. E. L. Porter '88, of the India Mission, gave his illustrated lecture on India Missions on Thursday evening March 15, in the College chapel. The lecture was greatly enjoyed by those who heard it.

The Rev. W. B. Anderson '94, of the India Mission, has sent a photograph of the Y M. C. A., of Gordon Mission college in Rawal-pindi. The photograph will be mounted, framed and hung in the Library.

Mrs. McClay of Philadelphia, the mother-in-law of Rev. N. L. Heidger '84, now of Toronto, O., died of paralysis during the latter part of February at her home. Rev. Heidger and family were present at her death.

Mrs. Isabella Edgar died Thursday afternoon March 1st. 1900. She was the wife of Rev. John Edgar. Mr. Edgar was called to the chair of English in Westminster college in 1873 and later was elected Professor of Latin, which position he filled most acceptably until his death in 1880. After the death of her husband she devoted her life to teaching. Mrs. Edgar was of an unusually cheerful and hopeful disposition and her sunny and helpful influence will be sorely missed by her neighbors and friends and especially by her family. She leaves three children, Miss Kate '92, Rev. H. G., '96 and James of the Senior class.

## MUSIC AND ART.

Education in music counts more toward true education than most people suppose. One who has spent his whole life in music has a good general education provided he

has wisely spent his time. To be a true musician is as noble a purpose as one can have.—Music World.

A musical recital was given by the pupils of the Conservatory in the Chapel on the afternoon of March 9. The selections were all of a high classical order, each one being rendered in a manner reflecting credit upon those taking part as well as its director. The appreciation of the audience was manifested by its close attention. The program was as follows:

a Cramer	- -	Study in G. Minor No. 17.
b. Jensen.	- -	Widmung.
		Miss Edith McCreary.
Cantor	- -	As the Dawn.
		Miss Ella Richmond.
Rummel.	- -	March in C.
		Miss Mary Getty.
Pinsuti.	- -	'Tis I.
		Mr. H. H. Donaldson.
Lang.	- -	My Garden.
		Miss Jessie Fisher.
Beaumont.	- -	Bercense.
		Miss Ballou Gibson.
Needham.	- -	Husheen-(An Irish Hush Song.)
		Miss Mayme Turner.
Peticolas.	- -	Jesus Lover of My Soul.
		Miss Mae Balph.
Chaminade.	- -	Calirrhoe.
		Air de Ballet.
		Miss Anna Reed.

The informal recitals cannot fail to be highly beneficial to all especially to those inexperienced in public performance.

The Art department exhibited a large and varied collection of china last term but none of the pieces could be entirely finished on account of the kiln being unfit for use. However a new one has been ordered to supply this defect. A number of pleasing studies in water color and oil have also been

completed. The wash drawings are a feature of this year's work in the studies.

The Preliminary Oratorical Contest which was held on the evening of the 13th to determine who should represent Westminster in the Inter-collegiate Contest at Bethany was one that will reflect honor on the contestants and through them upon the college. Each oration showed care both in composition and delivery. According to the decision of the judges first place was awarded to W. E. Brooks, of Philo Society and second to A. H. Baldinger, of Adelphe Society. The HOLCAD extends its hearty congratulations to all the contestants and wishes our orator success in the next trial. The musical program was an enjoyable part of the evening's entertainment.

#### PROGRAM.

Piano Duet,	Czardas No. 6.	Michiels.
Miss Anna Reed and Miss Florence Kyle.		
Oration	-	The Puritan Spirit,
		A. H. Baldinger.
Oration	-	A Word Conquerer.
		W. E. Bingham.
Oration	-	The Song of Undine or Angel.
		W. E. Brooks.
Music.	Noerts,	"There Little Girl Don't Cry."
		Miss Mayme Turner.
Music.		Gaytella Waltz
		Mandolin Club.
Oration,	The True Basis of National Existence	
	A. E. Cummings.	
Oration.	-	The Forming of the Nation.
		R. G. Deevers.
Music.	Lizette.	Knecken.
	Glee Club.	

JUDGES—Rev A. W. Caldwell, Burgettstown; Rev. D. S. Colt, D. D. Allegheny; Rev. S. A. Kirkbride, Leesburg.

The drawing class has just complet-

ed a very satisfactory term's work. Two terms are now required preparatory to botany instead of one as heretofore. The work consists chiefly of simple studies in still life.

Some of the elocution pupils expect to give a recital conducted by Miss Acheson about the second week of the term. A small admission fee will be charged, the proceeds to be used for the purchase of books for the department. A large number of students are taking steps to obtain some knowledge in this master art. College is the place to cultivate and develop the qualities of the oration; for afterward, life coming in reality with its numerous cares and duties necessitates our omission of that which is not absolutely essential.

#### ATHLETICS.

##### STANDING OF THE INTER-COLLEGIATE LEAGUE.

	Won	Lost
Geneva	3	1
Allegheny	2	2
Westminster	1	3

In summing up the season we say that the basket ball team didn't come up to our expectation. There is no fault to be found in the management or the players themselves. We attribute much to lack of good coaching and inexperience on large floors. A team can't compete with one which has all the advantages in coaching and gymnasium. But setting aside the disadvantages of the gymnasium, can't we then lay the blame upon ourselves. The Athletic association is not as yet upon a firm basis. As students, isn't it our place to place it there? The means are—pay your term fee prompt-



ly, attend the meetings and take part, come to the game. If the students would all do this our greatest obstacle, lack of funds, would be done away with. One noticeable thing about all our games was the manner in which we picked up in the last half. In all the games we showed as good, and in most, a better showing in the second half. This, I think, shows distinctly that the material is in the team, but needs bringing out. There is no reason why the boys couldn't play the whole game like the last four minutes in the Geneva if the students would do their part by the Athletic association.

Base ball prospects for the coming year are even brighter than last year's. True we will miss Degelman at short and Davies behind the bat, but we will have more material to pick from. Sturgeon, Muskingum's crack pitcher, is with us this year. We expect much from him. Witt Breden of the '97 team is back in school. We have of last year's team McKim, who pitched for Brad-dock last summer. His games give account of him. Edmundson played for Homestead and Duquesne, Chambers centerfielder, Kuhn first base. Cameron gained quite a name for himself in the game he pitched for D. C. A. C. Guy Volton did good work last year and no doubt will give a better account of himself this year. McCalmont, manager, is busily engaged completing the schedule.

Geneva came here Saturday Mch. 10, to determine whether we were to be in the race for first place or not. They brought a large crowd of rooters with them, who helped make things lively. In the first half Gen-

eva played the better game, the score being 20-11; but the second half was in our favor 15-8. During the last four minutes the playing of our team was by far the best ever witnessed here. Lake took Smith's place in the early part of the first half and played a good game. The audience was entertained between halves by Mr. Davy Woods, Geneva's star actor. The score:

G. F. F. G. F.				G. F. F. G. F.			
Thompson F	4	0	7	Kuhn	1	6	5
				Smith	0	0	1
Pattersen L F	0	10	0	Lake	1	0	2
R. George C	2	0	1	Loss	3	0	4
Leech R G	2	0	0	Kennedy	2	0	1
D. Wood L G	1	0	5	Edmundson	3	0	6

10 6 13 10 6 19

Referee, Dodds, New Castle Y. M. C. A.

Although we lost the championship of the Inter-collegiate games, yet we feel "pretty big" in being able to say that we are one of the only two teams which have defeated H. L. A. C. this season. Homestead has won 24 out of 26 games, making the best record of any team in Western Pennsylvania. From the start to the finish our boys were right in the game. Everyone seemed to be in the right place at the right time. The H. L. A. C. people were lost on the small floor, being used to playing on a floor covering 3200 square feet. Shields, H. L. A. C's center, showed the people what it was to be fast on one's feet in a basket ball game. He seemed everywhere. The work of Mr McKean was very satisfactory as a referee. Line up:

G. G. E			G. G. F.		
Edmundson	2	0	Kuukle	3	1
Smith	4	0	Dicks n	0	0
Kuhn C	2	7	Shields	7	0
Kennedy G	3	0	Lloyd	2	1
Sloss G	3	0	McBerth	1	0

28 7 26 2

Time of halves--20 minutes.

## EXCHANGES.

About one person in 470 in the United States is attending college, a larger proportion than ever before in our history.

Jaggles—Is your son making any progress in his profession?

Waggles—Yes, he is learning some of the things he thought he knew when he was out of college.—Life.

We wonder if the nearness of the Easter season had anything to do with the "Wash--Jeff's" change in dress? However this may be, its new garb and enlargement in size improve the Journal more than we should have thought possible.

The Woman's Edition of the Transcript was a decided success—and we hope it will not be long until the paste-pot and scissors are again turned over to Delaware's feminine contingent to use.

She—"Miss Wells is an awfully modest looking girl, isn't she?"

He—"She's the most modest girl I ever know! Why, she is actually ashamed to tell the naked truth."—Ex.

Smith: Did you hear of Switt's death?

Brown: No; when did he die?

Smith: "This morning. He died quite suddenly, I understand."

Brown: "That's just like him. He was the most impulsive-man I ever met."

—Ex.

"I have will of iron," said he;

"There's nothing in creation

I can't resist—unless it be,

Well, possibly, temptation."

Ex.

There is such a deplorable lack of good college verse in our exchanges that the following from the Wisconsin Argis is made all the more conspicuous by its cleverness and originality.

## CONSISTENCY.

The ode to the meerschaum brown,  
And the clay with its coat of jet,  
Were writ by a man who never could bear  
The scent of a pipe or a good cigar,  
Nor even a cigarette.

And the sonnet to rare old wine  
Was composed by a temperance youth  
Who was bursting with rhyme  
Of the high old time.  
Yet never was full, in sooth,  
Of the fluid that lightens the heart  
And gladdens the gloomiest day,  
And colors the nose  
Like the rich, red rose  
To frighten the hours away.

And the sweetest of songs of love  
That ever a page displayed,  
Were penned, I swear,  
By a damsel fair,  
Who never had known, and never would care  
Or else by a lean, old maid.

But the man with a thirst for drink  
Made never a verse on "skee;"  
And the lover of good tobac  
No never a song sang he,  
But the man and the woman who knew the  
smart.

And the ceaseless pain of a broken heart  
Just smiled to disguise the hurt,  
Nor worried nor sighed, I wot,  
But went to work  
With never a shirk,  
And lived—till the world forgot.

This is what the small boy wrote about  
the dachshund:

"The dockshound is a dorg notwith-

standin' appeerences. He has fore legs, two in front and two behind, and they aint' on speekin' terms. I wunst made a docks-hound out of a cowcumber an' fore matches, an' it lookt as nacheral as life. Docks-hounds is farely intelligent considerin their shaip. Thare branes bein' so far away from thare tales it bothers them sum to wag the lattur. I wuxst noo a dockshound who was too impashunt to wate till he cood signal the hole length of his boddy when he wanted to wag his tale, so he maid it up with his tale thet when he wanted it to wag he would shake his rite ear, an' when the tale seen it shake it wood wag. But as fer me,

gimme a bull-pup with a peddygree.—Ex.

## APHORISMS.

Humility is a virtue, but stooping too low to accomplish too little is a mistake.

First opportunities fly low, among the little things, just over the desk.

Love can find a way, but it would rather have an automobile.

Next to the mosquito and the borrowing neighbor, the friend who is continually telling other people things for their own good is the most unmitigated nuisance in the world.—Ex.





# THE HOLCAD.

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No. 8.

## LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

### A Knight of the Pure Heart.

Our life is a knightly adventure. We spend our days as a tale that is told, a tale of the old romantic past, in feastings and joustings, in quests and strivings, in lady's bower, on battle-field. And, be it early, or be it late, sometime we seek the Holy Graal. All seek it, many behold it, but few obtain the perfect Quest.

It is Whitsunday in Arthur's Court at Camelot. About the Table Round are gathered the King and all his knights. Every seat is filled, save the Siege Perilous, destined for the purest and best knight in all the world, the one by whom the Holy Quest is to be achieved. The door swings wide and a youth enters, in whose face shines the radiant beauty of a spotless soul. He pauses, comes down the long hall, and seats himself in the vacant place. Wondering, the King bids that the covering of the seat be raised, and there, in letters of gold, traced by a mystic hand, is found the name of the stranger knight, Sir Galahad. That evening as they are seated again about the board, a strain of heavenly music is heard, and the hall is filled with a flood of celestial radiance. "And down the long beam steals the Holy Graal," robed in white samite; while the knights behold each others faces as in a

glory, and angel hands spread for them a feast surpassing all feasts of earth. Then because he had not clearly seen the Graal, Sir Gawaine swears a vow that he will follow for a year and a day until he sees it perfectly, and Galahad swears the vow, and all who sit about the board save the King alone, who sees in this adventure the destruction of his fair order. So upon the morrow, amid the mourning of the Court, they ride away, with hopes high and hearts that know no fear, to seek and see the Holy Graal.

Over mountain and moor, through fen and darksome place, mid green fields, by quiet waters, under summer skies, or where the wild fury of the winter wind rings hail and sleet against their mail-clad forms they ride. And some, as said the King, soon "follow wandering fires" and the Quest fades from their hearts. Some meet death; some find that by reason of their sin the Quest is not for them, and return to the Court and the world and their sin, until but four remain of all who left Camelot—Lancelot, Galahad, Bors and Percevale.

Sir Lancelot was the most famed of all of Arthur's knights. No one questioned his courage nor his selflessness, but because of the sin he had sinned with the Queen, because he had not fully repented and humbled himself, but trusted himself, in the pride of his heart, he could not attain the

perfect Quest. Yet a partial vision is granted him. In the Castle of Carbonek he beholds the Holy Graal, covered now with red samite, but approaching too near; the vision vanishes, and he goes back to Camelot and the Queen and his sin, knowing that the Quest is not for him.

To this same castle come Galahad, Bors and Percevale. Many scenes had they beheld, many adventures had they achieved. They had been in perils oft and in temptations, but now the dangers are nearly over and the end sought nigh at hand. They behold the same vision that had been granted Lancelot, and are bidden to go to the holy city of Sarras. Here at the end of the year the mystery of the Holy Graal is finally and fully revealed to Galahad. Taking farewell of his companions, he prays that he may depart; and his soul is borne to Heaven, while the Holy vessel vanishes from their sight.

And so the Quest is won.

Such is the old romance, the wonderful mediaeval allegory, illustrating some of faith's sublimest truths. According to the legend the Graal was the vessel from which was eaten the Paschal lamb at the Last Supper, and into which was received the blood that flowed from Christ's stricken side as He hung upon Calvary's cross. Following the sin of its keeper it had disappeared, but had since shown itself at various times to those who through purity of life were fitted to behold it, and had been the object of eager search in all lands. The romancer takes this old legend, and from it conceives the allegory. The Graal is made the symbol of Eternal Life, its appearance at Ar-

thur's Court is the call to salvation, and the Questing Knights are they who set forth in obedience to the call. Those who fail in the Quest are those in whom the first animating principles have died and who, growing weary of the fighting, the watching and the fasting, long again for the old life of pleasure and forsake the Quest. "Sir Lancelot is the type of the brave, noble, sin-stained man of the world, proudly trusting in himself, wanting in true humility, and so failing."

And then comes Galahad, the spotless knight, the successful achiever of the perfect Quest. He stands the central figure in the romance, the beholden of all eyes. "There is no dint of conflict on his white shield, no blood-stains on his glistening armor, and if he has fought with Satan, no soilure mars the perfection of his form." It is his purity of character, his abstinence from all forms of evil, his entire consecration of purpose and thought and life, that makes him successful in the Quest.

Thus did the old romancer, while amusing his audience of noble knights and courtly dames, seek to instruct them as well in the great truths of life. "The romance painted in living colors the soul's aspiration after ideal perfection. It showed the world's incapacity to fulfill its highest longings, its noblest tendencies, unless they are hallowed by faith." Too often by our modern eyes is this hidden mystic meaning but faintly perceived. We have come to look upon the legends as a fanciful creation of that age of chivalry, but for us, as for them, they bring a message. The world is a Camelot and society a vast Round Table. All have

longings for brave deeds, desires for noble achievements, but too often we forget our knightly vows, and spend our lives in idleness and wantonness, doing little, thinking less. At some time the vision appears, and obedient to it we set forth to reach the higher ideals and the life eternal that lies beyond. It is the Quest that kindles our zeal, and spurs us on to noble actions. We too are opposed by fiends, we too meet temptations, on every hand, in every form, we too behold visions which comfort and guide, and for us is spread by angel hands, the feast from the Holy Vessel that surpasses all feasts of earth.

There are many who enter the Quest with no fixed purpose or fit preparation, but like Sir Gawaine they are seized with an idea to go forth and follow on until they see this vision of which they have caught but a glimpse. But the hardships prove too much for them, and they turn back to the old life. There are many Sir Lancelots in the modern Quest, "men so strong, yet so weak, offering noble qualities at an evil shine." Fired with a temporary zeal to see the Graal, they set out, trusting in themselves, and fighting bravely, so pitifully bravely, overcoming danger and temptation through their own might. But their own might is not that which is to win. They have not "lost themselves to save themselves" as did Galahad, and so they receive but a partial vision of the glory which will never be theirs, and sadly they go back again to Camelot.

The man who is to achieve the modern Quest must rid himself of every pleasure that weakens his body or clouds his mind,

of every desire that takes his thoughts from this one purpose, to follow on until he sees the Graal. Nor did the hero of the eleventh century romance possess any qualifications that may not belong to the man of the nineteenth century. Though stripped of all the pomp and pageantry of the days of chivalry, the Quest is just as difficult, the foes that must be met are just as fierce, and the comforters are still present. Success is possible to the knight who rides forth as did Galahad, arrayed as he was, prepared as he was, animated as he was,—and to him alone.

Out of the past, reflecting in gorgeous imagery that time of martial splendor, these tales come to us. They teach that in all ages man has the same problems to face, the same difficulties to overcome, and that these can only be met in the same way. "They show under knightly guise the Christian paradox that the noblest victory is won by humility, the highest happiness by self-denial. Now, as in the dawn of the Plantagenet era, when the race of life is crowded with competitors and the world stands ready to crown the victor of whatever rank, these grand old legends teach that it is by obedience men are made more than kings and that faith is the substance, the very present possession, of things hoped for."

O man of the world, if the vision has not yet come to you, some day you will behold it, and it will bid you follow until you see it in the fullness of its glory. Go not as did Lancelot, relying on your own strength, but as Galahad, strong in the strength beyond your own, with heart pure and purpose fixed. You too shall behold visions.

You too shall be ministered unto by angel hands. And as you press forward, though storms may gather and clouds hang thick around in the silence alone with your soul, you shall hear a voice, comforting and strengthening, a voice that whispers "O! brave and faithful knight of God, ride on, the prize is near." The prize! for which you have fought and suffered and endured! The prize! worth more than all of earth! Ride on, O knight of God, ride ever on.

"Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,  
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win."

WILLIAM F. BROOKS, '00.

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### The Critic.

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I am not what I might have been,  
I early lost my place with men,  
I care not what befall since then,  
I am a critic.

I'm hale and strong; why break or bend  
Not one to me defend,  
What care I whom I may offend?  
I am a critic.

The world has dealt full hard with me,  
My plans have failed and I am free  
To carp and carve and disagree,  
I am a critic.

Of faults and failures save your own  
Speak not, one sees and one alone;  
Justice and truth surround his throne,  
He is The Critic.

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### "With Kitchener to Khartum."

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The law of the universe, natural and spiritual, is progress. The destiny toward which the race moves, is the highest possible development of all the faculties. At

each step, some shackle has been stricken from thought; some barrier broken before the human soul; some idea based on everlasting truth, set free. Upon these ideas, governments are based. The patriot's country is not a certain area of land, but a principle. The sanctifying of the soil and symbol of a country is the idea which they represent. This idea the patriot worships through the soil and symbol.

Nearly a thousand years ago, God planted the idea of liberty in church and state. This drew together a little band of German mystics; the burning of John Huss flashed its light over Europe; it kindled the mind of Luther and made him the terror of God to friends of darkness; it tempered Cromwell, as a tool of steel to chisel asunder the "Divine Right" of kings; and it guided the Pilgrim Fathers to the Plymouth rock of democracy and freedom.

It is this principle that has inspired the greatest civilizing nation of the globe to conquer the Soudan, and it is this same principle that awakens the echoes of five thousand years of tyranny along the Nile.

The civilizing elements of the world are machines. They are establishments of providence, the tools of an Almighty God. The machinery working out the civilization of the Soudan is Kitchener and the Egyptian Army.

Two decades ago, Ismail Pasha, in the interest of modern civilization, and with a worthy desire to develop Upper Egypt and the Nile commenced his great railway to Khartum. Up through the desert sands and the picturesque ruins of the most ancient cities of the world, the great work

ALBUIS.  
(R. J. Thompson)



progressed, right into the fanaticism of the interior of the Soudan. The railroad now reached the third cataract of the Nile. The Soudaners were not sufficiently enlightened to allow the invasion of their country by this iron agent of civilization.

The Mahdi arose and flushed with a few successes in evading arrest by the decaying civil authority of the interior, he declared himself a prophet of God and proved it by the annihilation of all civil authority within the interior of Upper Egypt. The ties of the railroad of Ismail Pasha, the fanatical follower of the second Mohammed burned to cook their meals, and the rails they pounded and twisted into implements of war. The cannon's roar, the slaughter pens, the charnel houses created by man's most inhuman occupation,—War—were the incentives to the creation of the present machinery of the Upper Egyptian conquest and awake a slumbering civilization to a realization of its duties to humanity. Twenty years of service in the interior of Egypt has made Kitchner what he is—a man of iron, unswerving in purpose. The fanatics and the Mahdi, threw themselves against his intrenched positions only to be slaughtered.

The Dervishers placed long columns in the road of his advance with his little army of twenty thousand men, never to leave the ground upon which they made their stand. Almost to a man he wiped from his path, fanaticism and prejudice pitted against modern civilization, and moved with the regularity of clock work toward the object of his efforts. Not one retrogressive movement, not one mistaken stand, not one useless bat-

tle, not one wasted effort marks the progress of the re-establishment of authority upon the Upper Nile.

The success of Kitchner is not simply a victory for the cannon builders and the sword smith; for the railroad which failed through the weak effort of Ismail Pasha followed in the steps of the establishment of order over the trackless desert. For two hundred and thirty-four miles across the desert, without one prospective drop of water, from Wada Halfa to the northern bend of the Nile, above Berber, this great enterprise was pushed, despite the fact that engineers declared it an impossibility. To-day the road extends above Berber on the way to Khartum, Kitchener made the railroad possible, and the railroad has made Kitchener's work possible.

The heroic sacrifices, the hours of ceaseless toil beneath the tropical sun, the discouragements, and the twenty years of the best part of life devoted by Kitchener and his corps of officers and engineers, will never be known to those who profit most by the opening up of this New Old World, nor half appreciated by the generations in which they live. He and they are but instruments of progress. On them and their nation rests the "White Man's Burden." Neither they, their nation, or any other nation dare falter. The nation of which Kitchener is a citizen and a soldier, has assumed its obligations in the spirit in which the world moves. England dared not fall by the wayside, for barbarism and fanaticism in the Mahdi were overrunning civilization and truth. The obligations of England to the benighted nations of Africa,

which have fallen to her lot to evangelize are as sacred as our duties to the peoples that have fallen to America's care. The acceptance of God's obligation and the re-establishment of law and order in the Soudan was but obeying the cosmic law of progress.

This progress cannot be resisted. This sacred duty cannot be shirked. If we believe in a higher civilization and enlightenment; if we believe in the principle of the greater good for the greater number; if we believe in the establishment of freedom, both in thought and in action; if we believe in the truthfulness of Christianity and that the lowly Nazarene was born to save the souls of men, we must believe that fortunes of war were decreed as they are for the betterment of mankind; and that the awful slaughters of the Mahdi's fanatics upon the deserts of the Soudan were but the refining crucibles for the betterment of these peoples and nations. The fortunes of war are but proof of the existence of an Almighty God and are a part of his plan in the evangelization of the earth.

Republics, kingdoms, empires, may be established, grow and finally perish; but civilization and the influence of Christianity must march with a steady progress, without halting step or periods of rest, like Kitchener to Khartum.

God holds all nations in the hollow of His hand, and it is His purpose that the English speaking people advance the cause of the true religion and the true God. He enacted the law of the "Survival of the fittest," and all nations, all peoples, all things, must obey that law. In the Soudan, the fittest must survive.

Though Kitchener destroyed the power of the Mahdi by the extermination of his followers, he has proven the law of progress. The retreat of Kitchener would have been annihilation to his army and death to progress. So Kitchener always advanced.

In his wake everywhere and always were felt larger liberty, nobler opportunity, and greater human happiness, for his cause has been the cause of humanity in industrial, civil and intellectual liberty. His trust has been as sacred as humanity. To have abandoned the Soudan would have been a crime against civilization and would have marked the beginning of the decadence of our race—the English race. The civilized world and the uncivilized world alike are the beneficiaries of Kitchener's march to Khartum and the trust he holds is the sacred property of the human race, for through him the world moves on.

J. A. SMITH, '00.

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### Irving.—A Fragment.

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There is a fascination in the style with which Washington Irving frames the thoughts and facts he presents that charms the readers, and causes him to wonder at and admire the genius of the man who can take a few Dutch settlers, with their childish superstitions, and with the addition of a simple little plot, weave a most charming story. He shows in his stories a thorough acquaintance with the subject he is endeavoring to present, that cannot be acquired by a mere superficial examination. "Endeavoring to present" is hardly the phrase to fit the case. At no time does he "en-

deavor." He does present the subject, clearly and distinctly. No vivid imagination is necessary to reproduce in the reader's mind the scenes and characters that he describes. Clearly are they portrayed by his master hand. There are no uncertain touches, no points that are lacking in color, no omission of details; while still no approach to the other extreme of too much attention to detail, to the neglect of the ensemble.

His humor too is pleasing. There is nothing biting about it, nothing unpleasant. While showing in their true light the follies of men, he does not endeavor to force a moral at every turn, but rather leaves to the reader the drawing of the morals.

While able to picture the ridiculous in life he possesses the greater faculty of eutering into men's sorrows and depicting their pathos and misery. Greater passages can be found in the tale wherein he describes the love of the aged widow, in the depths of poverty, for her only son, than in the tales of the strange adventure of Rip Van Winkle, or the mad midnight ride of Ichabod Crane. In a word, he was a man, a man who was not insensible to the best feelings of men, and loved the true and the beautiful and endeavored to present it as by him it was seen.

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### Reminiscence.

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Next commencement shall be forty-four years since the graduation of my class. Having not visited my alma mater for twenty-five years I paid her a visit recently. New Wilmington as it was forty-four years

ago is dearest to my heart; as it now is, it more commends itself to my judgment. It was unspeakably interesting, in going along the well paved streets, to stop and look at the "old forts" or boarding places. Oh! I thought of the poet's lines,  
 "Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,"  
 Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain.  
 Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise!  
 Each stamps its image as the other flies."

The kindly people who boarded students of the long ago, have passed beyond time; and some of my class too; the living are now old. Our president, Rev. Dr. James Patterson, an able and amiable man, together with all but one of our professors, have been called to their reward. The Literary Societies were well maintained. Intercourse between them was limited to committees, and these were seldom employed. In those days, some of us had to ride by stage-coach from Darlington station, Fort Wayne R. R. to Wilmington. Some of the students had to walk up hill during muddy roads, and carry a rail to pry the coach out of a mud hole. As it now is, New Wilmington is a beautiful village, approachable by railroads. The college campus trees have become like a forest. In my days there was a "Prep." student who boarded out at McCrumb's—I wonder if that fort is yet in existence? Little did we know the real worth that was in that "Prep." He developed to become a real man of science. He became, in his department, an eminent teacher. He too at his own expense built Science Hall. It was once a question, whether a "Prep" has a soul. Prof. Thompson was a "Prep." In my days there was a little boy whose father carried on the furnace that

stood on furnace hill. The venerable Mr. William Scott, a clerk in the furnace store, was wont to carry that boy on his back down into town to keep the students off him—the boy. Now that boy is President of the U. S. A. So dear HOLCAD don't throw a boy or a "Prep" overboard. Of course your Dr. Ferguson won't.

J. H. JAMIDSON, D. D., '56.

### A Tribute.

Through all these years of college life when students come and go;  
When summer brings its verdure, and winter brings its snow;  
When one class comes, another goes, a new one every year,  
Associations have been formed and often very dear;  
When term by term and year by year, each other follows fast,  
Each brings to us some changes, 'twas this way in the past.  
There is only one Professor that was here some years ago,  
Except the worthy Doctor, who of course will stay you know.  
We think of those old worthies, not in years we do not say,  
But who led the hosts advancing upward in the better way.  
They were helpful to the college in a multitude of ways,  
Mathematics, Greek and Science, they did teach us many days.  
Professors Thompson, Mitchell, Swan, these names familiar seem,  
And the good work done by them is more real than a dream.  
But of all familiar faces seen around this college town,  
Which we cannot but remember for he's gained so much renown.

He has been around so long, that he thinks he owns the place,  
And every nook about the college, he knows just like his face.  
Nothing ever happens round the college night or day,  
But he knows just all about it and must always have his say.  
The students all respect him, and I think they always must,  
For they always like the man whom they cannot help but trust.  
He is always very busy rings the bells just on the hour,  
When there's any trouble brewing then he tries to show his power.  
He always knows the guilty ones, knows where to place the blame,  
And if ever called in question he can call them all by name.  
To his skilled hands and busy brain the college doubtless owes,  
Much of her fame and great success the older that she grows,  
For many years he's watched the fires, quite carefully did tend  
Through all the work throughout the year, from first until the end.  
We wonder much if they could find one that could fill his place,  
When he his cares must all lay down, and he has run his race.  
He's genial, kind, courteous, and that's the right way, too  
For we must do to others as we'd like to have them do,  
And now we hope that he'll retain his splendid reputation,  
And live to see a ripe old age of highest veneration.  
And when his time has come on earth, and he his work lay down,  
We hope to see him at that day full ready for a crown.  
Alumni, students, faculty, they'll surely wish that he,  
Enjoys a place like other folks who strive to faithful be.



When college doors have all been closed, the bells  
 have all been rung,  
 When fires have all been started, and the chapel  
 praises sung,  
 With our lessons all recited and our "finals" all  
 have passed,  
 When the Ladies' Hall is vacant—maidens single  
 to the last,  
 When the sun shall rise that morning brighter  
 than a day in June,  
 May we see with all the others, our old friend  
 Professor Kuhn.

## The Holcad.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

### Editorial Staff.

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 JOHN M. CAMERON, '01.....ASSISTANT  
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 SAMUEL C. GAMBLE, '01.....LITERARY DEPARTMENT  
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 ROY NEVILLE, '02.....LOCAL DEPARTMENT  
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 GENEVIEVE SMITH, '01.....MUSIC, AND ART  
 ROBERT N. GRIER, '01.....ATHLETICS AND EXCHANGES  
 ALVAN R. HUNT, '02.....BUSINESS MANAGER

### Publishers Notice.

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No anonymous communications will be noticed.

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### EDITORIALS.

An additional word about the support of the College paper and the benefits to be derived therefrom. If there is one thing of advantage, which we can learn while in college, it is the habit of expressing our

thoughts in a clear and a concise manner. What does it avail one to have knowledge and be unable to transmit it to another? The genius of Goldsmith consisted mainly in his terse but comprehensive diction. He was a poor conversationalist and no orator, but a very dangerous antagonist when he took up his pen. This is one of the neglected arts and the good to be obtained can not be estimated. The majority of the students look upon the performance of literary work as a duty to be shirked rather than a pleasure to be enjoyed and a great source of gain. Therefore the idea of contributing an article to the HOLCAD is farthest from their thoughts and many are the graduates who can look back over their entire college life and find no such effort. We are the losers. All students must, some time or other in their career, acquire this art and the sooner begun, the easier the task and the better the results. Make a beginning, practice, and the aversion to the work will soon vanish. Once in the habit of committing your thoughts to paper, you will never cease; they will be of interest to you some day.

Taxidermy will probably be taken up by a few of the students as a side issue, and should be very interesting. The same plan could be followed as in botany; place the specimens on exhibition and then if they merit it, make them a permanent addition to the college museum as a nucleus of a fauna collection. A collection of our familiar birds at least would form a very useful and interesting exhibit. Of course, there is a tendency for young collectors to kill every bird they see, disregarding the fact that

that is one of the primary causes of the annihilation of several species; but under the watchful eye of an instructor this could be done away with. There is now in the museum a very good collection of eggs,—some unclassified,—so with the birds themselves, this would prove of much profit both to the students of ornithology and to the merely curious ones.

The interest in the department of Botany is increasing every year. The course has been lengthened somewhat and the methods employed in its teaching have resulted in doing away with much of the prevalent dislike to this important study. The students of all courses now have the laboratory work and great enthusiasm is evinced in the observance of the growth of plants and in their dissection and drawing. A greater interest in nature is cultivated and the powers of observation are strengthened. As soon as warm weather prevails, the collecting of specimens will begin with the usual rivalry for rare flowers and the reports of valuable "finds." Many and long to be remembered are these trips to the woods, a combination of pleasure and profit. After we have graduated and taken up our respective duties, one of the brightest pictures on memory's walls will be these short excursions in search of botany specimens.

The advertising department of a paper is perused almost as thoroughly as the literary, and in some papers the former often excels the latter. Of course this theme of "patronize our advertisers" may seem pretty well worn, but it is a long established fact

that the paper, whose advertisers are sought by the readers, secures the longest list. In a small town particularly, where a paper has a large local circulation, this rule should be most closely followed whence the number of business places should equal that of advertisers. A small advertising column is taken as the standard of the paper by a special class; and it is to this class that we say: "Place your advertisements here, and our subscribers will be your customers."

### LOCALS.

Ah! "Spring has come!"  
The gentle zephyrs blow;  
The birds are singing low;  
The brooks a singing flow;  
The grass begins to grow;  
The leaves and buds to show;  
And everyone is slow

To go

To classes. Thus we know  
That "Spring has come."

Morrison did not arrive until the 16th.

The class of '00 will not wear caps and gowns.

See "Hercules" Hunt for your HOLCAD subscription.

Our base-ball team is going to be a cracker-jack.

A new boarding club, The Wilson, has made its appearance.

Ask John Nelson the time. He has a new Elgin movement.

The texts for the Logic class were late in arriving and as a result the class did not begin recitations until the 14th.

Witt Breaden '02, spent Easter at his home in West Sunbury.

The trees on the Hall property have been trimmed (for Easter.?)

Prof. Peterson is eating at the Black Club now. We wonder why.

Miss —— (on seeing Dindinger go by) "My, isn't it spread on thick!"

Roy Kennedy and his sister, Julia, spent a few days at Cambridge Springs.

Cummings swallowed a dictionary and then wondered what wakened him.

Edna Ramsey was the guest of Pauline Pierce, of Sharpville, on Easter.

Chrestomath Hall is greatly improved by the new carpet and the electric lights.

Get out your colors and be ready to celebrate. The first game is April 28th.

"Hercules" Hunt, business manager of the HOLCAD, was in Pittsburg on the 15th.

Edmondson met with an injury to his knee-cap and in consequence is very lame.

Jas. A. McManus, of New Wilmington, has entered college for the Spring term.

Jas. E. Murray '00, went home on the seventh to attend the funeral of his grandmother.

Nelson (late for dinner)—"Don't bother passing things, fellows, I'm living on love now."

On being asked in Dutch how many sons his father had, Jim Grier surprised the Prof. by answering "32." He thought she was talking of teeth.

A large number of candidates for the base-ball team are on the field for practice every day.

A. T. Murray will not be in college this Spring. He is attending California State Normal.

The Faculty have approved of the base-ball schedule with the exception of the Slippery Rock games.

Prof. Brown used the 90 per cent method in the Jr. Dutch class last term. It met with general favor.

Word comes to us of the marriage of Mr. David Scroggs, ex-99, to Miss Alice Boone of Canonsburg.

Rev. Veazey was absent for several days. He was called to the bedside of his mother who was seriously ill.

A large reward is offered to anyone who will discover the whereabouts of Mayme Turner's chemistry note book.

Wilbur A. Service, formerly a Westminster man, will be graduated from Tarkio college with the class of 1900

Track team enthusiasm is growing. A large squad is out every day. Come out and give it your encouragement.

Degelman '03, has the sincere sympathy of the students in the loss of his mother who died at her home in Allegheny a short time ago.

Did you see Montgomery's new Easter bonnet? The trimming is by Miss Francis Mehard, a milliner of high reputation. Bill is looking for somebody's apron string to complete the affair.

Where are the Spring poets?

The box is ready for your jokes.

The Latin classes were surprised with a new teacher.

Did you know that McGinness was a "bad, bad Man?"

Is your subscription to the HOLCAD paid? If not, pay it.

McGinness wonders why no one roasts him about his new ring.

Some of the girls seem to be afraid they will have to pay "Single Tax."

The poetry must have touched their hearts. We welcome the boys back.

We are sorry to hear that Miss Ella Richmond is not coming back this term.

John doesn't take Geology any more but he hasn't lost his interest in Rox yet.

The increase of music students this term is very noticeable and is a good sign.

Lester Degelman was called home recently on account of the illness of his father.

The girls have very pretty Easter hats but we think the boys take the lead this term.

The "Outcasts of Poker Flat" have taken to flying kites. "What next?" "Marbles?"

Spoon says we may use his name to help fill up—D. Josephus Boyd McKenzie Witherspoon.

A 3d Prep translating the first line of Virgil—"A man from Troy with a dog under his arm."

We are glad to see Clyde Acheson back again.

A Recital was given on the 13th by the members of the department of Elocution.

Miss Cora V. Fuller, of Sharpsville, is in town every week giving lessons on stringed instruments.

McGinness thinks the appearance of the HOLCAD would be improved by the picture of his "five cent girl."

VanOrsdell Club has moved down street. There is only room for six on the porch now—quite an improvement.

Last term students who have not returned are Miss Ella Richmond, Messrs Purvis, Roessing, Anderson and Wallace.

Dr. Ferguson—"Where do we get our information concerning Socrates?"

J. Murray—"Xenophon's Miserable."

Have the base-ball goods arrived yet? This is the question that greets Manager Jack at every turn. Jack went to New Castle on the 14th to get away from it.

Warning to would-be Fishermen and to Jack McCalmont especially. In attempting to jump across the creek, don't fall in. The distance across may be greater than you think.

Heard on the train when returning after vacation.

Chorus of girls—"Mary had a little lamb;"

Mary Turner (in a doleful voice)—"Yes, but Mary left her poor little lamb behind her."



Perry won't be so busy now; the track draws the attention this term.

Among the former students who have returned for the Spring term are Baldwin, Allison, Earl Frazer and Miss Scott.

Pillow, telling the Boer's trouble to a Policeman—Just look at the hard luck they're having; that good man Goebel has just died.

Miss ——. "She reformed him after she married him."

Miss T--r.—"I'm going to reform mine before I marry him "

Prof. McElree was in Pittsburg for a few days having his eyes treated. He will be unable to teach this term, and Grove 'oo has taken his classes.

Judging from the number of express packages he carried to the Hall, "Shadow" Drake thinks that all the girls should have appeared in new Easter clothes.

Geo. C. McKee, at one time professor of Physics in this college, has accepted a position as electrician at the Ohio Steel Company's plant in Youngstown, O.

Westminster expects to line up for the first game as follows: Chambers-Umpire, Edmundson at the gate, Grier on grand stand and McKim-lemonade and pop corn.

A woman recently entered a drug store not far from the center of New Wilmington, and presenting a one ounce bottle, asked for a cent's worth of varnish. The drug-gist who has been in the business for twenty years almost fainted.

Dr. (in Pol. Econ.)—What was the

condition of the roads in England during the Industrial Revolution?

Seth Fruit—They were so poor they had to be transported from place to place on horseback.

The new music pupils are Miss Lulu Schoeller, Miss Bertha Kemps, Prof. McClelland, J. M. Weddell and Miss Martha Reed, of New Wilmington; Miss Helen Byers, of Fairchance; Miss Mabel Edith Mayberry and Miss Amy Seidel, of Worth, Pa.; Miss Anna Pearl Armstrong, of Leechburg, and Miss Margaret Wells Lawton, of West Middleton, Pa.

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## ALUMNI NOTES.

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James Black '98, is teaching the Academy at Fairfield, Pa.

Joseph Brittain, father of Rev. J. R. Brittain '63, died March 19, 1900.

Rev. I. T. Wright '69, conducted the opening chapel service of the term.

It is reported that J. R. Brittain '63, is going to move to New Wilmington.

R. E. Cooper '98, of Allegheny Seminary, was the guest of his parents here.

Thos. R. Jones '98, who has had a severe case of typhoid fever, is recovering.

R. E. Cooper '98, was licensed by Butler Presbytery at Grove City April 10, 1900.

Rev. Gealy '99, and O. W. Raney '98, visited the college at the opening of the term.

J. W. Witherspoon D. D., '80, recently made a tour of the mission school of the South.

Rev. A. S. Baily, '90, has received an unanimous call from Service congregation, Iowa.

H. G. Edgar '96, has taken up mission work among the foreigners in and about Pittsburg.

Rev. W. M. Anderson '93, and wife expect to visit Europe during the coming summer.

H. R. Miller '99, has been official proof reader for Murdock, Kerr & Co., for the past few weeks.

Miss Nellie M. Whitney '96, instructor of music at Canfield, O., visited relatives in town recently.

Wm. McElwee, Jr., principal of Eau Claire Academy, spent the vacation with his parents in the village.

Rev. J. H. Breaden '74, has returned from a winter sojourn in the South to his home, West Sunbury, Pa.

L. K. Peacock '98, was licensed to preach by Chartiers Presbytery, at Washington, Pa., April 12, 1900.

The Court of Lawrence county has been asked to appoint R. J. Totten '88, Burgess of New Wilmington.

R. M. Russell D. D., '80, preached at the dedicating services of the Rochester, N. Y. United Presbyterian church on April 1st.

The congregation at Belle Center, O., has extended a call to Rev. E. G. Bailey '92, of Rushville, Ind. It is thought that he will accept.

Miss Floy Robertson '98, who has been

teaching near Butler, is spending a few days with her mother, Mrs. Louise Robertson, at the Hall.

Leonard M. Wright '96, who is attending the Manon Sims Medical College, St. Louis, spent the Easter vacation in the village, the guest of relatives.

John McNaugher D. D., '80, will represent the Allegheny Seminary at the Oecumenical council to be held in New York City from April 20th to May 1st.

Rev. J. A. Alexander '86, has announced his resignation as pastor of the Second church Washington, Pa., to accept the call from our church at Cambridge, Mass.

Rev. J. D. Sands, D. D., '72, for twenty years pastor of the Seventh church, Pittsburg, announced his resignation on Sabbath evening, March 25. Ill health is the reason for his action.

J. M. Jamison '56, visited the college at the close of the last session. This venerable gentleman was graduated in the second class sent out by Westminster. In conversation he said that he remembered, as tho it were yesterday, when Prof. Thompson was a second prep. Yet he is still an active man and enjoys good health.

Mercer Presbytery met recently in the college chapel. Of the thirteen ministers in the presbytry the following are graduates of Westminster: J. D. Barr '88, 1st New Wilmington; J. W. Gealy '94, New Bedford Pa.; S. W. Gilkey '77, 1st Mercer; E. N. McElree '58, 2nd New Wilmington; W. J. Snodgrass '67, West Middlesex, Pa.; I. T. Wright '69, New Wilmington.

The 25th anniversary of the pastorate of Rev. A. S. Aken '70, of Lower Chanceford church, Airsville, Pa., was celebrated April 16-17. An elaborate program was prepared lasting through four sessions. The following are some of the addresses:

"The Minister as a Preacher"—Rev. G. M. Reed '76.

"Historical Sketch"—By the Pastor.

"The Aarons and Hurs"—Rev. E. Z. Thomas '69, Leechburg, Pa.

"The Rewards of Faithful Service"—Rev. S. G. Fitzgerald '70, Philadelphia, Pa.

Hon. J. Alex VanOrsdell '85, a Lawrence county boy, now a citizen of Cheyenne, Wyoming, and Attorney General of that state, went to Washington D. C., Dec. 10th last on important business for his state and to close up a complicated Indian claim, in which he was attorney, prior to his accepting the high office he now holds. He was taken sick three days after reaching Washington, with the fever and had a very serious siege, five weeks of the time being a blank to him. His wife was sent for at once. They remained in Washington until March 28th, having arrived at a satisfactory settlement with the National Government in all his matters on the 27th. They started for their home in Cheyenne the next day. The distance being about two thousand miles, they made the journey in the "noted popular and palatial Pullman car, Princeton," Penna R. R.

Alex has other important responsibilities in addition to that of Attorney General of the state, one of which is Chairman of the Republican Organization of the state.

## COLLEGE WORLD.

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The Trustees of Franklin college, New Athens Ohio, will erect a new college building this summer much larger than the former building.

At Simpson College, Indianola, Ia., the Y. M. C. A. has built and equipped a handsome gymnasium almost wholly through the efforts of its members.

Our friends at Grove City have a ladies basket ball team. Recently the ladies of the Literary department played the ladies of the music department. The literary girls won.

The Monmouth correspondent in the United Presbyterian says, "There is now but little doubt that a gymnasium will be built the coming summer and be ready for use by next September. There will also be \$500 or \$600 spent on the athletic park which will then be put in good shape."

President Frost, of Berea College, tells of the success of a Kentucky Mountain girl who taught school in a particularly unpromising district. A native praised her enthusiastically, saying that to look at her you would think she was having "the finest kind of a time." Possibly some teachers in favored districts miss the highest success because to look at them you would think they were having the worst kind of a time.—Youths Companion.

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The "Steel and Garnet" issued by the Girard College Alumni is one of our latest exchanges. The sketch of Frank R. Stockton, altho' short, is very comprehensive.

## ATHLETICS.

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### WESTMINSTER SCHEDULE.

April 28—Geneva at New Wilmington.  
 May 5—New Wilmington at Geneva.  
 May 8—Allegheny at Meadville,  
 May 12—H. L. A. C. at Homestead.  
 May 14—H. L. A. C. at New Wilmington.  
 May 19—Allegheny at New Wilmington.  
 May 23—Ohio S. University at New Wilmington  
 May 26—C. A. C. at Braddock.  
 May 28—W. & J. at Washington.  
 May 29—Indiana S. N. at Indiana  
 May 30—Johnstown A. C. at Johnstown (2).  
 June 2—Westminster vs Allegheny at Sharon.  
 June 6—Cuban Giants at New Wilmington.  
 June 11—Indiana at New Wilmington.  
 June 12—Indiana at New Wilmington.  
 June 13—W. & J. at New Wilmington.

Games will be arranged with New Castle and Slippery Rock S. N.

Wilhelm is under Pittsburg's control.

W. & J. made several of the team good offers to go there.

The basket ball team lost a game to Wimerding during vacation, by a score of 10--7.

Dave Wright who pitched several games for us a few years ago, has signed with Dayton.

Will the faculty permit us to play Sunday ball? We could no doubt draw great crowds(?) at home.

Jess Grim, of Volant, will catch this year. He caught Rube Waddell when Rube was just coming out.

The American people are fast turning our national game into a profession which takes all seven days of the week to make

fun enough for the people.

The candidates for the track team have been practicing zealously during the past week; and will soon be in readiness for the meet at Washington which takes place about May 28. Several new long distance men are out, and are developing into form rapidly.

The schedule of Grove City states that three games are to be arranged with us. For several years there have been no games between the two schools. If G. C. will agree to the article of the Inter-collegiate League there will be no trouble to arrange games with us.

A number of teams such as want games with 12 and 15 year old teams talk about the Ass't manager signing men. There is nothing like trying to feel big and imitate the larger teams. Sign men, they no doubt, pay their lads the same as the National League.

A second base ball team should be encouraged. There are plenty of men in school who, with training could readily make the first team. It has always been a difficulty to develop men to fill a position in one years training. There are several in the team who would be excellent coaches and would be glad to coach a second team. In another year nearly all the old team will be gone. A team can run only one year on the reputation of the team before; if they do no work themselves they will find it difficult in the next season to get games with first class teams.

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## MUSIC AND ART.

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There is nothing like music to enbalm and reproduce the past.

Miss Mae Ralph has not returned to school this term.

Prof. Peterson and Miss Acheson both report a number of new pupils in their respective departments.

The Art Department has been increased by two students. Miss Kate Elliott in water color and Miss Laura Turner also taking water colors.

The Chorus class will not give a concert until the latter part of the term. Much interest has been taken in the class thus far in the year and it is hoped that it will even increase this last term. The Chorus is free to all students and the benefit to be derived from it is well testified to by those who have attended.

The literary societies have again opened their doors and all report good attendance. It may not be amiss here to mention the musical part of our society programs. The musical talent as well as the literary should be cultivated in the society instead as is often the case, of being made conspicuous by its absence. A literary program however interesting is apt to become monotonous unless enlivened somewhat with "concord of sweet sounds."

The informal reception given by the Christian associations on the evening of April 5, in the Adelphic Hall was a success in every particular. The new officers of the

associations are to be congratulated on their delightful entertainment. After a short but interesting program consisting of vocal solos by Rev. Barr and Prof. Freeman and a reading by Miss Acheson, cards bearing questions concerning a "Floral Love Tale" were passed which afforded much amusement as well as instruction. These receptions are very useful their intention being to strengthen the social ties binding the members of the college.

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## EXCHANGES.

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The Track team which is to represent Princeton at Paris will sail for Europe about June 20, and will remain abroad about six weeks.

Oxford can stop a girl from taking the degree of A. B., but it can't prevent her from adding the honorable title of "Ma", to her name.—Ex.

The late William Osborn of Pittsburg, Pa., bequeathed \$40,000 to Oberlin College for the endowment of the President's chair.  
—Ex.

The Rayen "Record" official organ of the Rayen High School, Youngstown, O., is somewhat above the average high school paper, both in make up and subject matter.

The Hiram "Advance" or Latinized, "Hiramini Collegii Progressionis" issued recently a very unique and very readable Latin number. The Nursery Rhymes in Latin are particularly good, as is also the following story of Caesar which we have never before seen quoted:

"Julius," said the shade of Napoleon,

'I've always been anxious to know if you really exclaimed 'The die is cast' when you had crossed the Rubicon.'

"No," replied the mighty Caesar, "it was a mistake of the young officer who wrote my commentaries. You see, I was wearing a \$2.98 toga at the time, and as I wrung the water out of it upon reaching the other side I made a wonderful discovery. I cried out with joy: 'The dye is fast.'"

#### SUMMER.

They stood beneath a spreading tree,  
And talked as lovers should;  
And then to seal the compact, he  
Cut "Mabel" on the wood.

#### AUTUMN.

Now, back to town they both have strayed,  
One day they chanced to meet,  
And then and there the self-same maid  
Cut "Charlie" on the street. —Ex.

#### YES—WHAT?

A good story is going the rounds at Harvard college, concerning a last year's graduate, a dutiful son and an industrious

student, yet withal a somewhat liberal youth. At the beginning of his concluding year his father, who was just setting out for Europe, said to him:

"Now, Harry, you get your degree, and I'll send for you to come over and travel all summer."

Harry was delighted. "Father," said he, "I will." He studied faithfully all the college year and in June went through with flying colors. Then he cabled his father:

"Yes."

But the father, alas, had forgotten his impulsive offer. He mused over the message, wondered and then cabled back:

"Yes—what?"

The son was in turn perplexed, but, being a well trained lad, he did not remain long in the dark and, fired by dutious zeal, cabled back:

"Yes, sir."

Letters of explanation followed, and he won the "grand tour."

# THE HOLCAD.

VOL. XX.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., MAY 1900.

No. 9.

## A Noted Man of Letters.

Seldom does one meet a man of broader personality, than the subject of this sketch, Charles Dudley Warner.

A literary man by profession, he has adopted the creed of the true man of letters, 'the all for my brothers, nothing too high, nothing too small, to be studied, to be mastered, to be presented to the people. The world and all its phenomena, life and all its mysteries are before us, take what of beauty, what of happiness we can.' And his broad nature takes and holds it all with the keen enjoyment of the student and the scholar; but not selfishly, for through his ready pen, he metes it again, touched with the charm of his quiet humor and his quick perception.

Mr. Warner may be said to be one of the most successful editors of the English speaking people. His best work along this line was done in connection with the American Men of Letters Series. Since 1867 he has edited "The Courant," the leading newspaper of Hartford, Conn., his home city. In literary circles he is known as an essay writer and the author of several nature studies of great beauty and practical

value. Within the last few years he has written more of fiction than formerly; and in one of his novels has interwoven his ideas as to heredity and the free soul, proving through the plot of the story his belief that no soul is born into the world unbiased by a hereditary disposition, and that supposed heredity is the result of environment. In this, he displays his research in the field of sociology. In fact he is one of the pioneers in this line of thought.

Not only is he a man of books but of public spirit as well, for which his law studies in the University of Pennsylvania have given him a great advantage. In this connection he has rendered efficient help in the work among the Connecticut State Prisons, and it is mainly through his efforts that many prison reforms have come to pass in New England.

In personal appearance he would not impress the casual observer as a man in the public eye. His manner, dress, and conversation, bear almost the mark of studied simplicity, but his warm generous sympathy with all humanity is written on his face and needs no profession of speech to make it felt.

His bright blue eyes beam with the re-

flection of a master intellect blended with a soul in which Christian charity is supreme.

In his pleasant home close by that of his old friend Mark Twain, and almost within the circle of the shadow cast by Charter Oak when it stood a monument to the heroism of the brave settlers, he leads a quiet domestic life, surrounded by all that makes life beautiful and happy, family and friends.

The traces of his seventy years sit lightly upon him. A man of sixty might look as old. In mind and spirit he is still young.

In all his work, his studies and his travels, he has a constant and loving companion in his daughter, a young woman of brilliant intellect and perfect culture. Together they have many walks and talks, each in perfect sympathy with the other, a beautiful example of companionship between parent and child.

In beautiful Hartford have passed most of the years of his manhood. Here he has worked, here he has dreamed the dreams and seen the visions which live in the pages of his books, and here he is spending his afternoon of life now creeping toward the late afternoon, trustfully hoping to see the sun go down in a clear and tranquil sky.

L. E. I. '00.

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### Culture an Element in Success.

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Were one to formulate a statement that in a few words covers the universal desires of men, it could not perhaps be better done than by saying that all men desire to succeed.

In some, who look much at the present and little at the future, and who for this

reason very often prefer present gratification to future advantage, the desire may be comparatively vague and indistinct. In others of a more thoughtful character it always stands out clear and distinct. But to a greater or less extent it is present in all and every life is more or less constantly influenced by it.

Men differ in their ideas of success. Only a chosen few are enabled to see the ideal, the highest good, the most complete success which life presents to man's striving soul. But whether the goal which we seek be true or false, we are ever more or less earnestly and constantly striving to attain

Since then this is true, since all men would succeed it is but natural that we should be interested in the various elements in life which go to make up success. Culture is one of the most important of these elements.

Education in its narrower sense—that is, a mere acquisition of knowledge, is not culture. Its relation to true culture is that of a means to an end. Facility in Greek or Latin paradigms, acquaintance with science, moral or physical, does not make a man cultured. Knowledge of the carbon compounds does not fit us to bear without reproach the grand old names of gentleman or gentlewoman.

Very often we see men who are apparently finely educated, but who have signally failed to become at the same time cultured men. While on the other hand many a man who is not educated has made himself in the highest sense cultured.

In the age of the world in which we are living, would a man be successful in life



he must be capable of taking and maintaining his place among the best men and women of his time. Culture will be an invaluable aid to him in doing this, for as a refiner's fire removes all the dross and impurity from the gold and leaves it pure and unalloyed, so culture takes from man's life all that is vulgar, sordid or low, leaving only that which is high, pure and noble.

In nature and life alike the foundation of all activity is force, and force put forth is power. The secret of all attainment is ability to put forth force already in the possession of the individual, and thus transmute them into power. We can give the world no more than is within ourselves, often much less. For there are many people of great force who have little power and thus in great measure fail in attainment. What is the relation then of culture to this power of effort which secures and insures true and worthy success. Culture is not power, but it is an essential in the higher putting forth of power. It enables to use to the best advantage what we have of mental or moral force.

Side by side are two blades. They are composed of equally good steel. But one is keen and polished, while the other is blunt and covered with rust. The polished blade will cleave at a single stroke the armor from which the rusty blade slides harmlessly away. The polished blade is the cultured man. He will carve his way to the high and honorable places of the earth where the coarse, uncultivated man falls back hopelessly defeated. Culture gives polish and keenness to the character. It is like the polish of the blade and keen-

ness of edge to the Damascus steel. Man's intellect is bestowed on him as a diamond in the rough. The value is there, but to the man is given the task of polishing and cultivating until his mind becomes a richer treasure than the most perfectly cut stone and as the gem is not cut without care and time, neither is the mind fully developed without perhaps long years of study and diligent preparation. Yet once refined and cultivated it shines like a precious jewel in the coronet of character. More pure than gold, more enduring than the diamond.

Thus it should be our aim during these years of college life thoroughly and permanently to begin this work. What better opportunities could be desired than those with which we are furnished here. For here may be studied the noblest thoughts and highest ideas of the best men of all the ages. But unless we make their thoughts our thoughts, unless we have caught something of the spirit that has animated and animates the good and great of the world, that spirit which leads one to set before himself a high ideal and then press forward through every hindrance to realize it, we shall have missed the best part of education. We shall leave college having perhaps what is called a good education, but we will not take with it that culture which alone will make this knowledge of the highest and truest service.

Important though this culture of the intellect is and earnestly and constantly though we should strive to attain it, yet there is something further which we must have would we be cultured in the broadest and truest sense. That is culture of the heart.

We need to get culture of the heart as well as culture of the intellect. Every man is born with the capacity of higher and nobler things of sympathetic and kindly feelings for his fellow men. Now would he have these feelings grow and attain to perfection he must cultivate them with care, or just as the flowers in a garden are choked and smothered out by weeds unless carefully watched and cared for, so the nobler feelings of man's heart will be smothered out by the rank growth of selfishness and evil impulse unless every good sentiment is encouraged and cultivated.

Too often moral culture receives but a secondary place when rightly it should go hand in hand with intellectual culture. For we are taught to look not only on that which is just and honest, but also on that which is lovely and of good report.

Abraham Lincoln was a man of marked intellectual culture, but it was the large, kind, sympathetic heart back of it all that made his power and influence so widely felt.

Heart culture and intellectual culture are both essential to a perfectly rounded and successful life. Men and women should early in life begin with true zeal and tireless effort to gain for themselves the culture of mind and heart which will enable them to go out into the world thoroughly equipped for the struggle of life in which all must engage.

Let us then in these formative years seek after true culture; culture of the intellect which shall make it polished and keen, quick and strong, to cope against opposing circumstances and press its way to

the accomplishment of noble purpose and high endeavor. Culture of the heart which shall make us true gentlemen and gentlewomen, quick in sympathy, courteous in demeanor with hearts ready to respond with sympathetic beat to each sentiment of true humanity thrilling in response to every throb of that great heart of love and grace that beats in the breast of the Eternal Father. Let this then be our ideal and we shall deserve and enjoy that which so many strive after and so few comparatively attain, the highest and noblest success.

MARGARET GEALEY, '01.

### A Wish to a Beauty of the Ladies Hall.

I see thee there, my dark-eyed girl;  
As down thy neck thy ringlets curl;  
Where wreathing dimples sweetly play,  
About a face that's always gay;  
Where feeling acts a silent part,  
With blushes—tell-tales of the heart—  
And glances greet some stranger's form,  
That would a soulless stoic warm.

I see thee there, like morning's ray,  
Sent through the clouds at early day,  
To shine a while, then fade again,  
Too lovely longer to remain.  
Thy cheeks o'erspread with roseate hues,  
Thine eyes suffus'd with melting dews,  
There come and go, as if thy heart  
Could not from that charmed spot depart.

I see thee there, alone in smiles.  
With rosy lips and artless wiles,  
Whence oft a look in vain is thrown  
Like sunbeams o'er the frigid zone.  
As if to win some answering token,  
To thoughts that may not yet be spoken,  
Within thy bosom treasured up,  
Like dew-drops in the lily's cup.

I see thee there ; yet know not why,  
 Thou turn'st on me thy full dark eye.  
 Thy snow-white neck, and flower-wreathed hair,  
 Add charms to what was always fair ;  
 Yet all thy charms in me can wake,  
 Naught but a wish for thy sweet sake,  
 That whosoe'er thy heart enchain,  
 Thy love may be returned again.

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### Dreaming.

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On grassy bank 'neath sylvan shade  
 Beside the dimpling stream  
 Where human steps have seldom strayed  
 I rest and waking, dream ;

While naught disturbs my fancies fair  
 Save only crickets voice  
 Or water nymphs that dance in air  
 And in the sun rejoice.

And thus I muse, Life is a dream  
 A fancy fair or dark,  
 Or gay or sad, whate'er it seem  
 It leaves no lasting mark.

And when aweary of the play  
 We grow and long for rest  
 One touches us at close of day  
 With dreamless slumber blest.

F. '09.

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### "Just as the Sun Went Down."

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After the hours for study were o'er,  
 Just at the close of day,  
 Smoking and chatting around Uncle's store  
 One pleasant ev'ning in May.  
 Some waited there till the Hall girls were due,  
 Some took a walk down town,  
 Others would fain have been elsewhere that night  
 Just as the sun went down.

#### CHORUS—

One thought of fame and of fair renown  
 Waiting along his way :  
 One of the sweetheart he'd leave behind.  
 After Commencement day.

One puffed a ringlet of cigarette smoke,  
 One held a "Judge" of brown—  
 Round Uncle's store we were loafing that night,  
 Just as the sun went down.

One with his lady went strolling that night  
 Just at the close of day,—  
 Lovers in school like all others you know,  
 Always have plenty to say,—  
 Out "Shakey Hollow" they wandered that night,  
 Out from the gossip of town,  
 Happy were they on that bright summer day  
 Just as the sun went down.

Some on the "Campus" were singing that night  
 Just at the close of day :  
 Some with the girls from the Office to Hall  
 Wended their leisure way.  
 Buried would soon be the "Hatchet of Strife,"  
 "Peace Pipes" would heal each wound ;  
 Hearts would be sad on that farewell night  
 Just as the sun went down.

One by one scattered the loafers that night,  
 Just at the close of day :  
 Some hearts were sad for the days gone by,  
 Others were cheerful and gay.  
 One sauntered back to his "Bachelor den"  
 One stayed awhile up town ;  
 Smoking and loafing together at school,  
 Just as the sun went down.

WM. SON.

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Oh, if I only knew Greek,  
 A cinch would lessons be ;  
 For English, Latin, French and Dutch—  
 They all seem Greek to me.

—Pacific Wave.

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Prof. (giving Senior a boost)—"Do you know what the term is which conveys the idea of reading between lines?"

Senior (smiling retrospectively)—"Yes sir; interlinear."—Ex.

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## The Holcad.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

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### EDITORIAL.

The campus is beginning to assume her commencement appearance; with green, well-kept sward and cool, inviting shade, she presents an ideal retreat on a warm, sunny afternoon. What scenes have been enacted within her borders! What secrets must she possess! Soon the "old grads" will be back; this tree or that stone will recall to them their college pranks, by which they sought to annoy the faculty and amuse their fellow students. Then comes the remembrance of narrow escapes in the classrooms and the dread of examinations. But they look upon all these ups and downs with pleasure; for those were the happy days of college life never to return, save in memory.

The June number, the last of the present year, will be devoted mostly to commencement; we shall endeavor to make it of special interest to the alumni. Among the distinctive features will be half tones of the faculty and of the various athletic teams. Non-subscribers can obtain copies by handing their names immediately to the business manager.

The inter-collegiate oratorical contest has been held and Westminster came out second in the race, although popular opinion placed our man first. This contest is one of the most important in which we participate, and those who are thinking of entering the preliminary contest next year should begin at once. There is no better training for a young man aspiring to good oratorical ability than is to be had in these contests; more interest should be manifested, thus giving the contestant a greater incentive to hard work.

"Westminster holds a world's record."

Under the watches of competent timers, the record for the half-mile hose race has been placed by Westminster students at ten seconds below the former time. This is the first time a world's record has been made in our college; and this fact alone should make the boys strain every effort to keep it here. Much credit is due to the training given the boys this spring; no doubt this is but a forerunner of the success of our track teams in the spring meet. May Westminster win out!



## LOCALS.

—

Poor Geneva!

Thirty-four to four!

Tennis is in order now.

Can our boys play ball?

Montgomery is tutoring in Logic.

Fruit was in Sharon on April 24th.

John Gamble was in Sharon recently.

Senior party will be given on May 18th.

Prof. Peterson was out of town April 16th.

How tired those poor Botany students look!

Chas. Williamson spent a few days at Butler.

Mathiat was in Pittsburg on the 16th of April.

Degelman was a New Castle visitor on April 19th.

Miss Floy Robertson is home to spend the summer.

J. E. Murray was in Pittsburg on the 29th of April.

Prof. McLaughry was in New Castle on the 24th.

Doctor's talk on "Slang" was exceedingly interesting.

"Sheeny" McAleese was a recent visitor in New Wilmington.

John Nelson was home for a few days at the first of the month.

Patronize those who advertise in the "HOLCAD."

J. F. Grubbs ex '99, will return to college next Fall.

Ralph Adams '02, has left college on account of poor health.

E. A. and C. F. Campbell were home for a short visit recently.

It is rumored that Brooks has joined the Pinkerton detective force.

Miss Minta Mowry, of Mercer, spent April 21st with friends at the Hall.

John Cameron ought to know that poached eggs aren't good for the hair.

Morrison, Hamilton, and Lloyd Thompson spent Sabbath, April 29th, in Sharon.

Miss Turner and Miss Byers were the guests of friends in New Castle on the 29th.

Cole attended the Sharpsville Commencement exercises the evening of the 27th.

Rev. J. H. Veazey went to Shannopin, Pa. April 21st to attend the funeral of his mother.

Guy and Roy Volton were called home on the 26th because of the sickness of their mother.

Prof. Hanna (in Botany)—"In the case of ducts (ducks) Mr. Drake." Then she stopped to blush.

"Ikey" Reed caused much laughter in Sr. Dutch by translating "a young gentlemen" a tender youngster.

Just four years ago Saxon's little head began to grow.

Williamson is raising a mustache to keep him company.

Boyd Witherspoon visited in Mahoningtown the 5th.

Senior vacation begins on May 19th, a week earlier than usual.

Miss Nell Andrews spent Sabbath, the 6th, at her home in Irwin.

The Chrestomath girls are very well pleased with their new lights.

Ramsay was on the sick list for a few days. He went home May 3rd.

Miss Richmond shows the right spirit when interrupted in her devotions.

Miss Cook and Miss Irons can tell you how a shower bath at midnight feels.

A number of the boys attended services at the "Amish" church the last Sunday in April.

Drake spent two days in Pittsburg recently. We wonder why he returned so soon.

Since the speech in Chapel we hear a great deal less slang among the students. Sure.

Under the direction of F. A. Conner of Oil City, the track team is improving rapidly.

McGinness says he has a good joke on his girl but since it concerns him he can't tell it.

The Geneva boys command respect

whenever they come to town. They bear defeat well.

We are sorry to hear that Prof. McElree's eyesight is not improving as rapidly as it might.

Miss Zene Moore, of New Castle, visited friends in New Wilmington the week of the 30th.

Who can break McGinness' record for slow walking—12 minutes from the drive to the piazza.

The attendance at the game on Saturday was not as good as was expected for the opening game.

Frank Wright, ex '01, who has been teaching school at Latimer, Ohio, has arrived home to spend vacation.

Watch for the commencement number next month. If you have a good joke or a bit of news put it in the box.

Miss Chamberlain did heroic work at the fire. She pumped a little bucket of water but forgot to throw it on.

A number of students attended the Commencement exercises of Mercer High School on the evening of May 4th.

The serenade by some members of the Glee Club at the Hall on April 28th was greatly appreciated by all who heard it.

In the Art Room.—

Miss Hodgens—"Let me place the "Shadow" for you Miss Cook."

It takes pink and green to make Shadows. What a combination! No wonder the poor boy looks thin!

Miss Howell was in Pittsburg on the 14th.

Miss Elma Chamberlin visited her home in East Liverpool for a few days.

Watch for Hamilton's position in the Freshman class picture. He actually ordered another fellow out so he could sit beside her.

We would like to warn the boys about the horse Willie Williams was driving a few days ago. He said it looked around too much.

Miss Byers, during class, asked one of the girls to hold her hands. Was it because they were cold or because Cook had been called out?

Prof Freeman (in a discussion on reading books)—“Read a book twice! Read a book twice! Why, I never read a book twice in my life but once.”

Rev. Dodds met with an accident and was unable to give his address at the Anti-Saloon meeting on April 24th. After a short talk by Dr. Ferguson, the audience dispersed.

Rev. Crawford, president of Allegheny college, presented his lecture “Savannah” in the Methodist church on the evening of April 20th. All who heard him were well pleased.

Seavy, of New Castle, and Hunger & Co., of Cleveland, photographers, were at the Science Hall during the week of April 30th. Each did a large amount of work.

Montgomery and Mowry walked to Mercer, a distance of ten miles, one morn-

ing before breakfast. We should like to give a list of the things they ate for breakfast but our space is too limited.

Prof. B. (in Logic)—“What do you know about the generalization of names?”

Miss Mehard—“Well, if you give a dog the name of a man, there will be two persons with the same name.”

The Contest for the Alethean Medal will be held on the morning of Commencement day and in the afternoon ten persons, chosen by the Faculty to represent the class, will deliver orations.

—“Pillow, you must have a bad case. Why, you walk to chapel with her every morning.”

Pillow (confused) “Well, I couldn't help it.”

Miss Bessie Stewart, a student in the preparatory department, died at her home in Bethel on April 20th. She was ill for only a short time. The students extend their heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved parents.

McGinness (to Laura Irons)—Oh, don't you wish this term over?

Laura (impulsively)—No I don't! See what I would miss!

We should like to know—

Why “Ding” always tumbles when leaving the Hall.

Why the boys stay away from the Hall on Wednesday evenings now.

Why some of the profs. do not take a vacation.

Why the students do not make more use of the Local Box.

Why Nelson isn't called a fire-bug.

## ATHLETICS.

### THE OLYMPIAN GAMES.

The programme of athletic events that has been prepared for the Olympic meet at Paris this year is of considerable interest. The Paris games will begin on May 27 and will include football, hockey, cricket, lawn tennis, croquet, bowling, baseball, lacrosse and golf, in addition to the regular track and field events. The world's champion events, in which Princeton will compete, will be held on July 15, 17, 19 and 22. These events include 110 and 400 meter hurdle races, 100, 400 and 800 meter dashes, 1500 meter run, 2,500 meter steeplechase, the high jump, the broad jump, the broad jump, the pole vault, putting the shot and throwing the discus. The prizes for the races will be as follows: First 400 francs, second 200 francs, second 200 francs, third, 50 francs. The prizes for the field events will be valued at 220 francs for first place and 80 for second place. A long programme of special events has been arranged to take place in connection with the championships. It is as follows: 4,000 meter steeplechase, 60 and 200 meter dashes, hammer throwing, 200 meter hurdle race and an international relay race of 5,000 meters in which each nation will enter two men. The prize for this race will be 1,000 francs.

The track team has been practicing daily. Many new men are being developed. Cummings who broke the record last year at W. & J has lowered his time this year. Yourd, a new man, will give the half mile people in the Field meet at W. & J. June

2, the hottest race they ever ran. Nearly all last years team, Sloss, Deevers, Thompson, Degelman, Ferguson and others are in good form. The probable make up of the team will be Deevers, Sloss, Thompson, Degelman, Yourd, Cummings, McCague, Hamilton, Smith, McCandless and Wither- spoon.

The following clipping from the Valley edition of the Pittsburg Leader will clearly set forth our objections to playing the Slippery Rock State Normal team under the name of a college team: "The members of the Greenville team who are farming out to the Slippery Rock Normal school are getting into the game in fine shape and according to a letter recently received they are working the school racket for all it is worth. The letter states that they are taking recess, girlology and ballism and go fishing between times. Jack McAleese will play with Warren, O., against Canton on Sunday.

Westminster opened the season here last Saturday with Geneva. The Geneva team made a good appearance in their new suits but gave us a very poor exhibition of base ball. They scored in the first inning but didn't reach third again until the 7th, while Westminster scored 4 in the first and 12 in the second. Guy and Roy Yoltan were called home Saturday morning on account of sickness in the family. Gny was playing a good game at short. Roy has been acceptably filling Edmundson's place at 3d while the latter is on the cripple list. Cameron pitched a fine game. He had no trouble with the Geneva people, striking



them out at will. "Zip" Kuhn had lots of life in him, catching a good game and having 2 two-base hits. The next game will be at Geneva Saturday May 5. Score.

GENEVA.	R.	B.	P.	A.	E.
Craig, 2	0	1	2	1	2
Patterson, p. and 1st.	1	2	10	0	0
Leach, c. and p.	2	2	3	2	0
A. George, ss.	0	1	1	1	2
J. George, 3d.	0	0	1	3	5
McKean 1st and c.	0	0	1	0	0
Hill, 1. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Johnson, c. f.	0	0	4	0	1
Sterrett, r. f.	1	2	1	0	0

Totals	4	8	24	7	10
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WESTMINSTER	R.	B.	P.	A.	E.
Smith, Edmundson, 3d.	2	1	0	0	1
Porter, 2d.	5	2	2	1	1
Chambers 1. f.	6	3	2	0	0
McKim, ss.	7	1	3	4	1
Kuhn, c.	5	3	5	4	0
Cameron, p.	4	4	0	6	0
Breaden, 1st.	2	4	9	0	2
Grier, 1. f.	2	3	6	0	0
Jordan, Ewing	1	1	1	0	0

Totals	34	22	27	15	5
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Westminster	4	12	0	3	9	0	2	4	*--34.
Geneva	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1--4.

Bases on Balls—Off Cameron, 1, Patterson, 14. Home Run—McKim.

Scores of some of the nearby schools:  
 W. & J. 25, Pittsburg H. S., 4.  
 W. & J. 11, Pittsburg College 1.  
 Allegheny 18; McElwaine Institute 0.  
 Allegheny 10, Erie High School 8.  
 Slippery Rock 11, Our Boys Etna, 1.  
 Slippery Rock 2, Grove City 2. Fought in 7th inning.  
 Grove City 30, Fredonia 4.

## MUSIC AND ART.

An entertaining program was given by the elocution department assisted by Miss Turner and Prof. Peterson on Friday night April 13. The selections were all rendered

in a meritorious manner and gave ample proof of Miss Acheson's ability as instructor. The arena scene from "Quo Vadis" was effectively recited by Lloyd Thompson and Miss Chamberlain showed talent in her vivid portrayal of character. Carl Smith's reading was executed in his usual forcible manner. Clyde Gibson's deep, strong voice gives promise of the future orator. The program follows:

The Victor of Mavengo,

Mr. Edwin Frazier.

The Nervous Woman and the Telephone.

Miss Bernice Lindley.

Doctor Marigold - Charles Dickens.

Mr. Clyde Gibson

Contralto Solo. Song of a Heart. Tunison.

Miss Mayme Turner.

Pauline Pavlovona - T. B. Aldrich.

Miss Elma Chamberlain.

Mr. Travers' First Hunt, Richard Harding Davis

Mr. Carl H. Smith,

Nicholas Nickleby at the Yorkshire School,

Miss Bernice Lindley.

Solo. Oh that We Two Were Maying Gounod.

Mr. M. Luther Peterson.

The Arena Scene from Quo Vadis.

Mr. Lloyd Thompson.

Goliath. - - - T. B. Aldrich.

Miss Grace Acheson.

A rather good story is told of Xaver Scharwenka. The distinguished musician took passage to Germany on a slow steamer. He did so because he wanted a quiet trip and time to complete the orchestration of his new piano concerto. There were only fifteen cabin passengers, and Scharwenka was pleased. He would sit down at a lonely table and write furiously for fourteen hours a day. None of the passengers bothered themselves much about the industrious professor, but one day a nice old gentleman—a

retired butter merchant, whose heart was evidently as soft as the merchandise he had made a fortune in—came to Scharwenka and tried to coax him to take a walk on deck. The composer declined courteously, pointing out that he had a good deal more music to write. "But my dear man," the butter merchant insisted, "what are you doing this for? Economy is all right, but one must not go to extremes. Why don't you buy the pieces you are copying there? Music is so cheap nowadays."

One of the most entertaining musical programs of the season was rendered on the evening of May 3 by the Westminster Glee Club assisted by the Philo Mandolin Club and Miss Acheson. Nearly every selection was encored. to which the performers good naturedly responded. We are proud of the showing of our Mandolin and Glee Club, and every member as well as the director deserves the commendation of the entire college. The program follows, as well as a copy of the first number which was one of the original features of the evening.

Our Mother Fair, Westminster.

Hail, hail to thee, our Mother Fair, Westminster!  
Thy sons thy name with rev'rent homage greet.  
While rings our song within thy sacred portals,  
Fresh wreaths we twine and lay them at thy feet.  
Long may she live, our Mother Fair, Westminster!  
Fling to the breeze her banner white and blue.  
Halls of our fathers, home of hallowed mem'ries,  
Our Alma Mater, glorious, grand and true.

Mother triumphant, let thy splendid story  
Teach us the truth it ever taught thy sons,  
That age hands down to coming age its glory.  
Through all our lives the same firm purpose runs.  
How can we falter, then, if thou command us;  
How dare we fear, if thou dost us inspire;  
How faint or fail or yield, whate'er withstand us?  
Thy presence in our hearts, a holy fire.

Youngest of all thy sons we hail and greet thee  
With all our lives for service in thy sight.  
Westminster Fair, our Mother, we salute thee,  
Majestic, crowned with everlasting light.  
Long may she live our Mother Fair, Westminster!  
Fling to the breeze her banner white and blue!  
Halls of our fathers, home of hallowed mem'ries  
Our Alma Mater, glorious, grand and true.

Glee Club.

Aunt Mandy's Wedding. (Cake Walk.) Tyers.  
Mandolin Club.

Evening Hymn - - - Witt.  
Glee Club.

His Unbiased Opinion. - Grace J. Furniss.  
Miss Acheson

Simple Simon. - - - Macy.

Scene 1st. His name.

Scene 2nd. His march and his meeting with  
the crafty vender of pics.

Scene 3d. His cheeky and hopeless request.  
The pie-man's prompt and startling question.

Scene 4th. His humiliating confession.  
Remarks suggested by the foregoing tale.  
Glee Club.

The Bandolero. - - - Stuart.  
Mr. M. Luther Peterson.

The Water Mill - - - Macy.  
Glee Club.

Captain Jauuary. - Laura E. Richards.  
Miss Acheson.

(a) Spinn! Spinn! - - - Jungst.

(b) The Three Glasses - - - Fischer,  
Glee Club.

Gaytella Waltzes. - - - Johnson.  
Mandolin Club.

Evening Song. - - - Kuntze.  
Glee Club.

Several of the current magazines have printed articles pertaining to music and therefore of interest to music students. To many readers James Hunecker's "Frederic Francois' Chopin; Poet and Psychologist," in Scribner's for February, will prove most fascinating. In the International Magazine

recently launched, Hervy T. Finck has a valuable article on "The Opera in America and Europe," giving facts not readily available, and in the new Lippincott the same writer discusses entertainingly the question: "What Gives a Popular Song its Vogue."

Two exquisite pieces of china are the punch bowls by Misses Irons and McKinley.

Miss Helen Ferguson is at work on a dainty tea set.

Julia. Teach me then,  
To harmonize the discord of my life,  
And stop the painful jangle of these wires.

Valdesso. That is impossible until  
You tune your heart-strings to a higher key  
Than earthly melodies.—Michael Angelo.

The new china kiln has at last arrived and proves highly satisfactory. It has been placed in the large room on the third floor where it will be much more convenient than heretofore in the Science Hall.

The only graduate in music this year is Miss Edith McCreary. We may not have so many graduates as in some previous years but the level of the department has been so raised that more time as well as more exacting work is required of the graduates.

H. H. Donaldson, '02, has been chosen by the Philo society and DeWitt Breaden by the Adelphic, to succeed John Mowry and Carl Smith on the Lecture Course Committee. The committee has already consulted several lecture bureaus as to the prospective course.

S. C. Gamble '01, has been chosen as Westminster's representative at the meeting of the inter-collegiate oratorical association at Bethany in connection with the con-

test which takes place there on May 10. William E. Brooks, '00, of Philadelphia, will be our orator. Westminster has always showed a lively interest in the inter-collegiate contests, and let her not be lacking this year. Let her give all the encouragement in her power to her representative for it is a college affair. It is well nigh impossible for a person to make adequate preparation if he feel not the support of his fellows.

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### ALUMNI NOTES.

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Roy Long '98, of New Castle, visited the village recently.

Rev. C. S. Maynor '97, has accepted a call from Harmony congregation.

Linn Breaden '98, has returned to his home after spending the winter in Florida.

The College and W. J. Shields '85, have purchased a wireless telegraph instrument.

Miss Laura McClure '97, of the McKeesport hospital, spent a few days with her parents in the village.

Mr. Rufus C. McKinley '96, who is attending Law School at Ann Arbor, Mich., spent his vacation in town.

Rev. H. H. Houston '71 has presented his resignation of Poland congregation after fifteen years of service.

The Rev. J. H. W. Cooper '96, of Union Seminary, spent a short time at his home in this place. Rev. Cooper is assistant pastor of the Park Presbyterian church of New York City.

A. B. Thompson Esq. '70, of Mercer, visited his family at this place.

John Lockhart '99, attended the Geneva-Westminster game April 28.

Rev. J. G. Madge '60, of Carrollton, Ohio, was a recent college visitor.

Miss Bertha Houston '94, and Floy Robertson '98, are home again from their schools.

Miss Mary Ferguson '90, has accepted a position as instructor of music in Eau Claire Academy.

Mrs. Wm. Snodgrass '96, has returned to her home in Pittsburg after a short visit with relatives in this place.

Monroe Withersoon and John Lockart, both members of the class of '99, visited friends in this place recently.

The Rev. E. P. Dunlap '71, a missionary at Bangkok, Siam, is expected home with his family about June 1st.

Prof. J. J. McElree '90, has been obliged to give up his classes temporarily on account of serious trouble with his eyes.

Miss Margaret Pomeroy '97, who is teaching in Utah, had a critical operation performed on her throat, but is recovering.

Thos. R. Jones '98, left on May 1st, for Eveleth, Minn., where he has accepted a position as chemist with the Spruce Mining Co.

Miss Margaret Pomeroy '97, who has been sick in Utah where she was teaching, has so far recovered as to be able to return to her home.

Miss Minta Mowry of Mercer, Pa., a former Westminster student, was the guests of Misses Turner and McLean '00, at the Hall.

Leonard M. Wright '96, a student of the Marion Simms Medical College, St. Louis, Mo., spent his vacation in New Wilmington.

G. H. Getty '81, called a meeting of the Alumni on Friday evening May 4, for the purpose of making arrangements for the Alumni Banquet.

James M. Ferguson '97, gave a discourse which was sustained as a specimen of progress by Mercer Presbytery at Lackawannock April 9.

The announcement has been received here of the marriage of Craig W. Smith '91, to Miss Edith May Little of Decatur, Ill., on April 18, 1900.

Dr. John Elliott '81, Sharon, Pa., has been appointed by the Mercer County Medical Society, as a delegate to the American Medical Congress which meets in Atlantic City in June.

R. R. Littell '99, a first year man of Xenia Seminary, presented a specimen of progress at the meeting of Princeton Presbytery, at Scotland, Ind., April 10.

Miss Mae McCreary '92, a graduate in music, died March 23 at the residence of her sister in Williamsport, Pa., and was buried from her father's home in New Wilmington three days later. Miss McCreary was teaching music at Dunlo, when she took the grip, which turned after a few days to pneumonia, this causing her death. Her friends of the



college extend their sincere sympathy to the bereaved family.

The engagement of Miss Mamie May, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. May, of South Penn Str., and Mr. T. E. Porter '96, superintendent of the coke works, of the National Steel Co., has been announced. The wedding will occur next month at the bride's home, Sharon Pa.

Rev. Robert Veach '96, of New Castle, who is at present attending Auburn Seminary, has received a call to the pastorate of a Presbyterian church in Rochester, N. Y. He has accepted and will take charge as soon as he is graduated from the Seminary, which will take place in the spring.

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### EXCHANGES.

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Yale will be the first university in the country to establish a school of forestry. The new department will be added next fall.—Ex.

Mt. Hope College, O., is charged by A. E. Gladding, a former instructor, with selling diplomas and degrees. He asks that the state attorney general prosecute the institution and annul its charter.—Ex.

Mrs. Peastraw—What do they call a student at Cornell?

Farmer Peastraw—A Cornellian, I guess.

Mrs. Peastraw—Well, then, what do they call a student of Vassar?

Farmer Peastraw—A Vassarline, of course.—Ex.

It is a part of the 'eternal paradox of

things' that a man as aesthetic in temperament as Shelley was, should have been "an atheist, a libertine, a flagrant and unscrupulous breaker of the most sacred ordinances of God and man." In the critique on "Shelley's Life and Writings" in the Penn Chronicle for April, (from which we have just quoted) disconnected tho' the article is in places, an excellent knowledge of the man and his works is shown. Certainly Shelley, the man is not presented here in a very favorable light, but the fact that he had at least the courage of his convictions, seems to the mind of the author, to remove much of the stigma attached to the poet's name.

### USURPED A RIGHT.

Professor John Snelling Popkin was professor of Greek at Harvard some years ago, and he was not without a nickname, which he accepted as a matter of course from the students, but, hearing it on one occasion from a man of dapper, jaunty, un-academic aspect, Professor Popkin exclaimed: "What right has that chap to call me 'Old Pop?'" He isn't a student of Harvard college?"—Ex.

The Notre Dame Scholastic, always well written, and delightfully novel in its ideas, issued a number recently that was given over almost entirely to short stories, and sketches on divers subjects, by men whose names we have never before seen in print. The sketches for the most part are excellent and show very decidedly that there are men in the university who, with proper encouragement, would develop into regular contributors to their college paper. And

what any college paper needs, above all, is the whole-hearted support of the student body in matter for publication, as well as financially—two points that are usually somewhat overlooked. The Scholastic's scheme is a good one, and one, we think, which could be followed with profit by the journals of other institutions—our own among the number.

THE SIDE DOOR.

(Awfully sorry, Kip, old man.)

Oh, a boy there was, and he went to class,

Even as you and I,

And he held the door for a maid to pass,

A dainty, he thought, quite a sweet looking lass,

Too fragile to strive with the door's rude mass,  
Even as you and I.

But the girl sailed past with her chin in air,  
Even as you and I.

Nor mentioned her thanks to the young man there  
But donated blankly a passing stare,  
Just because she thought he would not care,  
Even as you and I.

Oh! these co-ed. schools are a great success,  
Even as you and I,

But the girls, as the rough boys' lives they bless,  
Might brace up a little, we must confess,  
In this sort of courteous watchfulness,  
Even as you and I.

—Delaware Review.

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# THE HOLCAD.

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NEW WILMINGTON, PA., JUNE, 1900.

NO. 10

## THE HOLCAD, NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

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### Publishers' Notice.

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THE class of nineteen hundred enjoys the distinction of being the last class to graduate from Westminster in the nineteenth century, also of being the largest class graduated for twenty-nine years. The prize for which they have been toiling the past six years is now theirs. And it is a prize well worth all the time and labor spent in earning it. One always looks forward with expectation to his commencement, impatient at the slowness of time, but when that event draws near it is with a feeling of regret that he realizes that

his old relations are severed, that his college life is spent. The future looms up before him with greater distinctness than ever; there is another commencement to be anticipated: "For to all mankind the end of life is death, though one keep one'sself shut up in a closet; but it becomes brave men to strive always for honor, with good hope before them, and to endure courageously whatever the Deity ordains."

WE are glad to see that singing on the campus at stated intervals has been begun here, and we no doubt voice the sentiment of every other undergraduate. Nothing is so pleasant in college life as some of the "old songs" sung by the young men who are soon to leave these well known scenes. A happy disposition shows itself in song; cares are dispelled for the time being, and joy, bubbling over, is the card of the hour. Keep up this institution; let your voices ring.

RECENTLY our college world was surprised by the startling announcement that Westminster was about to engage in an "Inter-collegiate Declamation Tournament." Following this unique and original title was the name of our college, very conspicuous because of capital letters. Accorded such a prominent position and such honorable mention, the general public would be quite justi-

fied in believing that the statement was true. The facts of the matter are just the reverse. Westminster never contemplated entering such a "tournament," and was not represented. The fair conclusion is that some one has been indulging in a bit of advertising in the hope that, by using the name of a well known and time honored college, they may swell the gate receipts of their so-called "tournament." "Many are the schemes devised and the plans pursued to gain this one unworthy end."

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THIS is the last number of the HOLCAD which the class of 1900 will receive while in college, so we must say to them a few words of parting. You will soon have received your degrees and be numbered among the alumni, but 1900 shall hold a warm place in our hearts. May success attend you in all you undertake; may you gain honor for your "mother fair," Westminster. The world lies before you; you have a place to gain, and may you hold it. And now, farewell!

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## Literary Department.

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### College Training for Life.

Emerson says, "The key to all ages is Imbecility; imbecility in the vast majority of men \* \* \* \* victims of gravity, custom and fear. This gives force to the statement—that the multitude have no habit of self-reliance or original action." College training has for its object to cultivate in young men and women "the habit of self-reliance" and "original action," that they may take their places, not with the imbeciles, but with the strong; that they may become men and women of force.

Scarcely has a child been born into this world until his proud parents detect in him some trait that individualizes him, that makes him to differ from all other children. From this they predict that he is a child of destiny, and henceforth make it the end of their ambition to prepare him for the brilliant future that lies before him. Tenderly they foster every budding promise, and not until all signs of greatness have gradually faded away do they mournfully resign themselves to the fact that he is only an ordinary boy after all. Visiting his college on commencement day preparatory to entering the boy selects as his ideal the young man who delivers the valedictory, and he builds fancy air castles in which the central figure is himself enjoying a similar victory. Such are the aspirations of parents for their children and of the young for themselves until the time for definite action has arrived. But, alas! for many a boy the force of gravity is too strong, and taking for his model the witty, good natured, popular, but superficial boy, who knows the most schemes for getting through college without work, the aspiring youth falls a victim to "gravity," to what *he* calls "custom," and to "fear." The object of his admiration has strength of another kind—keen wit it may be, shrewdness, or personal magnetism—and continues to use this force wherever he goes. In the college course the boy with brains, but without strength of character, drops out of the race, while the boy with both keeps pressing forward, gaining by every step, and comes out an easy winner at the end. With the habit of self reliance firmly fixed, he overcomes the opposing forces, and, on entering the arena of active life, finds himself a recognized leader of men.

To use the words of Emerson again, "There is always room for the man of force, and he



makes room for many." As the multitude of "imbeciles" make way for such a man, those who are only less strong follow him, drawing others after them, until he becomes the lode-star of a multitude. The man of force is bound to succeed. He is the man that sways his party if he is a politician, the man whose opinion is always wanted in private life, the one whose hand is on the helm at the time of every crisis if he is a statesman. Every court room, every social gathering, every business enterprise, has its leaders, and the young man or woman who is preparing to occupy such a place is the one who is capable of independent action while in college, not the one who basely deserts his principles to be led about by every change of some other man's opinions.

In our little college world we think that a college education is such an ordinary matter that it does not mean much, but this is not the opinion of the outside world. We look around us and count many men head and shoulders above their fellows whose names were never entered upon any college register. Dr. T. L. Cuyler calls Abraham Lincoln and Dwight L. Moody "the two most thoroughly typical Americans of the nineteenth century." To the former he says, "God gave the great west for his university," to the latter, "only one Book." Intellectual giants as they were, no men have ever felt more keenly the lack of such training, and Mr. Moody dreaded so intensely to face the criticisms of a student-body that for many years in his early career as an evangelist he "declined college invitations." Like Ezra Cornell, Stephen Girard and other philanthropists, he did all he could to give others the opportunities that he had missed. The fact that many men have attained eminent success without college training is no argument against its value to

those who are less gifted with natural strength for overcoming opposition. Such men have need of all the aid they can secure, and by this means alone are enabled to rise.

College life is a great leveler. Money, family and social position count for little among boys. Brains, athletic skill, courage—animal and moral—and "personal ascendancy" are the traits that win: and the poorest boy with one of these will be a leader if he has strength to assert himself. This is one of the great advantages to be gained by a college course: that men learn to value each other for what they are, not for what they appear to be. Although the college world is small, it is representative, and furnishes such opportunities for the study of the various types of manhood and womanhood as may be turned to excellent account in the business world; in all the professions the habit of quick and accurate judgment acquired in the class room and the gymnasium will be found of inestimable value; while everywhere in life the knowledge that the most desultory student must have absorbed of classical literature, scientific nomenclature and mathematical terms will prove an open sesame to privileges that are withheld from the uneducated.

However, it is not knowledge so much as wisdom that the college student should acquire—not a knowledge by books, but wisdom to deal with men and things—wisdom that manifests itself in self reliance, original action, habits of independence. The world needs multitudes of such men and women, who are trained in body, mind and soul, who go out into the world with the determined purpose to enrich and ennoble the lives of others, who have conquered all forms of self indulgence and are ready to take up the cudgel in defense of whatever is right. That

one has missed much of what college training ought to do for all if he does not enter upon his life work with a mind broadened and quickened by the highest culture, and a soul submitted to constant instruction by the only Great Teacher, that he may be able to "live out life's daily duty—a Christ-like life."

M. McL.

### An Elegy.

Stern winter hence with all his train removes,  
And crystal skies, and limpid streams are seen;  
Thick branching foliage decorates the groves,  
Reviving herbage clothes the fields in green.  
Yet scenes more lovely still shall crown the year  
When Spring's fair bounties are in full display'd;  
The smile of beauty every vale shall wear,  
The voice of song enliven every shade;  
And many a floweret bloom in soft array,  
And many a lambkin prance along the mead;  
And many a warbler carol through the day,  
While fragrance, health and melody succeed.  
Ah! why to helpless man alone denied  
To taste the bliss inferior beings boast?  
Ah! why this fate, that fear and pain divide  
His few short hours on earth's delightful coast?  
Ah? cease—no more of Providence complain;  
'Tis sense of guilt that wakes the mind to woe;  
Gives force to fear, adds energy to pain,  
And palls each joy indulged by Heaven below.  
Yet still there be a rare, a chosen few,  
Whom folly's cobweb net did ne'er enthrall;  
Who still have kept sound reason's rules in view;  
Just to themselves, and good and kind to all.  
Happy those few, whom pleasure's syren song  
From virtue's tranquil road did ne'er entice;  
How different from the vain bewildered throng  
Lost in the thorny labyrinth of vice!  
To them even vernal nature looks more gay—  
For them more lively hues the fields adorn;  
To them more fair, the fairest smile of May;  
To them more sweet, the sweetest breath of morn.  
Blows not a floweret in the enameled vale,  
Shines not a pebble where the rivulet strays,

Sports not an insect in the spicy gale,  
But claims their wonder and excites their praise.

Such joys were mine, when in life's morning beams,  
'Midst peaceful rural scenes, I lived immur'd;  
Ah! fatal day, when wild ambition's dreams  
From those delightful haunts my steps allured.  
Ah! happy hours, beyond recovery fled,  
What share I now that can your loss repay;  
While with sad, gloomy thoughts my mind's o'er-  
spread

That veil the light of life's first dawning ray?  
The grassy lane, the wood-surrounded field,  
The rude stone fence, with fragrant wall flowers  
gay,

The log-built cot, to me more pleasure yield  
Than all the pomp imperial domes display.

Yet even here, amidst these secret shades,  
These simple scenes of unproved delight,  
Affection's iron hand my breast invades  
And death's dread dart is ever in my sight.  
Ah! why should man, proud insect of a day,  
Go all his vain short life a sorrowing;  
From wisdom's rules still prone to go astray,  
While feeling's blind impulses following?  
What sombre scenes, in life's illusive dream,  
Crowd thick and fast to swell the list of woe;  
While hideous spectres, in the twilight gleam,  
Of future fate, forestall misfortune's blow.

Headlong and vain, through care, and toil, and  
strife,

Some painted phantom destined to pursue,  
We flutter down the rapid stream of life,  
And vainly suffer, and as vainly do.  
Ah! helpless mortals—vain, presumptuous, blind,  
Unskilled, to toss on life's tempestuous sea;  
The happy frame of a disciplined mind  
They miss, and suffer various misery.  
And erring fancy's rainbow scenes allure;  
And many a gloomy labyrinth we roam;  
And many a pang from wayward fate endure,  
Ere the poor soul can find its peaceful home.  
And shall no son of song our fate deplore,  
Or mournful ditty o'er our sufferings raise?  
May God each erring soul to peace restore,  
And lead us all in wisdom's flowery ways.

**The Song of Undine or Angel.**

[The following oration was awarded second place in the Inter-collegiate Oratorical contest held at Bethany, May 10th.]

Life is a struggle for power. In two great camps stands the world arrayed, here under Force and there under Love. History is but the record of their struggle, the tale of their striving. Those have listened to the mystic madness of the Undines' song; these have heard the strange sweetness of the angelic refrain. Still the struggle rages, fiercely and wildly. Aye, and shall rage until He is come whose right it is to reign, and the kingdoms of the world are become His kingdom, and Love is supreme.

From the night of our Saxon fathers comes a legend strange and old, a legend of loveless power, and the evil and woe that it wrought. Darkly flows the Rhine, darkly and in silence. In mighty Walhall rules the lordly Wotan, king of gods and men. Little reckes he of the fate that shall soon overtake him. Nay, but his reign shall endure while the Rhine rolls to the sea. Now appears a strange light on the face of the waters. 'Tis the refulgence of the Rhine-gold, chiefest of earth's treasures, for he who holds the magic hoard hath power more potent than the very gods. The silence is broken by the song of the Undines, guardians of the gold. Listen as they sing:

"The world would one win for his own  
Who wrought of the Rhine-gold a ring."

Again the silence and again the song:

"He, who the light of love renounces,  
Wins the will of the world his own,  
Works of the red Rhine-gold a ring."

A figure, strange, grotesque, misshapen, stands listening to the song, and wonders as he listens. Worldwide power for him who renounces love? Here is his opportunity. Once possessed of the hoard he shall gain

the ascendancy over his hated master, Wotan, and his race, the race of the dwarfs, reign where the gods had sported. His purpose is taken. Forever he renounces love, and seizes the gold. Sharply over the flood rises the wail of the Undines. Then it ceases, and in silence again the Rhine rolls on to the sea. Events crowd in rapid succession; the appeal of the Undines to Wotan for redress, his recovery of the gold by strategy, the curse of the dwarf upon it, its appropriation by the god to his own use in payment for Walhall. Scarcely has it left his hands ere the curse begins to work. Evil and blight follow the gold. Dismayed by these events, the god creates a new race of beings, who shall recover the hoard, destroy the evil and free him from his peril. They have not begun to fulfill their destiny when the curse falls upon them. One and another perish, until Siegfried alone is left. Through all his life, with its deeds of valor and its sorrowful love, his Nemesis pursues him, until as the Rhine waters flow over his funeral pile the ring slips from his ashes and the Undines guard their gold again. Too late have they recovered it. The mighty forces for evil which it brought into being hurl themselves on Wotan. With a crash the walls of Walhall fall, and the dusk of the gods has come.

Simple was the Saxon mind, yet it grasped great truths. Revelation's light had not shone for it, and as it pondered over the problem it could see only one result, the destruction of all that was good and beautiful in its world by this evil of loveless power. So it ended the legend with Wotan lost, Walhall in ruins, and the power of the gold supreme.

Since that hour in the earth's morning, when the hand of the stronger was raised

against the weaker, and a virgin soil first drank a brother's blood, Force had been supreme. Right was the might of the strongest. On loveless power were the foundations of earth's kingdoms laid. Egypt, Assyria, Babylon, Greece had lived while their force lasted, and died when a mightier overcame them. Now Rome, more powerful than all because more ruthless than all, held a captive earth in chains. Men groaned 'neath a weight of oppression. In vain did they search their philosophy for a remedy. To the philosopher, the thinker, might was right and men but puppets for the pleasure of their masters. In servitude and in squalor, in abject silence, the world waited.

In a far-off province on a winter night, is gathered a little band of the lowliest among men. No sage is here, no seer of the schools. Cold shine the Judean stars, bleak rise the Judean hills. Tired with the toil that knows no breaking, weary with the oppression that never ends, the shepherds sleep. Not to a new day, with new sorrows and new burdens from their masters' heavy hands are they awakened, but by a messenger from Divinity, clothed with celestial glory, to tell them the most wondrous tidings that men had ever heard, "good tidings of great joy to all people." For a Savior is come who shall free the world, and under His kingdom, ever enduring, shall men no longer be oppressed, for with mercy shall He rule His people, and love shall be all and in all. Then to the shepherds, wonder-wild, come strains of heavenly music as the angelic choir takes up the glad refrain, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will to men." Down through the centuries rings the chorus, echoing and re-echoing until that glad day when the message shall cease to be a prophecy, and shall be, in very truth, a reality.

As the words fell from the lips of the angel "a gleam from the immensities shot sacredness over life." Then was the issue joined, the issue that has since agitated the world, between loveless Power and the power of Love. The conflict raged round the Savior-King all the years of His life, and Force thought the struggle ended as she nailed Him to the tree. Persecution after persecution threatened to overwhelm the steadily increasing band of devoted disciples who sought to exemplify His teachings in their lives. Pagan theologies, pagan systems, emperors, senates, legions, all the mighty powers which owed their allegiance to force, summoning their vast array, hastened to the battle. Millions on millions perished in the arena, in the dungeon, by cloister defiled, or hearth stone ravished, until, lying low in the dust, the soul of the Apostate Emperor went out to the God he had cursed with the despairing cry, "Oh, Galilean, thou has conquered!"

Recognized now by the state, it seemed as though the church of Christ would control the world, and His love be its animating principle. But loveless Power, beaten in the open conflict, sought to regain the ascendancy by insidious means. She crept into the church, she filled the minds of the priesthood with dreams of earthly glory. They listened no longer to the angels' chorus, their ears heard only the Undines' song. Gold and the power that it brought filled their dreams, and salvation was bought and sold for a price. Again were men ground down, and as the darkness of the middle ages settled down upon the earth, the world's cup of bitterness seemed filled to overflowing. Had the Christ lived in vain and had He died in vain? Was that "sweet Galilean vision" that had flitted across the darkness



of earth's night only a vision, and was Force after all to rule the world while the world lasted? Intrenched in church and state, her prelates thinking the world's thoughts, her soldiers performing the world's deeds, her power seemed impregnable. But were her prelates thinking the world's thoughts, were her soldiers performing the world's deeds? In the quiet of cloisters, in the solitude of student's cell, the brains of the world were thinking the world's real thoughts, and from them sprang the world's real deeds, and in that revolution that men call the Reformation these thoughts and deeds bore fruit. Long and bitter was the conflict. The Inquisition, with rack and block, took the place of the arena and its beasts; the Popes played the role of Cæsars, and martyr souls went up to the martyr's God, a mighty company. But in dying they conquered, and from the throne of conscience dragged down Force forever.

With conscience free, men could not long endure the tyrannies of the state. Absolute monarchies give place to constitutional. Slowly is the change accomplished, now in peaceful quietness, now with deeds of blood. Not yet has Absolutism breathed its last, but prophets tell us that before the gray curtains of the twilight fall about the coming century, and it passes out into history's night, liberty and equality shall be the common right of men.

But, stay! Is there nothing that threatens this promised consummation? With Absolutism dead in the church and Absolutism dying in the state, are the days of the dominion of Force really numbered? Do men listen no longer to the Undines' song? Or has Love entered into every heart and claimed

its allegiance, and is its rule spreading over all this world of ours? Look about you and judge for yourselves. There is Monopoly, lifting up its hydra head, sucking the life blood of the people, grinding down the laboring classes, doling them only a pittance to sustain life. For what? Gold, and the power that it brings! There is Political Corruption, walking abroad in high places, tainting public servants, wreaking public wrongs. For what? Gold, and the power that it brings! There is the Saloon, dragging down young men and women, making homes hells, and wrecking lives for this world and the next. For what? Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold! Shall it become our very god of very gods, the song of the Undines our national hymn? Shall Force in this new phase dominate the nation, dominate the world, until, the last vestige of freedom swept away, slavery is again man's heritage?

Nay; the "sweet Galilean vision" was no mere vision, the angel chorus no illusion of the dark. With a thrill of joy prophetic comes its echo to-night. Sweet and clear it rings above the din of the world, above its sordid meanness, above the strugglings and strivings of the slaves of gold. To you it comes. Will you hear it? Will you heed it? What part will you play in the conflict that is to settle the sovereignty of the world? Long may it rage, but the result is sure, aye, sure as God himself! And in that day, when, its power broken, its legions dispersed, from the dust where it lies in despair, shall Force lift its once proud head, and in death's dread voice confess, "Oh, Galilean, thou hast conquered."

WM. F. BROOKS, '00.

## Ode to Cleo.

## THE CAMP.

'Tis here in the river's mighty bend  
 That the waters clear with the landscape blend  
 And the morning fogs, as they upward rise,  
 Reveal to the boatman a glad surprise,  
 Unfolding an island, fresh and green,  
 As they roll aside their cloudy screen.  
 Here are the maples, the pines, the oaks ;  
 Here is the home where the bullfrog croaks ;  
 Here in the night the hoot owl calls ;  
 And the pigeons' coo till the sweet rain falls ;  
 Close by his hole the ground-hog sits ;  
 And swift in the dark the red bat flits.  
 Here is the log where the turtle lay  
 Sunning himself the livelong day.  
 Over the roots the dark snakes glide  
 And through the water the fishes slide.  
 Moor your boat to the silent shore  
 And break not the stillness with musket's roar.  
 Here pitch your tent—we will camp awhile  
 In the solitude of Nancy's isle.  
 The Shenango's stream flows grandly by  
 And the south wind blows with a gentle sigh.

## THE EVENING.

Moonlight shadows and the stars of night  
 Pour over all a flickering light  
 Like a fairy scene in a fairy land,  
 And the evening settles calm and grand.  
 The folks from home and the country near  
 Are gathered in camp to try our cheer,  
 So light up the wicks, we'll try the floor  
 With waltz and two-step and squares galore.  
 Along by the river is heard the frogs ;  
 The moonbeams are kissing the rising fogs ;  
 The willows stoop to the water's brink ;  
 The cow-bell echoes faintly clink ;  
 The whip-poor-will sounds his doleful note ;  
 The wavelets embrace the prow of the boat ;  
 And the evening settles calm and grand  
 Like a mighty throb of a mightier hand.

## THE PREPARATIONS.

It is no gaily gilded hall,  
 With easy glide and treacherous fall,  
 But a structure of beams and bark-lined boards  
 Is all the rustic wood affords ;  
 A pavilion but of common pine,

Covered and lost in the wild grape vine.  
 Musicians of style are missing all,  
 And a negro artist, lank and tall,  
 Thumbs the guitar in state alone  
 And crones to himself in an undertone.  
 Each jovious youth with the girl of his choice  
 Is dreaming, enrapt by the sound of her voice,  
 Of a love that is pure and a love that is strong  
 Like a mighty wind that sweeps along,  
 And carries him on with its matchless strength  
 And leaves him a spirit, and free at length.  
 O, this is the time when the moon enchants,  
 This is the style of the moonlight dance.

## CLEO.

Gaily the wind in fanciful flight  
 Played with fair Cleo, the queen of the night,  
 And lifted her ringlets, her fairy tresses,  
 With a tender touch and sweet caresses.  
 Strangers there were in the gathered throng ;  
 You meet a friend, you are hurried along,  
 You clasp a hand or you make a bow,  
 And friendship is born on the midnight's brow ;  
 Or perchance a hatred has sprung into life  
 And thoughts of envy and malice are rife.  
 Cleo, alone, serene and fair,  
 Claimed as her friends all who were there,  
 For all who beheld the smile of that face  
 Were captured and bound by its winning grace.

## THE END.

The waters are deep o'er the river's bed,  
 Where the current buries its unfound dead ;  
 Slowly it flows on a funeral grade  
 Where the sacred dust of man is laid.  
 Whether by accident, whether by will,  
 Yet there lies fair Cleo,—O, waters, be still !  
 O, waters, be still and leave her in peace,  
 Let your eddies die out and your low moanings  
 cease ;

Let your turbulent whirlpools rest for a while,  
 All calm on the shores of Nancy's isle.  
 The willows shall weep o'er an unknown grave,  
 The mermaid shall be her most willing slave,  
 And each aching heart with its empty void  
 By a peace that is noble and strong be buoyed.  
 We loved her all for her winning smile  
 And she haunts forever the shores of that isle.

EGBERT R. MORRISON.

### Improper Inducements to Education.

Happiness is no doubt a great mystery. Neither it nor its opposite can be subjected to the tests of science of the exact sort, for they conform to no rules of weights and measures. The horse sees sweeter pasture and cooler shade in the other field. Just so most members of the human family go about their work with somewhat sad and disconsolate hearts because they see, or think they see, more pleasure in their neighbor's home than they enjoy in theirs.

We sometimes look upon this as the bitter fruits of jealousy, and condemn it as indicative of a trait of character murderous in its nature—one that would make me destroy my neighbor's pleasure, though it in no sense hinders mine. Yet the more we study into this matter, the more clearly we see that this is not the case. In most instances these heartaches come from pondering on what might have been, or rather what was expected to be. Vastly more people are unhappy because of their own failures than because of jealousy of their neighbor's successes.

How to pass through this world in just the right way is the problem before a much larger percentage of the human race than we are prone to think. True there are some of mankind that seem to be wholly evil; but on the faded canvass of most hearts the tender rays of sympathy disclose many divine touches by that Master Artist in whose image we were created. How shall I better myself and my community being the unspoken question on many lips, the mind instinctively turns to the subject of education. But even here we find discontent and unhappiness rampant. I shall try to show that this is due not to the nature of education itself, but to improper inducements to it, sometimes held out by others

and sometimes the product of the student's mind.

It is pretty generally true that all who have reached the age when opportunity in this line ceases are united in the opinion that "education is a good thing all right." There is some vague notion that it is of priceless value, which usually finds expression in the stock phrase, "It is something that no one can take away from you." Yet even the most ignorant know that the possession of this one quality gives it no intrinsic value. It seems to me that the curve of intelligence on this subject does not reach its maximum of definiteness where we would expect it to do so, *i. e.*, in the most enlightened minds.

What I mean is this: We can get a much more direct answer to the plain question, "Of what practical value is an education?" from an uneducated man than we can from one that has enjoyed the advantages of school. They know what it is advertised to be; and, being familiar with the inducements held out, have formed their ideas as most beginners do. The writer has gone "wild-catting," as the oil men say, for opinions among this very class, and begs leave to submit some of their views just as he found them.

One man said: "Education is a grand thing. Boys can't realize how valuable it is. Now, if I had had your education, and had not made forty or fifty thousand dollars long before this, I would have been badly fooled." He had evidently been reading some business college boomer.

Another said: "If I just had my life to live over again, I see where I would do differently. Why, if I had had an education I would not have been here in the back-

woods. I would have just *made* the world recognize me. Look at Lincoln and such men as that."

Still another sturdy son of hustle said: "O yes! Education is all right; but it ain't no use without common sense. Now, I don't know nuthin' about books, but I'll bet I can look a bay steer in the face and tell lots more about him than any bookie you can fetch along."

This last answer, although it came amazingly near making a point, might be taken as a representative of the minimum of knowledge of the value of an education, or rather as marking the maximum of vagueness on the subject. We shall let it go for what it is worth, because it is the opinion of one of those men who have but one idea and that a distorted one.

The other two may be classed together as representing the thoughts of a very large class of the students who are deluded by—shall I say it?—yes—by too high ideals. We do not propose to discuss the subject of ideals, only as it has bearing on the subject in hand. We have no desire to challenge the accepted dictum that we never rise above our ideal, and that if it be low the life will correspond to it. Yet we are firmly convinced that ideals that tend to rouse ambitions, which, from the nature of the case, are beyond our reach, sicken into pain. If the ideal is so high as not to be visible, except through the borrowed telescope of the haranguer, it is not likely to prove a very brilliant polaris when sought for through the mists of discouragements.

It is all right to feel that there are heights beyond those yet attained by any human being. It is well enough to feel that there is room at the top. Yet more people in this world than we think understand perfectly

that they are not cut on any massive plan. They are not so dull as not to see that there was just one Franklin, one Webster, one Lincoln. You can't fool all of the people all of the time into thinking that they are all destined to be great. And when they do find it out, there will be unfeigned bitterness.

We must give some reasons why education will benefit ordinary people or we will sow the seeds of discontent in the hearts of those who seek it, or shut out from its fold that great middle class where the bones and the sinews of the nation lie. Not many of these want an education to put with the gilt-edged book, the album and the family Bible. If it is a "myth with a moral," or simply ornamental, they ought to know it before it is too late. The man that buys a "gold brick" is, as a rule, satisfied with his transaction until he opens his goods. The schemer does not always call it a "gold brick." He suits the name of the contents to the victim's most fond desire. Too many so-called educators go about saying, "Yes, yes," to all inquiries made in confidence, "education is your royal road. I feel sure that you will die at the top." That is the way to get students. It is also the way to sell "bricks."

A teacher, clothed and apparently in his right mind, boldly affirmed that to get a first honor at Westminster was worth \$1,000 a year to any man. We may be pardoned, we trust, for sometimes thinking what a neat sum some of our incomes would have footed up on the minus side of the equation had the fates spun differently. People have a right to know what kind of an article education is, and the fact that they are so often blinded in this is one of the most potent factors of the discontent of educated people.



Yes, the management of educational institutions is to blame in a large degree for this condition of affairs.

I see a boy of this great middle class struggling through school. Diligently he works day in and day out because he realizes that it is a sacrifice on the part of his parents to send him. He is led to believe that faithfulness will be rewarded. He graduates. Not being a self-made man, he cannot boast of his job; but he has done his best. His hopes are high and his record clean. Beneath the glow of a student's lamp he read of a scientist who had not time to make money. He heard of two- and three-thousand-dollar positions just waiting for an honest educated man. He thinks he will be modest. He will begin on a two or three hundred dollar one. *Mirabile dictu*, he finds competition strong. Three men for every place that will pay the mere expense of living.

He hears a noise in the street. A stylishly dressed young man dashes by in a new buggy—a whole new rig—all the occupant's own. Who is this passerby? The fellow with whom Mr. Student used to plant corn. What is he doing for a living now? Planting corn. Oh, how that quarter and those three nickels in his own pocket lend expression to the question, "Does education pay?"

"Gold and iron are good  
To buy iron and gold;  
All earth's fleece and food  
For their own like are sold."

He is just a little blue to-day. He will go down street in the evening and shake it off. It is dark, and as he passes a certain house he hears his name. The voice is saying: "I don't think that fellow is going to take as well in this town as the other one

did. He is too quiet. He isn't lively enough. You ought to have heard the last one tell about the big times he had in college, and how the professors just couldn't make him study. I tell you there was life in him." The new man turns away sad. The world judges knowledge by noise, and it is not at all particular as to the kind. Oh, if he had only known! What precious hours he wasted over his books when he might have been making the night hideous! Poor broken heart! What might have been!

Then, too, these so-called educators go about telling the parents lies and causing them to expect three times as much of their children as they have any right to. If there is any one thing that makes a young life bitter, it is to feel that the old folks at home look upon its best efforts with contempt.

To hold out such inducements as these that I have mentioned is a mistake, yes, more, it is a crime.

Let people compare the place they will occupy in life, if they do not get an education with the one they may hope to occupy if they do. If this does not stir them up, it certainly is not wise to make them drunk with the strong drink of falsehood.

WM. McELWEE, JR., '97.

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## Social Department.

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Subscribe for the HOLCAD.

Another college year sees its finish!

Miss Howell was home for a few days.

Urge your friends to come with you next fall.

Chambers, 'oo, is teaching civil government.

Hamilton and McGinnis were home over the 13th.

Williamson was a Butler visitor a short time ago.

Miss Floy Robertson was out of town for a few days.

Nelson and Donaldson were in New Castle on the 21st.

Miss Lea's brother paid her a short visit on May 12th.

Zehner should not talk in his sleep when Ding is awake.

The attendance at the games has not been what it should be.

Boyd Witherspoon left college May 23d. He will not return.

Mary Neely received a visit from her brother on May 19th.

Miss Laura Irons has left college on account of poor health.

Miss Martha McBride has been taking art for the past two weeks.

The hotel at Neshannock Falls has been opened for the summer.

Miss Hawk visited her sister in Sharon during senior vacation.

Bessie Gilmore made a short visit to her home near Wilksburg.

Why is the "Sage of Volant" not so sarcastic as he used to be?

Loyd Thompson, '03, and Ramsey, '02, were in Mercer May 25th.

The groups taken by Hunger & Co. gave good general satisfaction.

Ask Brooks to tell you the difference between a bass and a sucker.

Chapel speeches have been almost an unknown quantity this term.

Gib Zehner is already looking for a house. It must be love at first sight.

McGinnis and Baldwin put in the field day vacation at Mt. Jackson.

Miss Young, of Pittsburg, was the guest of Mary Neely for a few days.

Degelman, '03, returned to college in time to take part in the field meet.

McCutcheon and J. E. Murray were both home during senior vacation.

S. C. Gamble, '01, spent Sabbath, the 20th, at his home in Jamestown, Pa.

A number of the boys attended Kellar's exhibition at Mercer last month.

Shall you be back next fall? If so, bring at least one new student with you.

Why doesn't Rev. Veazey go to chapel any more to make announcements?

Chambers and Mowry spent Sabbath, the 13th, at the latter's home in Mercer.

Miss Turner and Miss McLean spent senior vacation at their homes in Wilksburg.

Miss Byers and Miss Larimer visited friends in West Middlesex from the 19th to the 22d.

Thompson, physical director of Geneva college, attended the Allegheny game at this place.

Prof. ———: "What is the valence of aluminum?" Mr. ———: "His trivial" (tri-valent).

The Presbyterians used the college chapel for their services until their new church was completed.

Prof. McElree left on the 21st of May for Mt. Clemens, Mich., where he will spend the summer.

Philo Mandolin club has been enlarged by the addition of J. M. Murray and Boyd Witherspoon.





M. LUTHER PETERSON.  
DIRECTOR OF MUSIC.

MORGAN BARNES, A.M.  
PROFESSOR OF GREEK.

THE REV. ROBERT GRACEY FERGUSON, D.  
PRESIDENT, AND PROFESSOR OF  
MENTAL AND MORAL SCIENCE.

JOHN JAMES M'ELREE, A.M.  
PROFESSOR OF LATIN.

ISAAC NEWTON MOORE, A.M.  
PROFESSOR OF PHYSICS.

CHARLES FREEMAN, PH.D.  
PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY AND  
MATHEMATICS.







McGinnis says he likes a buggy with a low back to the seat because he always likes to put his arm up.

The sophomore, Greek and the "Polycon" classes were examined during the week of May 14th.

Chambers, the new professor, fills Doctor's chair even better than the venerable Doctor himself. He's larger.

Prof. Jas. Shaffer, superintendent of Canonsburg public schools, was the guest of Prof. Moore on May 25th.

The class of 1900 sends out a larger number of graduates than any class since that of 1871. It numbers forty-six.

Misses Richmond and Mehard, Walter Mehard, Gordon, Montgomery and Dindinger were in Mercer on the 20th.

Ask McGinnis "Why?" and he will say "Rather from propinquity of situation than from compatability of temperament."

Perry Kuhn treated the members of the base ball team to strawberries, ice cream and cake. Nothing mean about Perry.

The Volton brothers were called home by the death of their mother. After a week's absence they returned to finish the term.

Do not stop taking the HOLCAD if you are not coming back next year. Renew your subscription and get the college news.

The field meet and its results fulfilled all expectations. Some of the records were broken and every event proved a success.

Some of the students might find more profitable employment during vacant periods than stoning the squirrels on the campus.

During the absence of Dr. Ferguson chapel services were conducted by Rev. Sharp on May 6th, and by Rev. Johnson on May 20th.

All those who came out in the first and second honor classes will give orations or essays on the morning of commencement day.

The campus concert, which was to have been given by the Glee club on the evening of May 25th, was postponed on account of rain.

A Senior (to Williamson): "I'm glad you are to be graduated with our class." Chas. W. "Yes, so am I. I've gotten all I want here."

Willie Williams doesn't drive the white horse any more. He has found one with good common sense that doesn't look around so much.

Prof. Peterson: "How much do you think I ought to weigh?" Prof. Freeman (sotto): "Oh, about twenty-five or thirty pounds."

Lost, strayed or stolen (or perhaps bought): A cow from the ladies' hall. Any information of its whereabouts should be sent to the cow editor.

President Ferguson, on the evening of Sabbath, the 20th, preached the baccalaureate sermon to the graduating class of Brad-dock high school.

Dindinger would have had first in the fat men's hundred yard dash had it not been for a foul. His right foot tripped him and he was disqualified.

"If you have company one Friday night it doesn't necessarily follow that he will be there the next Friday night." Miss Byers: "Well, I hope he will."

Cook, 'oo, and Mowry, 'oo, after spending a week at the former's home in McDonald, drove from that place to New Wilmington, arriving here on the 25th.

Among those who will not return next fall are W. S. Montgomery and Misses Jean Larimer, Hattie Cook, Nell Andrews, Laura Irons and Lucy Richmond.

A large attendance is expected at the commencement games Indiana State Normal Monday and Tuesday and Washington and Jefferson Wednesday afternoon.

Three of the instructors from Allegheny college, Miss Spaulding and Professors Smallwood and Monroe, witnessed the Allegheny-Westminster game on the 19th.

Kuhn, Chapin, Porter and Johnston called at the Hall, but the young ladies were not at home to them. Instead of being received they received a shower bath when leaving.

Edwin Glenn Frazier, of Frankfort Springs, received highest honors in the Classical course, and Miss Edith Thompson, of New Wilmington, highest honors in the Scientific course.

Mrs. Lowry, State secretary of the Y. W. C. A., addressed a union meeting of the Young Women's and Young Men's Christian Associations in the chapel on the evening of May 24th.

The appearance of the village on Wednesday, May 16th, reminded one of commencement. The Lawrence county Sabbath schools held their sixty-first convention here on that day.

McCalmont wanted to ride up street. A meat wagon was passing. Jack looked in but didn't get in. Why? "Because there's only room for one." There was already a calf in the wagon.

Morrison heated some mercuric-sulphocyanate in his room. Hamilton saw it and thinking it was a fungus took it to botany

class. The professor pronounced it fungus, placed it under the microscope and showed him the seed spores, and from latest reports she has classified it as belonging to the col-ummela family! Next!

"Skimmer" Davies, rigged out like a two dollar trunk, caused quite a sensation when he blew into town a few days ago with all his sails unfurled. "How are you, old boy?" Come again, "Skimmer."

On Tuesday evening, May 22d, a reception was held at the home of Dr. Stewart in honor of Miss Gordon and Mrs. Lytle, who have just returned from the United Presbyterian Mission field in India.

The noise made by the senior boys when returning from the party at the Doctor's home led the people to believe that they had spent a very enjoyable evening. This belief was strengthened by the statements of the boys themselves on the following day.

An informal stag supper was held on the evening of the 22d in honor of R. A. McCutcheon, '00, who left on the following morning for his home in Apollo, Pa. We hope his eyesight may be sufficiently improved to enable him to return for commencement.

He and she were out walking. It was not yet dark. They saw an owl on a low branch. She: "Won't you catch it for me, please?" He: "It will fly if I go near it." She: "No, it won't. Owls can't see till after dark." He: "All right, then." He tiptoed up and had his hat all ready to drop over the bird's head when, to his chagrin and disappointment, the bird took wings and disappeared. 1st. Was it an owl? 2d. Can owls see in daylight? 3d. Was it yet daylight? Ask Brooks about it.



He was fresh when he entered second prep. When the Freshmen and Sophs had their cap rush he wrote home that his class had been in a fight, had come out ahead and that he was the hero of the occasion. He is one of the most presumptuous youngsters in town. We say ONE of them. There are some others almost as bad. He asked us to mention him in these pages. Wants to send a copy to his best girl in order to get a "stand in." When he sees this he will say he has lost just \$25,000 on that deal. Can you guess?

Messrs. — and — had heard so much about snipe hunting that they wanted to try it. A crowd of fellows took them out on the night of the 22d. When about three miles from town they entered the woods and the preparations were soon completed. The two innocents were each to hold a bag open and also a lighted candle to show the snipes where to go. The rest of the boys were to round up the snipes and drive them toward the bag. The crowd started—home. How long the two stayed is not known, but they were not in their rooms till a very late, or rather early, hour. If any one wishes to learn how to hunt snipe, Murdoch and Stottler will be very glad to take them in hand.

## Athletics.

The last game with Geneva was played at Beaver Falls May 5th. Our boys failed to hit until the seventh inning. Sturgeon started in to pitch but was relieved in the fifth inning by Cameron. Jack had the same kind of a time with them as in the game at home, only giving them two hits. Score:

GENEVA.	R.	B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Craig, 2.....	0	1	2	1	0
Patterson, 1.....	1	2	8	0	0
Leach, p.....	1	2	1	0	1
H. George, s. s.....	0	0	0	3	1
R. George, 3.....	0	0	1	1	0
McKean, c.....	0	0	6	1	0
Hill, l. f.....	0	1	3	0	0
Sterrett, r, f.....	0	0	1	0	1
Johnson, m.....	1	0	2	0	0
Totals.....	3	5	24	6	3
WESTMINSTER.	R.	B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Edmundson, 3.....	2	0	2	0	0
Chambers, m.....	1	1	1	0	0
McKim, s. s.....	0	2	0	4	0
Kuhn, c.....	1	1	10	1	1
Porter, 2.....	0	1	3	2	0
Grier, l. f.....	0	0	1	0	0
Breaden, 1.....	2	3	9	0	1
Jordan, r. f.....	2	0	0	0	0
Sturgeon, p.....	0	0	1	1	1
Cameron, p.....	1	1	0	1	0
Totals.....	9	9	27	9	3
Westminster.....	0	1	0	0	1
Geneva.....	0	0	0	0	2

Innings pitched—By Sturgeon, 5½; by Cameron 3½. Hits—Off Sturgeon, 3; off Cameron, 2. Struck out—By Sturgeon, 6; by Cameron, 4; by Leach, 7. Base on balls—By Sturgeon, 1; by Cameron, 1; by Leach, 6. Hit by pitcher—By Sturgeon, 2. Two base hits—McKim, Craig. Three base hits—Cameron, Chambers. Home run—Breaden.

The first of a series of three games was played at Allegheny May 8. For several years there have been no games between the two schools, hence a great deal of interest was centered in the game. Borland pitched a good game for Allegheny but was a little wild. Don was in his old time form giving them but seven hits and one base on balls. "Pete" Porter played a fine game both in the field and at the bat. His two-base hit brought in the winning runs. In the ninth inning, with two men out and a man on first, and the score 4-1 in our favor, it started to rain. This delayed the game long enough to almost lose it for us. After the rain

Allegheny got two hits and scored two runs. Don struck out Cota and that ended it. Score:

ALLEGHENY.	R.	B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Baker, 2.....	1	1	4	0	0
Borland, p.....	0	2	2	0	1
Cota, c.....	0	0	11	2	1
Fitzgerald, 3.....	0	0	4	2	2
Dunn, m.....	0	0	1	0	0
Moorehead, l.....	1	2	1	0	0
Finnegan, s. s.....	0	0	1	1	0
Endeaud, r.....	0	1	0	0	0
Hammond, l.....	1	1	3	0	0

Totals..... 3 7 27 5 4

WESTMINSTER.	R.	B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Edmundson, 3.....	1	0	2	4	0
McKim, p.....	0	0	0	3	1
Cameron, r.....	1	0	0	0	0
Kuhn, m.....	1	1	3	0	0
Porter, 2.....	1	2	4	3	0
Grimm, c.....	0	1	4	1	0
Breaden, l.....	0	0	12	0	0
Grier, l.....	0	0	1	0	0
Volton, s. s.....	0	0	1	1	0

Totals..... 4 4 27 12 1

Westminster.....	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	2	0	4
Allegheny.....	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	2	3

Earned runs Allegheny, 1. Base on Balls - McKim, 1; Borland, 5. Struck out By McKim 3; by Borland, 10. Passed balls—Grimm, 1; Cota, 1. Bases on hit by pitcher By McKim, 1; by Borland, 3. Two base hits Porter, Borland. Left on bases Westminster, 7; Allegheny, 9. Wild pitch - Borland.

May 10—Cameron shut out Bethany 23-0, giving them only two hits. The game wasn't very interesting as the visiting team had twelve errors. Volton had a three-base hit. Score:

WESTMINSTER.	R.	B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Edmundson, 3.....	3	2	1	3	1
Chambers, m.....	2	3	0	0	0
McKim, r. f.....	2	1	2	0	0
Porter, 2.....	3	4	1	2	0
Cameron, p.....	2	3	0	2	0
Kuhn, c.....	2	0	10	2	0
Breaden, l.....	3	1	13	0	1
Grier, l. f.....	3	2	0	0	0
Volton, s. s.....	3	2	0	2	0

Totals..... 23 17 27 11 2

BETHANY.	R.	B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Martin, 3.....	0	0	3	6	2
Fisher, 2.....	0	0	2	1	0
Huff, s. s.....	0	0	1	3	2
Cheek, c.....	0	1	2	0	1
Marshall, l. f.....	0	0	2	0	2
Fields, l.....	0	0	9	0	1
Wills, m.....	0	1	1	0	2
Stuart, r. f.....	0	0	3	0	1
Breesock, p.....	0	0	0	2	1
Totals.....	0	2	23	12	12

Two base hits Porter, Chambers. Three base hits—Volton. Passed balls Kuhn, Cheek, 2. Hit by pitcher Cameron, 1. Struck out By Cameron, 7. Left on bases Westminster, 6; Bethany, 4. Double play - Fisher and Fields. Time, 1:45. Umpire, Drake.

Homestead, the strongest team in Western Pennsylvania, went down before Westminster Monday. The game was interesting from start to finish. McKim gave them only nine hits. Porter, Breaden and Chambers batted well. "Ben" Marshall, Homestead's catcher and our old first baseman, failed to get a hit from Don. This almost broke his heart. Grosart had a home run and a three-base hit. Score:

WESTMINSTER.	R.	B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Edmundson, 3.....	2	0	2	1	1
Chambers, m.....	2	2	3	1	0
McKim, p.....	1	2	0	4	1
Porter, 2.....	3	3	4	3	0
Grimm, c.....	0	2	2	4	1
Cameron, r.....	0	1	0	1	1
Breaden, l.....	0	2	11	0	0
Grier, l.....	0	0	3	1	1
Volton, s. s.....	1	0	3	5	1
Totals.....	9	12	27	18	6

II. L. A. C.	R.	B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Fisher, s. s.....	1	2	1	3	1
Miller, 2.....	1	0	3	1	1
Grosart, m.....	2	2	2	2	1
Frances, c.....	0	0	3	0	1
Mangan, l. f.....	0	1	6	0	0
Hinton, r. f.....	0	1	0	0	1
Marshall, c.....	0	0	9	0	0
Hahn, l.....	0	0	0	0	0
McCloskey, p.....	1	3	0	4	0

Totals..... 5 9 24 10 5







Home run Grosart. Three base hits—Grosart, Chambers, Breaden. Two base hits Porter, Hinton. Bases on balls—Off McKim, 1; off McCloskey, 1. Struck out By McKim, 3; by McCloskey, 7. Hit by pitched ball By McKim, 1; by McCloskey, 3. Passed ball Marshall. Time, 1:45. Umpire, Ewing.

Saturday May 19—To-day's game with Allegheny gave us the Intercollegiate championship. We have now taken two games from Geneva and two from Allegheny. It was by far the poorest game we have played, having five errors in the first inning, permitting Allegheny to score four runs. Borland started in to pitch but was relieved in fifth inning by Fitzgerald. The latter pitched a good game. Again Don won his game, even with ragged support. The features of to-day's game were the loose fielding and failing to hit at critical moments. This makes the sixth consecutive game for us. We have still a 1,000 per cent. as to games. Score:

ALLEGHENY.	R.	B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Baker, 2.....	2	1	2	3	1
Borland, p.....	2	2	6	1	0
Fitzgerald, 3.....	1	2	2	2	1
Cota, c.....	0	0	7	1	0
Dunn, m.....	1	0	0	0	0
Moorhead, l.....	0	1	2	0	0
Endeau, r.....	0	1	2	0	1
Hammond, i.....	0	0	2	0	0
Finnegan, s. s.....	0	2	0	0	0
Taylor, r. f.....	0	1	1	0	1
Totals.....	6	10	24	7	4

WESTMINSTER.	R.	B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Edmundson, 3.....	2	2	0	0	1
Chambers, m.....	1	1	1	0	0
McKim, p.....	2	0	0	4	0
Porter, 2.....	1	1	7	1	0
Kuhn, c.....	1	2	8	0	4
Cameron, r.....	1	1	0	0	0
Breaden, l.....	0	1	2	5	1
Grimm, s. s.....	1	1	8	1	0
Grier, l. f.....	1	0	0	0	2
Totals.....	10	9	27	11	8

Two base hits Kuhn, Baker. Three base hits—Edmundson, Chambers. Home run Edmund-

son. Passed balls Grier, 1; Cota, 1. Bases on balls Off McKim, 1; Borland, 5; Fitzgerald, 3. Struck out By McKim, 7; Allegheny, 6. Umpire, Ewing.

The result of the Inter-class field meet Monday, May 21, gave us a very bright outlook for first place in the Intercollegiate meet at Washington. The following are the results of the several events:

Hammer Throw—McCandless, '03—distance, 101½ feet.

Pole Vault—Smith, '00, first; McGogeney, '02, second; Witherspoon, '03, third; distance, ten feet, six inches.

100-Yard Dash—Deevers, '02, first; Degelman, '01, second; Sloss, '00, third. Time, 10 2-5.

220-Yard Dash—Dead heat, Deevers, '02, Sloss, '00. Time, 24 2-5.

220-Yard Hurdle—Sloss, first; McGogeney, second. Time, 28 4-5.

Quarter-Mile Run—Dead heat, Deevers, '02, Sloss, '00. Time 57 seconds.

Half-Mile Run—Yourd, '03, first; Work, '03, second; Stewart, '03, third. Time, 2:13 4-5.

One Mile Run—Cummings, '01, first; J. Work, '02, second. Time, 5 minutes and 5 seconds.

Half-Mile Bicycle—Dead heat, Thompson, '03, McCague, '03. Time 1 minute and 15 seconds.

High Jump—Witherspoon, '03, first; McGogeney, '02, second. Height, five feet, two inches.

Broad Jump—Deevers, '02, first; Sloss, '00, second; McGogeney, '02, third. Distance, twenty feet, four inches.

Two Mile Bicycle—McCague, '03, first; Thompson, '03, second; Hamilton, '03, third. Time, 6 minutes, 3 2-5 seconds.

Shot Put—Chambers, '00, first; McCandless, '03, second. Distance, 34 feet, 2 inches.

Rope Skipping—Conner, '03, broke the world's record for 1,000 times, held by himself, doing it in 5 minutes, 22½ seconds.

540 Yards Hose Run—Time 24 2-5 seconds.

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## Alumni Notes.

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Rev. Joseph McKelvey, '63, preached at Paris on May 13, 1900.

Trimble, '91, and Witherspoon, '91, visited friends in the village.

Rev. N. Winegart, '74, has resigned the charge of Bloomfield congregation.

Margaret Pomeroy, '87, has arrived at her home, and is attending her mother, who is very sick.

Rev. K. W. McFarland, '88, of Alexandria, Egypt, is visiting relatives in New Wilmington.

Rev. I. T. Wright, '69, has accepted a call from Stowe, Ohio, and will move his family to that place in the near future.

Rev. G. A. Roseburg, '72, has offered his resignation of the Hookstown congregation and intends to make a tour of Europe.

John A. Wilson, D. D., '64, preached the baccalaureate sermon at the closing exercises of the Allegheny Theological seminary, May 13, 1900.

Rev. E. L. Porter, '88, of Rawal Pindi, India, one of the delegates of the United Presbyterian church to the recent Ecumenical conference, gave a report of the conference on the evening of May 3d, in the chapel.

Rev. J. Addison Alexander, '86, preached in the Second church May 13th. Rev. Alexander is about to take up the work in his new charge.

Rev. R. L. Hoy, '86, was tendered a royal reception by his young people and the members of his congregation at New Brighton, Pa., on the evening of May 1st. It was the celebration of the eighth anniversary of his pastorate.

Rev. R. C. Allen, '75, of Grove City, has published a compact and comprehensive pamphlet upon "Christian Marriage and Divorce," uniform in size and appearance with his treatise on the "Foundations of Civil Government."

The Allegheny Theological seminary is about to celebrate its seventy-fifth anniversary. Some of the speakers on this occasion are as follows: J. D. Irons, D. D., '69; J. R. Miller, D. D., '62; Chas. H. Robinson, M. D., '83, and W. S. Owens, D. D., '66.

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## Music and Art.

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### Sorrow and Song.

"Give me the gift of song, one asked of fate,  
 "That I may sing of beauty and of Spring;  
 Of woodland glades where streams are murmuring;  
 Of snow-topped mountains, lone and desolate;  
 Of love and sorrow, of revenge and hate."  
 Saith Fate: "That gift be thine, but it shall bring  
 Sorrow. Each note of gladness thou shalt sing  
 Unto thy heart's deep anguish shall vibrate."

"Be mine the power," he said, "and mine each pang

hat is the guerdon of the Poet's song."  
 So in the market-place the whole day long  
 Amid his busy fellow-men he sang,  
 And none who heard him, guessed that each sweet strain

Had wrung the singer's heart with mortal pain.

BEATRICE J. PRALL, in the "Spectator."

Miss McBride is back, finishing a china set.

Miss Irons has been obliged to leave on account of sickness.

The College Glee Club will assist at the baccalaureate service.

Miss Floy Robertson has returned to the studio for a few weeks.

Miss Hodgen has not done any work of her own, as her time has been fully occupied with her pupils.

The society contest promises to be very interesting this year as the contestants are all so well matched.

Miss Edith Estella McCreary will give a recital for graduation, Tuesday afternoon, June 12th, in the Second church.

Miss Elliott has finished some pleasing studies in water colors, among them a country landscape and "Yellow Roses."

Miss Tinker's picture in oil of two wild ducks hanging from a nail is worthy of mention. She has also done some work in pastel.

Miss Maude MacNall, formerly assistant instructor of the conservatory, will be present to aid in the commencement exercises of the department.

C. T. Hunger, our popular photographer, besides taking a large number of individual pictures, took those of the Philo Mandolin Club, and College Glee Club as well as society and class pictures.

The China display is especially interesting. One of the most elaborate pieces is Miss McKinley's punch bowl in currants. Miss Irons' punch bowl in blackberries and tankard in grapes are very beautiful. Miss Cook has finished a dainty tea set in violets.

Misses Robertson and Barr have been working on a study from still life of violets and books. The soft blending of the light and shade with the rich, deep purple of the violets is especially effective.

Great interest has been taken in the Elocution department this year and judging from its recital the work has been very gratifying. Miss Acheson's readings have been a pleasing feature of many programs.

The Glee Club has been very popular this year. Besides assisting at a number of entertainments they gave a recital assisted by Miss Acheson and the Philo Mandolin Club. Their evening serenades are much enjoyed.

The art display will be in the Y. M. C. A. room this year, as usual. Although only a part of the year's work can be seen, every one who has an interest in art should try to see the exhibit and we know that he will feel amply repaid for the trouble.

Besides the pupils' recitals, the conservatory furnished music for all the junior orations which constitutes no small part of its year's work. Perhaps too little appreciation is showed for this part of the work since we do not fully realize the preparation required to bring the members up to the highest standard.

All one's life is a music if one touches the notes rightly and in time. There's no music in a "rest" that I know of, but there's the making of music in it. And people are always missing that part of the life melody, and scrambling on without counting—not that its easy to count, but nothing on which so much depends ever is easy.—*Ruskin*.

Although we have printed the college song as sung by the Glee Club in another number, for the benefit of those who have not read it we publish it again :

Hail, hail to thee, our Mother Fair, Westminster!  
 Thy sons thy name with rev'rent homage greet.  
 While rings our song within thy sacred portals,  
 Fresh wreaths we twine and lay them at thy feet.  
 Long may she live, our Mother Fair, Westminster!  
 Fling to the breeze her banner white and blue.  
 Halls of our fathers, home of hallowed mem'ries,  
 Our Alma Mater, glorious, grand and true.

Mother, triumphant, let thy splendid story  
 Teach us the truth it ever taught thy sons,  
 That age hands down to coming age its glory,  
 Through all our lives the same firm purpose runs.  
 How can we falter, then, if thou command us;  
 How dare we fear, if thou dost us inspire;  
 How faint, or fail, or yield, whate'er withstand us?  
 Thy presence in our hearts, a holy fire.

Youngest of all thy sons we hail and greet thee  
 With all our lives for service in thy sight.  
 Westminster Fair, our Mother, we salute thee,  
 Majestic, crowned with everlasting light.  
 Long may she live, our Mother Fair, Westminster!  
 Fling to the breeze her banner white and blue!  
 Halls of our fathers, home of hallowed mem'ries  
 Our Alma Mater, glorious, grand and true.

The sixth annual contest of the Intercollegiate Oratorical association was held at Bethany, W. Va., May 10. According to the decision of the judges, first place was awarded to West Virginia University and second place to Westminster, then Allegheny, Bethany, Waynesburg, Thiel and Geneva respectively. The subject of Mr. Tustin, the winner, was, "Advantages of International Arbitration." Mr. Brooks, Westminster's representative, had as his subject, "The Song of Undine or Angel." Although we have maintained the high standard of our college, still we feel that the decision was unjust which was also the freely expressed opinion of the audience. All three judges ranked Mr. Brooks first in delivery, but one gave him such a mark in thought that his average was slightly lower than the winner's. Before the decision was

announced almost every one thought Westminster's victory unquestioned, and afterwards a large part of the audience remained to express their regret at the unjust decision. We feel that these remarks are not inappropriate, but are due both to the college and its representative, since they are in full accord with the sentiment of the majority of those present at the contest.

The college chorus class will give Cowen's cantata, "The Rose Maiden," in the Second church Monday evening, June 11. The soloists are, Miss Gertrude Clark, soprano; Miss Mary Ella Turner, contralto; Mr. James Moore Briceland, tenor; Mr. Holland Hunter Donaldson, baritone. chorus class numbers about forty members and as a result of their own diligence and Prof. Peterson's untiring efforts, all music lovers may look forward to a pleasant evening's entertainment. It may be of interest to some to know the story of "The Rose Maiden." The Queen of the Flower Fairies, weary of a life of unbroken calm, prays of the newly returned spring that he will bestow upon her also the gift of love that he bestows upon man. He warns her of the risk she runs, but finally yields to her entreaties by changing her while she sleeps into the form of a beautiful girl. Under the name of Rose Blossom she wanders through the world to find the love that she seeks, and meets with a girl who, having been betrayed and deserted by her lover, loses her senses and dies broken-hearted. But, undeterred from her search Rose Blossom becomes the wife of a forester, with whom she lives for a time in such perfect happiness that she cannot survive his death. The elves bewail the fate of their Queen and curse love as fatal to peace and happiness.



## Exchanges.

The *Pennsylvania Punch Bowl* is the name of a new comer in the field of comic journalism. It is published by the students of the University of Pennsylvania.

Professor (in astronomy): "What is the meaning of equinox?" Student (thoughtfully) "'Equi' means horse and 'nox' means night; nightmare, sir."—*Ex.*

Quoth the professor: "A fool can ask questions which a wise man cannot answer." Quoth the student: "I suppose that is why so many of us flunk."—*High School Voice.*

"The night wore on," the poet wrote;

But he forgot to say

What it on this occasion wore —

Perhaps it was the close of day.

Dartmouth is trying to raise \$100,000 to commemorate in 1901 the one hundredth anniversary of the graduation of Daniel Webster. President Seth Low, of Columbia, has been invited to deliver an address on the occasion. It may be of interest to note that Dartmouth published the first college paper in the United States, and Daniel Webster was the editor-in-chief.—*Ex.*

### HER LETTERS.

I love the books that round me wait,

Great words of men the years name great;

I love my briar (degenerate —

Banned by my betters!) —

I love the blaze I dream before,

I love a friend's knock at the door,

But more than all ah! so much more! —

I love her letters.

—*Ex.*

Every college student should bear in his personality two prominent characteristics, by which his friends at home and the people in general might have no trouble judging him a college man. The first one is an evidence

of good intellectual ability; the second is a jolly college disposition.—*Gettysburg Mercury.*

It was the Freshman's last exam.,

And he was going home next day,

He couldn't do this cic. ad. fam.;

His tho'ts were fleeting far away.

But when the prof. his paper read,

A smile came o'er his wrinkled face;

"I guess we'll pass this man," he said —

"His paper starts, 'My Darling Grace.'"

—*Yale Record.*

The following extracts from an article by Prof. E. H. Babbit, of Columbia, on "College Slang" in the April *Chautauquan*, are of interest to many of our readers: "Hen" is a common term for the female student. It is used in various compounds, such as "hen-medic" for a female medical student, "hen-roost" for a dormitory for women ("quail" and "quail roost" are common variations); at Cornell, Sage College is the name of the women's dormitory, and an inmate is a "sage-hen," while a male student who calls frequently is a "sage-rooster." "Calico" or "calic" is a sort of generic term for the female sex and is used in various connections; e. g. to "take calic" is to escort a lady to a place of entertainment or social function; a "calico course" is a course which is much attended by "hens" or in which their presence makes the social element prominent; this term is also used figuratively for a flirtation or love affair more or less serious. A "co-educational" walk is one made of two planks with rough stones between, far enough apart to prevent too close proximity of two persons using them. A cushioned window seat (or sometimes a hammock) is known as a "spoon-holder." A "cottage course" is the term used when a young couple leave college before graduation to get married."

## A BALLAD OF THE TRAILING SKIRT.

I met a girl the other day,  
A girl with golden tresses,  
Who wore the most bewitching air  
And daintiest of dresses.  
I gazed at her with kindling eye  
And admiration utter  
Until I saw her silken skirt  
Was trailing in the gutter !  
“What senseless style is this?” I tho’t,  
What new sartorial passion?  
And who on earth stands sponsor for  
The idiotic fashion?  
I’ve asked a dozen maids or more,  
A tailor and his cutter,  
But no one knows why skirts are made  
To drag along the gutter.

Alas for woman, fashion’s slave ;  
She does not seem to mind it.  
Her silk or satin sweeps the street  
And leaves no filth behind it.  
For all the dirt the breezes blow,  
And all the germs that flutter,  
May find a refuge in the gowns  
That swish along the gutter.

What lovely woman wills to do  
She does without a reason.  
To interfere is waste of time,  
To criticise is treason.  
Man’s only province is to work  
To earn his bread and butter –  
And buy her all the skirts she wants  
To trail along the gutter.

HENRY ROBINSON PALMER in “Life.”

# THE HOLCAD.

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## THE HOLCAD, NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

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### Publishers' Notice.

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TO ALL students, new and returned, greeting: The HOLCAD welcomes you and wishes you a happy and prosperous year. But in your happiness and prosperity don't forget your duty to your paper. Contributions are not compelled by the powers that be, but are voluntary, and there is no system of secret service by which we can ascertain who our literary students are. Being thus limited in our powers, we ask you, everybody, to contribute articles upon scientific sub-

jects, fiction, bits of college verse, or any items of interest, for which latter a drop-box has been placed upon the reading room door. Contributions handed to any member of the staff will be thankfully received and duly accredited.

WE are glad to note an increased number of new students, many of whom are upper-classmen. This fact speaks well for the high standard of instruction and advantages offered by Westminster. Several years of college life and familiarity of surroundings sometimes tend to make us belittle our advantages and minimize our opportunities. A few years' absence will correct our vision and then, too late it may be, we will realize what we have lost and very wisely advise the younger generation to profit by our experience. College days constitute the formative period of a graduate's life, and habits of industry or of sloth here formed shape his destiny. Therefore it behooves us to take advantage of passing opportunities and this lament, then, will not be ours.

ARE you an expansionist? Perhaps you are not; but we are. We want to extend the lines of this paper; we desire to make its influence felt over a greater

area during this year than during any previous one. You can help us; there are some fields we haven't explored yet. You have, and can tell our readers about it. Expansion may not be the proper thing, used in the ordinary meaning of the word; but we did not set out to discuss politics; only, we enlist your services to help us to expand. Be with us in our fall campaign. Let this "merchant vessel" carry some of your products into hitherto unknown ports. Increase the number at anchor.

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ATHLETICS play a very important part in college life, and it is understood that any one physically fitted to participate in any of the usual games should, so far as possible, do so. Some have the tendency to let their studies play a secondary part; but, however much we would urge the students to help athletics in every way, we say, "Let your studies have the first place." The arrangement of the class and study periods is such as to allow some little time, at least, to the development of the physical man; so lend us your aid to give Westminster a high standard both in athletics and in mental culture. We are out for purity in all lines of sport.

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EVERY student, whether subscriber or not, will receive a copy of this issue, after which the non-subscribers will be given a chance to subscribe by the business manager. It is hoped that every student in college will avail himself of this opportunity. We need your financial as well as literary support.

## Literary Department.

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**Mathematics in the Quest for the Unknown.**

Night has fallen over Samos. The wind is hushed and all nature seems at rest. The silence is broken only by the gentle surging of the waves upon the rocks of the sea shore, the sound of which falls upon the stillness like some sweet strain of distant music. Upon this peaceful scene there appears a man, alone. Pythagoras, that ancient philosopher, comes forth and stands in reverence before the altars of his heathen worship. Out of the dense darkness of ignorance through which he has been struggling there has come a ray of light. He has obtained a faint glimpse of the unity pervading nature, betraying the hand of an unseen artist. True to his Eastern devotion, he now offers up to his Pagan gods a sacrifice of thanks for the revelation of this, one of the world's greatest secrets.

Be this story fact or legend, the truth, which it announced was a gem of rarest value, a truth containing the only key to nature's secrets—wonderful, because universal in its very conception; sublime, and yet in its last analysis consisting of mathematical relations. Its development marks the onward march of scientific thought through all the ages. Down the centuries it has come like a flood of golden sunlight, dispelling the "clouds and mists of doubt and darkness" in the world about us, and revealing to the scientist as he drives his frail bark into unknown seas something of the contemplations of the Mind that first conceived it.

Man was born into a world of mystery. Disheartened at the gloomy shadows that



obscured his vision, his feeble mind directed him in a path which led only in a narrow circle. He became the victim of blind superstition. Dissatisfied at length with this barren credulity, he launched forth on the cold and shoreless sea of ungrounded speculation. Here he became more bewildered than before and wandered ever farther from the pathway to truth. Little wonder that his progress was so slow and uncertain, when all creation appeared to him as a

"Tangled web of no man's weaving,  
With end obscured and purpose hidden."

All his efforts toward the unraveling of that mystic web were fruitless, until he discovered that

It was woven by a Master weaver,  
Every strand fixed in its place,  
Each its ordered end fulfilling  
With perfect symmetry and grace.

Man beheld his first great mystery in the boundless realms of space. "He turned to the heavens and gazed in solemn wonder, charmed with its shining host, moving in grand procession 'through the hall-ways of the sky,' each star as it rose and set marking time on the records of nature." Earnestly did he long for a solution to this mighty problem. At last he found it. Mathematics offered her assistance and the mystery vanished like a fog before the rays of a noon-day sun. "With the properties of the ellipse, the laws of motion, demonstrated by mathematics, and two facts drawn from observation, the one that bodies fall towards the earth, and the other the regular motion of the planets, he demonstrates beyond the power of refutation the laws of the celestial system. He traces star after star, however eccentric their course, through the unseen immensity of space, and calculates

with unfailing certainty the hour of its return after ages have passed away. He does more. He weighs matter in the balances of creation and finds that, to complete the harmony of the system, a planet is wanting in some distant corner of its wide domain. No mortal eye has ever seen it. No tradition tells of its existence. Yet with the confidence and zeal of prophecy he declares that it must exist, for demonstration has proved it." In accordance with his prediction, the quest is begun, and a few hours' search reveals this "long-lost tenant of the skies," and Neptune was added to our little family of planets. "And what were the glorious contemplations of this pupil of mathematical philosophy as he passed behind the clouds of earth to investigate the machinery of celestial spheres? Alone, yet not alone, amid the glowing lights of heaven he sends his spirit forth through the works of God. He has taken line and figure and measure, and from proposition to proposition, and from conclusion to conclusion, riveting link after link, he has bound the universe to the throne of its Creator, by that '—— golden everlasting chain, Whose strong embrace holds heaven and earth and main.'"

Yes, mathematics has explored the heavens and returned, heavily laden with the jewels of truth which she has laid at the feet of man. But more. She turns to the earth beneath her, weighs its very atoms, severs the cord that binds its elements together and reveals the laws of their combination. Chemistry, with all its wonders, loaded so heavily with blessing, its gorgeous beauties beaming forth with all their dazzling brilliance, humbly does obeisance to this monarch of science.

Mathematics has ever furnished the final

court of appeal in the quest for the unknown. Behold its kingly grandeur as it dictates to Sir Isaac Newton the truth or falsehood of his speculations. But Newton, we are told, discovered the laws that have made his name immortal by a course of inductive reasoning. What honor was that for mathematics, which is essentially deductive? He simply observed the facts of nature, and from them he assumed a law. But before that law is fixed it must stand the test of deduction. He assumes it as true, and from it calculates the orbit of the moon. The test fails, and the mighty Newton, bowing in humble submission before the decree of this unerring science, admits that his assumptions must be regarded as false. To his great delight, a mistake is discovered in regard to the facts upon which he had based his calculations, and, in a second attempt, the test is satisfied and the law forever established. Just here lies the beauty of mathematics: Whatever she affirms to be true all the wisdom of earth dare not dispute or deny.

From philosophy some have attempted to banish forever this calm and noble science. And yet without it even here little progress has been made into the vast unknown. True, many beautiful systems of philosophy have been built up from which even the very postulates of mathematics have been carefully excluded. But what truths did they reveal? The testimony of history is that they simply led into the mazes of doubt and uncertainty. The universal conclusion of such philosophers has been simply this: "I do not know." Beautiful as such systems may have appeared, perfect though their founders may have imagined them to be, one fate awaited them all. Built upon false foundations, they were powerless to with-

stand the merciless onslaught of severe criticism, and to-day they exist only as beautiful dreams, each, having sprung from a single man, ruled the minds of a few and was soon lost in the debris of its own ruins.

Plato objected to mathematics because it is built upon assumed principles. Consider such an objection valid and what is the result? Science becomes a myth, philosophy itself, without a single support, falls never to rise, and the human mind gropes in vain in the darkness of skepticism for some ray of light to guide it to the realms of truth. Those who take such a position either refuse to admit the limitations of human wisdom, or consider the attainment of knowledge an impossibility. For only an infinite mind, capable of forming arbitrarily its own laws of thought, can build up a system of knowledge with absolutely no assumptions.

All attempts to ignore mathematics have only revealed the poverty of the human mind without it. And should it not be so, since it is but the interpretation of the laws that guided the thoughts of the Infinite

When He gave the stars their being  
And fixed for each its place?  
When the elements He mixed  
In his laboratory—space?

"Yes! he who would shun mathematics must fly the bounds of 'flaming space' and in the realms of chaos, that

'——dark  
Illimitable ocean,——'

Where Milton's Satan wandered from the wrath of heaven, he may possibly find some spot visited by no figure of geometry, by no harmony of proportion. But nature, this beautiful creation of God, has no resting place for him. All its construction is mathematical; all its uses reasonable; all its ends harmonious. It has no elements mixed without regulated law; no broken chord to

make a false note in the music of the spheres.'"

There may be fields of scientific research in which mathematics has not yet proved her prowess. Yet she alone can interpret nature, and what is nature but the thoughts of God? Then, may we not hope, at least may we not imagine, that there will yet be found certain relations existing—a counterpart for mathematics, may we call it—that will make it possible to penetrate into the deeper musings of that infinite mind, and interpret with certainty its operations in these realms of metaphysics? This much we do believe, that unless some means of certainty can be discovered to pilot the philosopher over these mysterious seas, they must ever remain impenetrable, a secret, hidden from the gaze of mortal wisdom. True, man may speculate. He has been doing so for ages. But viewed in the light of the present, he seems only to have been wandering aimlessly along the shore, wildly guessing whither that trackless expanse of the unknown might lead him, but wholly unable, with the means at his disposal, to explore it for himself.

But what of the future of this majestic science? Has she reached the limits of her kingdom? No, her conquest must continue until earth and nature have yielded up their last secret and man has solved the great equation of the universe.

History portrays her as the only open door through which the mind of man can approach the works of God. She has led the mind "through all that humanizes man, through all that is sublime in his progress to a higher state, through all the vast machinery which the Almighty has made tributary to his comfort and his happiness," up to that point where he can only stand in awe at the very sublimity of his conceptions, while his

soul reaches up to its Maker, as it instinctively re-echoes with the mighty Kepler, "the key-note of all true science; 'O God, I think thy thoughts after thee.'"

The harmony with which the Omniscient has constructed his works, revealed to man by the mathematical relations which they exhibit, has ever been the star of hope in the quest for the unknown. It has risen as rose the star of Bethlehem to the wise men of the east. Pythagoras saw it, dimly, just above the horizon. Slowly it has ascended, ever increasing in brilliance and guiding its followers with unfailing certainty through the deepest darkness. Higher yet it must rise until it reaches its zenith, and its brightness will fade only as the shades of night give way before the dawn of eternal morning. Then,

As God's own hand draws back the curtain  
That hides the infinite from sight,  
And life, relieved of limitations,  
Sees all things in perfect light,  
The harmony of earth will vanish  
In Heaven's harmony, pure and bright.

Mortal man! would you a vision  
Of those heavenly beauties see?  
Then find it in God's book of nature,  
In ways that He reveals to thee.

EDWIN GLENN FRAZER, 'OO.

#### Westminster's Appeal.

If you're weary will you listen while I speak a  
word to you?  
You can read them if you're lonely, you can read  
them when you're blue;  
Read them also in the night-time, in the darksome  
day as well;  
Any time, can read and ponder on the subject  
which I tell.  
Have you heard of old Westminster? There's a  
college by that name  
'Mong the hills of Pennsylvania, like a light-house  
full of flame,  
Shedding light through all the country, every  
region, every land,

Thus her light is ever burning, spreading light on every hand.

'Tis a city on the hilltop and its light you cannot hide,

Can be seen by far-off people many miles on every side.

Its influence, soul-uplifting, always upward toward the skies,

Always teaching what is helpful to the youths who wish to rise.

Her alumni have been scattered to the corners of the world,

To the farthest eastern countries the blue and white has been unfurled;

To the mission fields of India, to the land where flows the Nile,

To the red-skins of the forest, where they burn the funeral pile;

Some are teaching colored people in the black belt of the South,

Some in Western fields are preaching, near Columbia river's mouth;

North and south these men and women, in the work they strive to do,

When they tell the Gospel stories will they not Westminster's, too?

She's a noble institution, and no better work than she

Can be done by any college, no matter where it be.

Her equipment for the service is the best that can be found.

You can find none any better though you hunt the world around.

The Ladies' Hall and Science Hall, with late improvements made,

The faculty are men and women who are not the least afraid;

The good, kind Doctor is a man of whom we all feel proud;

He is wise and always pleasant, knows how to please the crowd;

His sermons Sabbath evenings are the kind we like to hear;

He keeps the work all moving, moving briskly through the year.

A college with more money could improve in many ways;

She could be as much ahead of what she was in former days

As she's now ahead of others as the day exceeds the night.

Wouldn't you like to see her shedding even brighter light?

Here's a time most opportune for some man who has the wealth

To enjoy a good old age—'twill be good, too, for his health.

There are men whom we call wealthy (they don't think so, if they are),

If they would endow the college, would it not be better far

Than to always try to keep it, and their pleasures greatly mar?

Five thousand dollars would be helpful, fifty thousand better still;

It would set Westminster booming, send her farther up the hill;

She would be a greater power in our church and country, too;

Her attendance might be doubled—then the good that she could do!

If you want your name exalted, and Westminster College, too,

Start her going with your money, wave on high the white and blue. H. V. S.

#### The Founders of Our Nation.

[The following oration was awarded first place in the junior contest in oratory held on the evening of June 8, 1900.]

Critics tell us we are a commercial nation. We are said to live only in the present and to devote our greatest energies to the solution of the financial problems which confront us. Be this true or false, we must acknowledge that in the midst of the increasing bustle and activity of the world about us we seldom trouble ourselves to seek the source of our welfare or to ask ourselves through what trials and self-denial the foundations of our institutions were laid. We fail to realize that those advantages which we accept as a matter of course are the result, not only of years upon years of struggle and hard-



ship upon the part of our forefathers, but of the physical and mental strength of the people who came to make homes for themselves in a new world. Their exploits are written in characters which will last and will tell their deeds to posterity "when brass and marble have crumbled into dust."

They need "no voice of artificial rhetoric to celebrate their names." Each came bearing his implements for the building of a great nation. Some were dashed over the precipice like the rushing waters of the Niagara, while others lived to carve their characters in the solid rocks.

A small company of outcasts, now bearing the name of Pilgrim Fathers, left to us the type of our manhood. They became famous, and was there not a cause for it? Was it not because these outcasts were men of fixed determinations, of indomitable courage, of deep faith and earnest prayer?

They, who in their frail little bark braved the fury of the elements, were frowned upon by kings and priests alike, but, animated by a passion for liberty, they carried to America "all that was democratic in the policy of England and all that was Protestant in her religion." Each had some trait which was stamped upon history. Their national characteristics had been already formed; each of them had a physiognomy of his own; they had attained to that stage at which men are led to study themselves. Thus they transmitted to us a faithful picture of their opinions, their manners and their laws. They had no notion of superiority over one another. The aristocratic element was feeble. Intellectual advantages were equal and not hereditary. It was the instinct or genius for colonizing, the unequalled energies, the indomitable perseverance and personal independence which made the Anglo-Saxon a

pioneer. His inherited tendency for pushing his way into new countries has been further developed by the westward sweep of successive generations across the continent. He gave to America a persistent energy which, in eager activity and effectiveness, is peculiarly American.

Our fathers began just where other nations left off. It appeared to have been divinely ordained that the founders of this republic should be "men of transcendent intellect, of finished education, of cultured conscience, of refined sentiments, true, noble men."

The feelings of Englishmen towards us have changed. They call us sons of England. They realize that America was planted by England's oppression and their own neglect of us. They speak of our glories as theirs. It was from them we drew our strength. We retaught them what we had learned from them. Our rebellion was but a vibration of "that deep chord which Hampden smote." America and England are one in language, one in desires and habits and aspirations, one in worship and birth and blood.

The aims and actions of our forefathers laid the basis upon which our institutions are built. For whether we look at the Puritan, ringing the curfew at even; the Huguenot, introducing new methods of agriculture; the Virginian, proud of his descent, or the plain, honest, sturdy Quaker, we shall find their influence in our government to-day.

Although they had different views concerning religion, government and education, yet, in the depths of their souls, motives were implanted which were ethical in that they sought to drive out sin and to live godly lives; and which were rational, in that they sought to lay a broad foundation of liberty. A foundation built upon a strong rock; a

foundation which the stormy winds of strife could not overthrow; a foundation upon which should be built a grand edifice of Fame, Liberty and Truth. This is the strength of our superstructure. A nation thus exists, and are its citizens not grateful for the institutions which our history presents in contrast with those of other nations? Do they not feel the advantages accruing to this land out of the existence of free principles? A land where the voice of the sovereign is not stronger than the voice of law. Are they not proud of our forefathers, in that they devised a plan of unity embodied in the immortal constitution of the United States, "the masterpiece of human creation," prepared to serve the needs of a people diverse and numerous, with vastly more diverse interests than those framers of that great work could have imagined, who builded better than they knew? Thus we have secured to us a government of equal rights and liberties, a body political which should secure to the greatest number the greatest good, with the spirit of Christian ethics in our fundamental law, the heir of all ages and the grandest evolution of government on the face of the earth.

We do not despair of America, for that would be to despair of humanity. We have a capacity for governing ourselves, and a nobler destiny than to be the footstool of a few awaits us.

However our forefathers differed in other respects, they were essentially one in their regard for education. There were nine colleges and hundreds of schools in this country before the Revolutionary War. In these schools and colleges many of our foremost men, as Jefferson, Monroe, Edwards, Hamilton and Madison, received their education. These beginnings have spread until we have

more colleges, schools and institutions of learning than any other country. We find that the first act of the colonies after settling was to provide a meeting house for religious services and a school house for children. It has been well said that in England higher education is a privilege; in America it is a duty.

Not only in government and in education, is the influence of the colonists felt, but they have bequeathed to us our religion, the most precious legacy of all. Christianity is the leaven of our individual, of our national life. We see its sweetening and purifying influence in our institutions of reform, our hospitals, our schools, our colleges, our governments and our homes. There are no people bound to acknowledge and adore an invisible hand which conducts the affairs of men more than the people of the United States. Every step by which we have advanced to the character of an independent nation seems to have been distinguished by some token of providential agency. "Of all the dispositions and habits which led to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness; these firmest proofs of the duties of men and our citizens." God's unseen providence has been stamped upon our history. It was not chance which gave the New World to the industry of the Puritans. "If a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without God's notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without God's aid?" The same providence that has presided over the beginnings of our national life we may hope will guide the action of our maturer years, and our greatest hope of the future lies in our continuing to be a Christian nation, as we have been in the

past. No character is perfect among nations any more than among men, but what might have been the state of affairs in America? We can scarcely entertain with patience the idea that we might have been a French, a Portuguese or a Spanish colony. What would be the inheritance from those nations? It would be for tyranny, for aristocracy, for military despotism, for absolute government, for privilege, for Spanish bigotry or French ambition, and not for England, for the Reformation, for progress, for liberty, for development and for righteousness, which were God's destined heritage.

The foundation of our nation is laid. There is still the Future.

Our nation is the noblest of republics, and if there is to be further advancement in governmental science, should it not be a model republic in all the future? Should we not listen to the "three great angels of History, of Conscience, of Experience," which, as the three great teachers of mankind, ever repeat to us eternal accents of the moral law. We have a duty before us as a nation. Newly acquired territories lie at our doors. Let us strive as our fathers of old to lift them up to the plane of civilization on which we stand. In our day of boundless prosperity we should not scorn the ladder by which we ascended, but stretch out a helping hand to the weaklings.

There is yet as great work for our nation to do as our fathers have done before us. May we hope, as the ages roll by in the abyss of the past, and generation after generation takes its stand and acts its part in the stupendous drama of history, each shall write its name higher and higher upon the temple of fame in characters of living light, and urge on the final triumphs of universal liberty and universal truth.

Let us draw the veil of forgetfulness over the faults and short-comings of our ancestors, reverence their self-denial and enthusiasm, and thank God that such men and women were chosen to people the New World and that we are privileged to be their descendants. Only in loyalty to the old can we serve the new, and in understanding of the past can we interpret and use the present, for history is not made, but unfolded, and the old world is ever present in the new.

MARY PILLOW, '01.

#### Advice.

When the student comes to college  
Fresh and green from off the farm,  
Some advice and sound instruction  
Will not do him any harm.  
For many trials and difficulties  
He will meet with while in school,  
And a little sound fore-warning  
May save him turning out a fool.  
So when you read this simple poem  
Do not fail it to obey,  
And we know that in the future  
You will thank the author for his lay.  
When you first arrive at college  
Do not try to cut a swell;  
To have it said that one is rising  
Is better than "He rose and fell."  
If your father's been a D. D.  
Or an officer of State,  
Keep it silent, lest some people  
Your own true worth over-rate.  
When you go into the class room,  
Do not exhibit all you know;  
Rust will never injure knowledge,  
Better go a little slow.  
If, as a man of letters  
You desire your life to beam,  
Join society for its true worth,  
Be not tempted with ice cream.  
If you, perchance, receive some honor,  
Do not think that all is won;  
Brilliant minds, neglecting study,  
In the end are found undone.

If to a certain entertainment  
 You wish to take a lady friend,  
 Never write with a lead pencil ;  
 Let your note with ink be penned,

And when you receive the answer  
 Expressing, Oh ! such great delight !  
 Do not let your head grow dizzy  
 And think that you are all right,

But keep yourself both cool and sober,  
 Remembering this as always true,  
 That many others receive answers  
 Of as great delight as you.

If, however, you're unlucky  
 And receive the answer "No !"  
 Attend that entertainment singly—  
 Never with another go.

'Tis better far to sit in silence,  
 Drop your chin on your cravat ;  
 Fill the empty seat beside you  
 With your overcoat and hat.

For the fair sex are so jealous—  
 At popularity so rejoice—  
 That to them 'tis almost pleasure  
 To tell another "You're second choice."

If among your fellow students  
 In esteem you wish to grow,  
 Never imitate another,  
 Be yourself where e'er you go.

Now if you follow these instructions  
 And find they will not work,  
 Take our last and solemn warning,  
 "Stay at home and shovel dirt."

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—The following from the *Tribune* will no doubt interest our readers and furnish food for reflection :

At the time that Edwin Markham's poem, "The Man With a Hoe," came out, or soon afterwards, there appeared an advertisement in the New York *Sun* offering a prize of \$100 for a poem in reply to it. It has now turned up, since the death of C. P. Huntington, the railroad magnate, that it was he who

offered the prize. The poem that won the prize was written by John Vance Cheney, a California poet, who is now a librarian of Newberry library, of Chicago. Below we publish the verse in Markham's poem to which Huntington objected, and underneath it, the verse in reply that was considered enough of an answer to receive the reward.

Verse Mr Huntington disliked :  
 O, masters, lords and rulers of all lands,  
 How will the future reckon with this man ?  
 How answer his mute question in that hour  
 When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world ?  
 How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—  
 With those who shaped him to the thing he is—  
 When the dumb Terror shall reply to God,  
 After the silence of the centuries ?

EDWIN MARKHAM.

Verse from the winning poem :  
 Nature reads not our labels "great" and "small,"  
 Accepts she one and all  
 Who, striving, win and hold the vacant place,  
 All are of royal race ;  
 Him, there, rough-cast, with rigid arms and limb,  
 The mother moulded him.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 Yea, since above his work he may not rise,  
 She makes the field his skies.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

Answer to Cheney :  
 Nature does read our labels "great" and "small,"  
 And she accepts them, one and all,  
 When striving to live for each other's good,  
 Only then are all royal blood.  
 The mother's kiss, the loving, hopeful smile,  
 Meant not a slave after a while,  
 But lords and rulers in all lands  
 Moulded him for gain by their hands.

Shame, oh, shame! ye parasites on labor!  
 Charging mother as the moulder  
 Of that bent form produced by long-drawn sighs  
 For liberty to view the skies.  
 To raise his head brings down the lash or curse;  
 To toil on, fill your master's purse,  
 But the day is coming when he will rise  
 'Gainst they that made the field his skies.

T. ASHMORE.



**An Explanation.**

Once when I wrote a masterpiece,  
 (Or so at least I tho't),  
 The editor refused it flat,  
 And called it awful rot.

But once again when I'd dashed off  
 A line or two of truck,  
 The editor accepted it  
 And blessed his star of luck.

And that's the reason I write truck  
 Instead of masterpieces;  
 The editor accepts it  
 And thus my wealth increases.

“BRECK.”

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## Holcades Mikrai.

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“They have come” — — — !

Freshmen must not forget to rise when reciting.

Patronize our advertisers. They are reliable.

Loyd Thompson was a Mercer visitor on the 16th.

Every student should subscribe for the HOLCAD.

Deevers, '02, will not return until the Winter Term.

All the girls are raving about Craig's fine tenor voice.

Degelman, '03, spent Sabbath, the 16th, in New Castle.

Remember the “Local” box on the reading room door.

Roy Kennedy and sister Julia did not arrive until the 18th.

Miss McKee spent Sabbath, the 16th, at her home in Butler.

Miss McCullough and Miss Larimer will not return this term.

It has been suggested that Stewart be put at the training table.

Miss Mary Howell was in town a few days at the first of the term.

Miss Zene Moore, of New Castle, is the guest of friends in town.

Norman says that “Gib” seems almost like one of the family now.

We are glad to welcome Miss Conway and Miss Russell back this year.

Fred Roessing, of Butler, was in town for a few days, calling on friends.

The Senior German and Sophomore Algebra classes are extremely large.

For Rent—Miss N's chair in Psychology every Wednesday and Saturday.

Mrs. Lowrie begins to think every girl in the Hall has a brother or a cousin.

A great many of our Seniors will be large enough to enjoy the campaign this fall.

Sam Hamilton and Boyd Witherspoon were in New Castle, Monday, the 17th.

Rev. U. L. Mackey, of Sharon, was in New Wilmington, Monday, September 17th.

Ramsey, ex-'02, and Morrison, ex-'03, visited friends in town on September 16th.

Carl Porter, who was seriously ill of scarlet fever this summer, has entirely recovered.

Prof. McElree has so far recovered in health as to be able to resume charge of his classes.

The girls who happened to be on the grand stand Thursday night enjoyed a fine entertainment.

Scene—The ladies hall. Miss T. coming down stairs singing, “Because I Love You.” McGinnis (who had just arrived)—“Good evening.” Miss T. retired with many blushes.

E. G. Frazer, '00, spent a few days in town. He will teach in Frankfort Springs Academy.

A fortune free to any student who will buy W. for what he is and sell him for what he thinks he is.

We notice the Press Club has lost a number of its most promising members. They need recruits.

The new college water plant is now being operated independently of the village water works system.

We note with pleasure that "Billy" Ramsey is a member of the staff of one of Sharon's leading papers.

Roy Dindinger, who was with us last year, will enter the W. U. P. this fall, to take a course in Pharmacy.

The college buildings and the ladies' hall have been greatly improved by being repainted and kalsomined.

"Shadow" Drake and "Ma" Chambers were back at the beginning of the term to see that school started as usual.

E. R. Morrison, ex-'03, has entered Case School of Applied Science, intending to take a course in Mechanical Engineering.

Coming up on the train "Ikey" Reed was heard to observe, "Oh! it's going to be fine; two whole car loads of girls coming."

Prof. Hanna, after completing a course of study at the Chicago University, was the guest of relatives in Iowa during vacation.

Prep. (to Cameron)—"Professor, can you tell me where the second prep. Algebra class meets?" "Stubby"—"Yes, my son; come with me."

Since our last issue word has come to us of the death of Eugene Jolly, ex-'03, which

occurred at his home in Coraopolis, June 2, 1900. It came as a surprise to his friends in college, who extend their sincere sympathy to the bereaved family.

The *Midland* of June 14th contains a full account of the commencement exercises and a large cut of the class of 1900 adorns the front page.

We would urge all connected with the college, when dealing with out-of-town advertisers, to let them know you are from Westminster. By so doing you will give them reason to feel that they are being repaid for the money spent in placing an ad. in our paper.

Although the complete registry records are not yet made up, it is almost certain that the total enrollment will at least equal that of last year and may exceed it. It can be said with certainty that the widely distant points represented indicate a considerable widening of the college patronage.

To Mrs. Lowry, the newly appointed governess of the Hall, we extend a most cordial welcome to Westminster. We realize the exacting and often arduous character of her duties, and bespeak for her the kindly co-operation of every Westminster student during the coming year.

It occurred in New Castle. They halted on a street corner, undecided as to which way they should go. Hunt—"Quo vadimus?" "Ikey" looked around at several of the signs, but finally had to ask, "Where did you see that?" "Ikey's" signal of distress is out. Who will help him?

Through the kindness of Rev. E. L. Porter, '88, missionary to India, a box has been received for the college museum. Among other things it contains some native cooking

utensils, a bag of shell money, a native clerk's writing desk, a book partly eaten by white ants, showing how destructive those insects are, and a peculiar variety of stone known as the "shaking stone."

We welcome the portrait of President James Patterson, D. D., which was so generously presented to the college last commencement by the class of 1900. The presentation address was made by the Hon. Samuel S. Mehard, '69, and the gift was accepted by the Rev. J. A. Bailey, '59, in behalf of the Board of Trustees. The portrait is hung above the chapel pulpit, immediately to the right of that of Dr. Vincent.

The lecture committee announce the following list of attractions for the coming season, from which it will be seen that we shall have an opportunity to hear lecturers of national repute and concert companies of a quality to be found only in large cities. The course is managed by representatives of the Adelphic and Philomath literary societies, and all profits accruing revert to said societies. An extended account of the following attractions will appear in the October HOLCAD—Col. L. F. Copeland, the Brockway Grand Concert Company, John B. DeMotte, Ward Beecher Pickard, Elias Day, Elbert Hubbard and the Temple Quartet.

The following officers have been elected by their respective classes for the ensuing year:

1902—President, Clyde Gibson; Vice President, James Work; Secretary, Frances Mehard; Treasurer, Ralph Adams; colors, red and black; motto, "From possibility to reality."

1903—President, Jas. M. Briceland; Vice President, Wm. Witherspoon; Secretary, Mary E. Stewart; Treasurer, Reed Veazey; Captain Track Team, Lester Degeiman.

1904—President, Kyle George; Vice President, Geo. W. Patterson; Secretary, Mary Sloss; Treasurer, A. L. Fervor; Captain Track Team, Audley Stewart.

The list of new students is as follows:

F. J. Warnock, New Castle; Wm. T. McCandless, Isle P. O.; C. S. Newberry, Zelenople; Adam McClurg, Vienna, O.; Mary McClurg, Vienna, O.; Olive Belle Pearson, Vienna, O.; Jas. R. Park, Allegheny; Nellie G. Boyd, Fay; Chas. H. Gibson, Elderton; G. H. McClelland, New Castle; Jas. L. Thompson, New Wilmington; May Hoagland, Hoagland; Carrie M. Alexander, New Wilmington; Pauline R. Alexander, New Wilmington; Bertal L. Alexander, New Wilmington; T. A. Craig, Sligo; Thos. M. Blackmore, Hookstown; Jos. W. Bryan, Hookstown; L. E. Stewart, Wheeler; Edward Phythyon, Wheeler; Clara A. Elliott, New Wilmington; E. E. Anderson, Jamestown; Agnes Helen Broad, Buffalo, N. Y.; A. M. Dunlap, New Wilmington; Geo. B. Parisen, New Wilmington; Jos. M. McCalmont, Paris; Wm. C. Press, West Lynn, Mass.; Chas. A. Demmler, Wilmerding; Cora J. Armour, Murdocksville; Mabel Ona Welsh, Jamestown; Ada C. King, Galt, Canada; Mary M. McCalmont, Claysville; Edith M. Davidson, Wampum; Anna Bell Park, Allegheny; Mary J. Park, Allegheny; Pearle L. Anderson, Leechburg; Vesta A. Lytle, Ligonier; Lucy Watt, Greensburg; Thos. W. Kennedy, Sandwich, Ill.; Mabel F. Woods, East Palestine, Ohio; W. L. Shaw, Mt. Pleasant; Jas. S. Stewart, Braddock; A. G. Weidler, Erie; C. H. Jaxtheimer, R. S. Johnston, M. A. McGill, New Wilmington; Wm. E. Minter, Worthington; G. W. Baldinger, Allegheny; Jos. L. Hazlett, Worthington; J. G. D. Patterson, McConnellsburg; Perry E. Mercer, Carnot; H. L. Bailey, Xenia, O.; J. G. Campbell, Carnot; F. E. Martin, Apollo; Elmer M. Newton, Energy; H. R. Thomas, Leechburg; Mary M. Scholl, West Newton; David I. Rose, Connoquenessing; Frances M. Hanna, Jamestown; Jane Hunter Howell, Irwin; Laura E. Thompson, J. R. Mitchell, New Wilmington; Martha D. Clawson, Freeport; Wm. A. Riddle, Sharon; Edward C. McGoun, Cyraston, Tenn.; Mary E. Porter, Pulaski; Bessie I. Fulkman, Nashua; Lida, B. Gibson, New Wilmington.

## Alumni Notes.

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W. G. Cook, '00, will study medicine at W. U. P.

John Nelson, '00, is traveling for the Standard Oil Co.

Miss Ethel Frampton, '99, visited Miss Stella Spencer, '00.

F. A. Hoover, '87, of New Castle, paid the college a visit recently.

Miss Myrtle Cooper, '00, is a teacher in the Butler High School.

The Rev. J. S. Garvin, '79, of West Newton, was a recent college visitor.

Jas. Chambers, '00, will study law in the office of Judge Hazen, of New Castle.

Rev. H. G. Edgar, '96, and J. M. Ferguson, '97, have been back to the old college.

The Rev. E. L. Thomas, '69, of Leechburg, conducted the devotional exercises on opening day.

Miss Ella Russell, '81, who has spent the last year at Chicago University, returned to teach at Tarkio College.

Wm. McElwee, Jr., '97, has been appointed professor of Mathematics in Amity College, College Springs, Ia.

Miss Gibson, daughter, of Rev. J. P. Gibson, '71, is the guest of her father's classmate, Dr. E. P. Dunlap.

Mrs. Sara McElree Mielin, '86, of Chicago, is spending a few days with her brother, the Rev. E. N. McElree, D. D., '58.

Miss Maude Slemons, '98, who has been teaching in the South and expects to return soon, was our visitor for a few days.

Dr. B. B. Snodgrass, '94, of Jamestown, was married on September 20th to Miss Maude Johnson, of West Middlesex, Pa.

Rev. S. G. Huey, '88, completed his ninth year as pastor of the Rock Prairie, Wis., U. P. congregation, August 19th. Statistics indicate a very busy and successful year.

Prof. C. B. Robertson, '93, who spent last year at Johns Hopkins University, will resume his work as professor of Chemistry and Physics at Indiana State Normal.

Rev. L. E. Porter, '88, who, with his family, is en route to India, arrived in London on August 29th, having had a safe and pleasant trip. They will remain in London six weeks or more visiting Mrs. Porter's parents.

Westminster is well represented in the State Normal School at Indiana, Pa. Miss M. M. McBride is professor of English; C. B. Robertson, '93, professor of Chemistry and Physics; R. E. Owens, '95, professor of Latin and Greek; Harry Phythyon, '98, Physical Director. Indiana is considered the best normal school in the State.

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—Every servant in a foreign establishment in Pekin is a spy and informer of some degree; espionage is a regular business; and table talk, visiting list, card tray, and scrap basket, with full accounts of all comings and goings, sayings and doings, of any envoy or foreigner in Pekin are regularly offered for purchase by recognized purveyors of such news.

—Potato bread is now extensively used in Thuringia, Germany, to feed horses, especially when they are worked hard in very cold weather. The animals thrive on it, and their health and strength are excellent.

—Dead ancestors are said to occupy too much of the arable land in China. Famines would be less frequent if the country was not one vast cemetery.



## Music and Art.

The Mahoning Orchestra, of Youngstown, furnished the music for the Senior class commencement week.

The Chorus and Notation classes have again organized under the direction of Prof. Peterson. Let every student who can avail himself of the opportunity join these classes, as the training is of the highest benefit.

The commencement concert given on the evening of June 11th was one of the most entertaining ever given by the Music Department. The choruses were difficult, but the class proved itself fully competent to give them an excellent rendition. The appreciation of the audience was manifested by its hearty applause.

The Glee Club gave a concert on the campus previous to the Chorus recital. The novelty of the scene and the informality of the occasion lent it a charm that will not soon be forgotten by the visitors and furnished another link in the chain of endearing memories that binds the hearts of the outgoing class to their Alma Mater. The numbers given were as follows: "Our Mother Fair, Westminster;" "Evening Hymn," Witt; "Lizette," Kucken; "The Three Bumblebees," Trulon; "The Three Glasses," Fischer; "Little Tommy," Macy; "The Water Mill," Macy; "Simple Simon," Macy; "Softly Sleeps," Schultz; "Fairy Moonlight," "America."

Miss Edith McCreary's recital for graduation in piano was held in the Second church on Tuesday evening, June 12th. The stage decorations were beautiful. Miss Jessie Fisher, soprano, and Miss Mary Turner, contralto, assisted. The highest tribute that one

can pay to Miss McCreary's musical ability is to say that she held the close attention of the large audience throughout the length of her program:

### PROGRAM.

Beethoven. - Sonata in G. Op. 14, No. 2.  
Allegro,  
Andante,  
Scherzo.

Chaminade. Ritournelle.  
MISS TURNER.

(a.) Godard. Lamartine. Fragment Poétique No. 1  
Since the happy hour  
When the minstrel young  
His harp all unstrung  
Came to sigh for his love  
At the foot of the tower.

(b.) Jadassohn. Widmung. (Dedication.) Op. 32.  
Schubert. - Impromptu. Op. 90, No. 4.  
Godard. - - - Florian's Song.

### MISS FISHER.

Borowski. - - - - - Taquinerie.

—President Loubet, of France, is interested in autographs and has one of the best private collections in that country. On this he spends a great deal of money, and the other day gave a large sum for a letter written by Balzac.

—John Morley, the English politician and critic, is one of those who read nearly all the time. He has a book before him when he dines alone and when he drives, and very often is seen reading while he walks about some of the most crowded portions of London.

—Abner Robbins, the leading capitalist of Eastern Oregon, is one of the most eccentric of American millionaires. He lives alone in a lonely hut, prefers humble fare, and will not accept a pass on his own railroad.

—The teaching of Spanish has been introduced in the schools in Santa Fe, N. M.

## Athletics.

### BASE BALL ECHOES.

We received our first defeat at the hands of Mt. Union. Cameron and McKim were in the box for us. Beadle, Canton's crack pitcher, did the pitching for them. We might state that Mt. Union's coach did the umpiring. Score, 9 to 7.

We lost to Homestead Saturday, May 26, by a score of 10 to 2. Batteries, McKim, Grimm, Kuhn, and Jones, Marshall.

We took the only game on the trip from W. and J. Cameron pitched a good game. Batteries, Cameron, Kuhn, and Carson, Ferguson. Score, 8 to 3.

On Tuesday, May 29, we lost to Indiana. We were unable to hit McCall. "Don" pitched a good game, but didn't have good support. Batteries, McKim, Grimm, and McCall, St. Clair.

Johnstown took two games from us on Decoration day. The morning game was the best fielding game we ever played. Cameron only gave them three hits. Score, 1 to 0. In the afternoon "Don" went in to pitch with a sore arm. Yoltan took his place in the third inning. Score, 12 to 3.

June 6 we played the Cuban Giants. This game is noted for its errors. We had eight in the first inning, which lost us the game. Score, 12 to 9.

On Saturday Mt. Union came to New Wilmington to take another game from us. We made six runs in the first inning, seventeen the next, and so on. They tried every pitcher they had, but it was of no avail. "Don's" arm was again in shape, and consequently Mt. Union didn't find the ball. Score, 37 to 4.

On Monday Indiana closely escaped a shut-

out. Up until the ninth inning they hadn't hit "Don" much, but in the ninth they scored four runs. Batteries, McKim, Kuhn, and McCall, St. Clair.

On Tuesday they didn't escape the shut-out. "Jack" Cameron did the work for us, Williams for them. Score, 10 to 0.

Again we gave W. and J. their medicine. Carson was hit freely. This game abounded in kicking, which made it unpleasant for the spectators. Score, 10 to 4.

McKim is to be congratulated upon his good coaching. The season has been one of the most successful in the history of the school. McCalmont made a capital manager. Everything was pleasant on the trip as far as it was in his power to make it. Financially it can be called a prosperous year. With the athletic association backing the manager there should be no timidity in taking the managership.

Edmundson, '01, has been elected a second time as captain of the football team. His work last year is a guarantee for the coming year.

The football outlook is certainly very encouraging. It is too soon to predict the lineup, but the old men will occupy about the same positions as last year. Kuhn, Gamble, Donaldson, Fulton, Clark Campbell, Ewart Campbell, linemen, and Mehard, Edmundson and Cummings, all last year's 'varsity men, are back and at hard practice with their old time vim. There is a larger number of promising candidates than usual among the new students, many of whom have had some experience. The following new men especially are showing up in fine form: Thomas, who played halfback for the Leechburg eleven; T. Kennedy, who played

fullback for the Chicago high school ; Stewart, a former lineman of the Braddock high school.

McCowan, of Tennessee, who entered the Senior class from Cedarville college, bids fair to fill the vacancy at left guard, caused by the graduation of Chambers.

At the third practice twenty-six men in full suits reported to Captain Edmundson. Cameron, of the '98 'varsity team is a candidate for fullback.

The schedule is not yet complete, and will be published in the October issue.

The first game of the season will be played at the Stoneboro Fair on October 4th. We ought to send a large delegation of "rooters," and help the team by our presence.

## Exchanges.

### SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT.

They came from the bar at midnight,  
And carried an awful load,  
Yet they said they were feeling out of sight,  
And they walked all over the road.—*Ex.*

The *Index* contains an article that would interest botany students.

As a matter of fact the real short fellow cuts the most ice.—*Rayen Record.*

According to statistics there are ten women to one man in some States. Hence the rush.

The April and May editions of the *Inter-Collegian* contains some good articles on college men.

The *Colby Echo* is one of the best school papers among the exchanges. It is a weekly and is filled with good reading.

The wife: Do you know what condition you came home in last night?" The

Husband: "I can imagine, dear." "You deceived me." "Deceived you, dear?" "That's what I said. You told me you were only going out for a little while." "Did I say a little while, dear? I meant I was going out for a little time."—*Yonker's Statesman.*

If the following would happen to Hunt he would have nervous prostration:

I had a dream the other night  
When everything was still,  
I dreamed that each subscriber came  
Right up and paid his bill.—*Ex.*

Now is the accepted time to get in line for the lecture course later on. Make your acquaintance with the governess. Be happy. Cause the lecture committee to rejoice. Get things on the go and your father will visit you.

Although out of place in respect to the time of year, yet the following can be taken as a warning to—Freshmen :

College maid, 'ere we part,  
Give me back—no, not my heart,  
But my class pin and that ring,  
Football picture, everything  
That I bought and gave to you  
When our college love was new.

One exchange on base ball says : "Baseball is an old game. The devil was the first coacher. He coached Eve when she stole first. Adam stole second. When Isaac met Rebekah at the well she was walking with a pitcher ; Sampson struck out a great many times when he beat the Philistines ; Moses made his first run when he slew the Egyptian ; Cain made a base hit when he killed Abel ; Abraham sacrificed ; the prodigal son made a home run ; Moses shut out the Egyptians at the Red Sea ; Noah was the first pitcher—he pitched the ark within and without. The game was called on account of rain.

An article in the *Washington Jeffersonian*

takes a strange yet good view concerning the cigarette habit. Strange, in that the writer is a student; good in that it hit the mark. It says, in part, "What right have we to abuse the cigarette? To justify ourselves in condemning and abusing it, we must satisfy ourselves that it has done wrong and that it is responsible for what it has done. Even if we did prove the first, the second must be proved also." It argues that

the cigarette has done no injury to the user. He uses it to decrease his mental and physical powers and it accomplishes its work. It is just the same in the use of medicine. You take medicine to cure a disease, and if you break out with a rash you don't blame the medicine. So with the cigarette, it does what it was made for. Now let the user take the blame. Don't try to put it off on the little cigarette.

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# THE HOLCAD.

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No. 2

## THE HOLCAD, NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

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No anonymous communications will be noticed.

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WE have an athletic association in college that fulfills its purpose only about one-half. That is to say, about one-half of the students join; whereas all who take any interest whatever in athletics—and every one surely does—should be members. The plan to have every male student pay a certain sum for athletics every term along with his tuition, has been proposed many times, and we do not hesitate to say that it is a good one. There are many who cannot be reached

in any other way, and as this plan has been carried out in several other colleges, we might, with profit, experiment with it here.

THE literary societies of the college are making the usual fall campaign for members and not without result, for the majority of the new students have already been elected members of one or other of the four societies. The work is important and required, being equivalent to the fourth study prescribed by other colleges. There is a disposition on the part of some to postpone the time of initiation until the faculty takes action. The immediate result of such action is a penalty of twenty demerits and the mandatory advice to join at the next regular meeting of the society of your choice. Such delay occasions great inconvenience, for it is much more difficult to join after peculiarities of style and delivery are known and acquaintances are formed.

WHY is it that no political excitement can be aroused among the students, especially those who expect to cast their first presidential votes at the coming election? Is the right of suffrage to be assumed so lightly? Few, if any, can give the distinguishing points of differ-

ence between the Republican and Democratic platforms, yet all pretend to be strong partisans, presumably because their fathers before them were. Ignorance of the issues of the present campaign is inexcusable, in view of the vast amount of literature being circulated throughout the country and the many mass meetings open to all. Political clubs might be organized where the exponents of the various parties could air their views for the instruction and amusement, perhaps, of their audience.

A JUDGE in the United States court recently refused a foreign born negro citizenship; one who was a college-educated man and who would no doubt be a good citizen, but the law had to be carried out. Yet illiterate negroes born in the United States are citizens from the beginning, but citizens who are more detrimental than ornamental. Some provision should be made for cases like this.

## Literary Department.

### 1900 Class Poem.

Gray stained with ruddy, crimson glow  
 The eastern heavens in glory lie,  
 The morning stars now fainter grow,  
 And, dimmed in splendor, fade and die.  
 The queen of night veils her fair head,  
 Far stretch the bars of ruby light,  
 The sea, like fire, is glowing red,  
 The mountain snows are glistening bright.  
 Announced by waves of golden light  
 The sun-god's chariot appears,  
 By steeds of fire before the sight  
 Of mortals drawn. Like glistening tears  
 The dew drops in their brilliance shine.  
 O, slumbering world, awake to life!  
 It is the glorious morning time.  
 Awake! and arm thyself for strife!

The twilight and the night are past,  
 The rosy dreams of dawn fast fade,  
 This is the day of life. At last,  
 Emerging from the dusky shade  
 Of youth and youthful fear and hope,  
 We enter the clear light of day.  
 Here in the flush of morn we pause  
 Before we choose our future way.

As when in days of old the stars  
 Of morning sang a hymn of praise,  
 'Ere men had learned the trade of Mars,  
 Or angels fell from Heaven's ways,  
 So, as we pause, the stillness sweet  
 Harmonious falls upon our souls,  
 The calm before the storm that fleet  
 Advances with its blighting cold.

The hours of life, a way untried,  
 Beyond us stretch. The rosy haze  
 Of youthful hours, now lost, has dyed  
 With blushing shade the future ways;  
 No longer may we linger here  
 Lest clouds with fire brands riven  
 May veil the sky now smiling clear  
 And frowning, dim the lamp of heaven.

For one the hours of life contain  
 Bright hopes and Fortune's kinder gifts,  
 Mayhap the laurel crown of fame,  
 Or holy human love, that lifts  
 Men skyward. And the earthly life  
 May be one happy, glorious train  
 Of honor, praise, renown. Nor strife  
 Nor care may blight, but peace shall reign.

And yet another life may hold  
 No pleasure. Like the Nazarene,  
 His crown a crown of thorns. But bold,  
 Courageous, on he strives, though mean  
 And sordid souls his life oppress.  
 He toils up pathways rough and steep  
 Unknown, unpraised, no hope to bless,  
 He lives. His death is dreamless sleep.

No prophet, as in days of yore,  
 The secret future may disclose  
 Whose be the crown the God-man wore,  
 Or whose the laurel no man knows.  
 Like silken veils that separate  
 The holy place from carnal man,  
 The mists of years the future state  
 Conceal. Such is the all-wise plan

And strong in youthful power and might,  
 And rich in learning's golden lore,  
 The rarest gift, save love and right,  
 That Heaven gives from out its store.  
 We meet the precious hours of life,  
 Whate'er our fate may chance to be,  
 With honor and with noble strife,  
 Before whose might the cowards flee.

One hour is rich in pleasures rare,  
 And one with grief shall overflow,  
 One shall be free from heavy cares,  
 In one the clouds of strife shall grow  
 Until the storm in fury breaks  
 And then, when Heaven's tears are o'er,  
 The skies will smile. Our life partakes  
 Of earthly gifts and Heaven's store.

So thus advance the hours of day  
 Until the sun's bright course half done  
 He stands unmoved and sends a ray  
 Across the path that he has won.  
 God grant us, in His mercy vast,  
 That we may stand at noon of life  
 And, looking backward o'er our past,  
 May see with joy a noble strife.

And now the sun is turned in Heaven  
 And slowly, as a warrior old,  
 Descends, and thus our life is driv'n  
 To death's relentless clasp'ing hold.  
 The golden hope of youth is turned  
 To baser metal. Love and strife,  
 That once with mighty power burned,  
 Are flick'ring out at end of life.

So we the hours of life descend  
 While setting is the golden sun,  
 And as his farewell glories blend  
 Our life is o'er and day is done.  
 Beyond the veil we slowly pass  
 Within the secret dim unknown,  
 And peaceful sleep falls on our class  
 While weeping dirges softly moan.  
 Sleep, resting dead, for life is o'er,  
 Sleep peacefully within the grave,  
 Day's dreams shall trouble now no more,  
 No power may harm and none may save.  
 Spread, hov'ring Night, thy shades about  
 And hide the glaring light of day,  
 For, lo! the light of life is out  
 And black robed Death holds scepter'd sway.

The sun sinks low in western skies,  
 The earth is hushed. The sunset bright  
 Is lighting up the world. The cries  
 Of birds are stilled. The glorious might  
 Of Nature's artist paints the dome  
 Of heaven. The clouds to roses turn  
 Or gorgeous winged birds that roam  
 In tropic lands where deserts burn.

And now the clouds to purple turn,  
 The rosy dome of heaven shades  
 With deeper blush. The sun that burned  
 Behind the darkened forest fades.  
 So, see the heavens darker grow,  
 And dimmer grows the glorious west,  
 The chilling winds of even blow  
 And twilight brings its blessed rest.

And thus the day is done and night  
 In quiet reigns o'er hill and plain,  
 The little stars are glancing bright  
 And peace succeeds day's troubled reign.  
 All sleep, save only God, eternal power,  
 Who watches o'er the resting earth,  
 And night's untroubled quiet hour  
 Has fallen on day's grief and mirth.

FAITH STEWART.

#### The Light That Failed.

For centuries the French people had been governed by a line of tyrant kings. Bound down by an unscrupulous nobility, oppressed by a selfish clergy, their government had gradually grown more oppressive and stringent.

Drunk with power and lusting for gain, the clergy had forgotten the duties they owed the people. The oppression of the civil authorities had reduced the peasantry to abject serfdom and poverty, but in spite of this the idea of personal liberty, so prevalent throughout all Europe during the eighteenth century, was rapidly gaining a foothold among the down-trodden masses of France. The church was the strongest support of this ancient and now bitterly hated government. Every effort at reform met in the clergy an antago-

nist at its very inception, and soon the liberal cause turned from the church and identified itself with atheism. As the priesthood had taken sides against personal liberty, a doctrine they should have been the first to proclaim and champion, the religion whose mission it is to give civil liberty to the world, came to be regarded as a foe which must be conquered before freedom could be obtained.

While this spirit of revolt against the existing order was developing in France, the American colonists had freed themselves from the clutches of despotism and established a government, which, repudiating the tyrant dogma of the divine right of kings, asserted the equal rights of all men before the law.

"They could not live by man made codes and creeds. They sought the path where every footstep bleeds; Protesting, not rebelling, scorned and banned, Through pains and prisons, harried from the land."

These were the men who came to the new world where they might "found a church without a bishop and a state without a king." They startled the world by their declaration that all men were created equal and endowed with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and with an appeal to heaven for the justice of their cause and the rectitude of their intentions, in the strength inspired from on high, they had achieved a glorious and lasting freedom.

One of the most ardent soldiers who fought for American freedom was a French nobleman, the Marquis de La Fayette. Moved by love of liberty and deep sympathy for the struggling colonists, La Fayette gave up his position in the French army and took service with the American forces at a time when everything seemed to point to failure for the

cause he espoused. With lofty and unfaltering courage he bore defeats, hardships and discouragements while battling for the welfare of human kind, and halted not until victory was achieved.

At the close of the American struggle he returned to France and when the French revolution broke out joined those who were contending against oppression. His influence was always exercised on the side of moderation, humanity and constitutional liberty, but his attempts to introduce American political doctrines of Christian liberty were doomed to failure. The demagogues crying for blood were more powerful than the moderate liberalists, and the mob was soon supreme. A declaration of rights was drawn up, zealous indeed for the rights of man, but silent concerning the rights of God. It was an attempt to be right without being just. The king was still the executive head of the government, but the people, fearing lest in time his influence would become as great as it had been in the past, removed him. The extremists now came into power—Marat, Robespierre and Danton, with their committees of public safety. The prisons were glutted with "suspects." The guillotine ran incessantly. The king was beheaded. The nobility fell before it. Those who had been instrumental in framing the "declaration of rights," but who were in favor of moderation in regard to the treatment of the king and nobility, met a similar fate. Influenced by the teaching of Voltaire and other atheists, the French were led to boast that they would dethrone not only the kings of earth, but even the King of Kings, the very God of Heaven. With this purpose in view religious worship was abolished and the worship of reason established instead. Every



law formulated was based on ideas of this character. The Sabbath, the day set apart for the worship of God by His express command, was set at naught and a day of riotous pleasure substituted. Instead of the worship of the Divine Creator they set up a woman of dishonor for their adoration. Could a government long exist based on the principles of infidelity?

Infidelity knows no God.

Christianity respects, first of all, the rights of God and holds with Plutarch, that "it would be easier to build a city in the air than to found a republic based on any other principle than the worship of God."

Infidelity confessed its want of any conception of righteousness in the universe.

Christianity concerns itself with righteousness in all its length and breadth; its depth and height.

Infidelity repudiates every appeal of man to the higher law.

Christianity stands for the rights of conscience and yields to it as a message from the skies.

Infidelity has no voice of protest against the enslavement of body, mind or soul.

Christianity stands between the individual and social, political and spiritual oppression.

Why did the French revolution meet with disaster, while the American colonists, also fighting for freedom gain the day?

Why is it that political liberty in France was forced to give place to the most absolute of despotism, while in the American republic the people rule supreme?

Where can the answer be found save in the different political philosophies adopted by these different peoples?

Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap, and he that soweth to the wind shall

reap the whirlwind. The leaders of the French revolution sowed to the wind and in a marvelously short time the people reaped the whirlwind in the reign of terror. A reign of terror it was indeed! Hideous its scenes to look upon! Terrible its acts to contemplate! A wild, ungoverned and ungovernable mob, with no thought but murder and no cry but death. Like a mighty conflagration it spread. A mere spark fanned by the wind into a flame which burst forth with such awful fury that those whose hands had started it stood by terrified at what they themselves had wrought, unable to check its frightful progress. Little wonder the world stood aghast at this, the horror by which they had measured all horrors, the crowning catastrophe of the ages.

Mere human reason, even when most highly enlightened, is insufficient for the mighty task of settling the political interests of man on broad and stable foundations. Human society is like a planet. Every planet has its orbit. The centrifugal force drives it forward. Left to this influence alone it would sweep on to destruction. But there is another force that reaches out from the center. The centripetal force holds it in its course, and so it sweeps forever forward fulfilling the purpose of creation in the mighty system of the universe. And so it is with social order. Human will is the centrifugal force which, if not counterbalanced, would drive on to ruin. Divine will is the centripetal force which, when recognized, insures the attainment of the highest social and political well-being, for "Law hath its seat in the bosom of God and its voice is the harmony 'of the world.'"

A weary, footsore traveler, uncertain as to his way, is toiling through a lonely forest.

Amid the darkness of the night he hails with joy a faint and distant glimmer. He hastens toward it, hoping that it may prove a light to lead him from the dangers that surround him to a place of rest and safety; but alas, it only leads him on, farther and farther from the beaten path! Suddenly he realizes he is utterly lost—the light has failed—he has followed a will-o-the-wisp—followed perhaps to his destruction. And so it was with the despairing millions of benighted France. Weary of misrule and oppression they sought for liberty. They followed what they called the light of Reason, believing that it would guide them safely to their goal. Following this light they were led to the fatal precipice of lawlessness and plunged down into the seething abyss of anarchy—the political atheism of a godless people. They overthrew the old oppressive form of government and on its ruin sought to establish a free republic, but when their desires seemed all but realized—the light failed—and the tyrant once more ruled supreme.

How different this from the American nation! Here, too, was liberty sought, but sought in the light that comes from divine revelation. This was the shekinah that went before the puritans and pilgrims as they traversed the wastes of ocean and sought for themselves a home in the western wilderness. It was the liberty Knox thundered, for which Calvin argued and Cromwell battled. The liberty that was their common inheritance, made secure to them by Christian thought and devotion. This Christian liberty has become part of the nation. Its institutions and laws are founded upon it. And because our liberty is Christian liberty there is no place among us for license or anarchy. As the years have rolled by the light has be-

come brighter and clearer, aye, and shall continue so to grow until in that day of the perfect nation,

“When wrong shall cease, and liberty and love,  
And truth and right o’er all the earth be known,  
As in their throne above.”

But that day is not yet. History, trumpet tongued and with ten thousand voices, warns us that we cannot have liberty and enjoy the rights of man if we ignore the Author of Liberty, and that reason, without divine intelligence, cannot guide aright in any of the affairs of this life. Mighty forces of evil are arrayed against the ideals of American Christian liberty. Infidelity seeks to take God’s Holy Word from our schools; to undermine the American Sabbath, and in its place give us the Continental Sunday, thus striking at the very roots of all that is pure and vital in our national life. Rome reaches across from her seven hills and reinforces infidelity in the onslaughts on our institutions. Insidiously she works. Priests die. The church lives forever. Time is naught to her. Her purpose! Only her purpose. Jesuitism seeks to dictate our national policy both at home and in our newly acquired island possessions. Only a little matter? Was Jesuitism ever satisfied? Has she not ever been the foe of freedom? Is she not to-day the bitter enemy of all American Christian institutions?

We must give heed to the warning, “Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.” The safety of the American nation lies in the American conscience. The Christian character of our civic life as established by our forefathers must be maintained if we would avoid the rocks and shoals dangerous to our ship of state. We dare not repudiate the light that has guided us thus far safely

through all the storms of our history, and  
our faith is, that through all these threaten-  
ing clouds its will guide us safely on—

"The height is far, the path is thorned, the glory  
is not yet,

And myriads long to see that face last seen on  
Olivet;

But through the night of doubt and pain the glad-  
dening cry shall ring—

Make way for truth! for right! for God! Make  
way! The King! The King!

W. B. McCORRY, '01.

#### Halloween.

'Twas a merry crowd that gathered there,  
As the twilight waned and the stars shown out;  
Cool was the night and crisp was the air,  
As they whispered together 'mid laughter and  
shout.

'Twas the time of year when pumpkins grow,  
And the time of the month called Halloween,  
But Westminster's lads were brave, you know,  
When the grim and awful ghosts were seen.

As they talked and planned 'neath the rays of the  
moon,

They plotted and schemed and knev no care,  
For why should young hearts know sorrow so soon?  
To hinder these innocent sports—oh beware!

This jolly clan chose a certain good route,  
And started in quest of mischief and fun,  
But strange sounds—a thud, a short sharp toot,  
Fill the autumn air, ere the night's work is done.

Dead leaves were rustling beneath their feet,  
And tall trees waved their bare arms overhead,  
But Sentinel Joseph was pacing his beat  
With musical cadence and rhythmical tread.

They all met together and notes were compared,  
They laughed o'er adventures and talked of their  
plights;

New schemes and projects were talked of and dared  
As the smiling old moon gave consent to their  
rights.

When they tired of the romps and pranks out of  
doors,

They agreed to adjourn to where warmth might  
be found,

And amusements beside the fire's cheerful roar  
Would enliven the time as the hours fly 'round.

To a room in an old haunted farm-house they fled,  
And roasted spring chickens and corn on the ear,  
While the logs in the fireplace glow lurid and red  
And light from the sputtering candles seems  
dear,

The great spacious room looked ghastly and dim,  
Save the wood that blazed on the fireplace wide.  
Decorations were made of evergreen limb,  
And dangling horse shoes in doorways were tied.

From corners, crannies and queer dusty nooks  
Bright faces—minus the bodies—were seen,  
As with grinning expression and satanic looks  
The light from the features sends many a gleam.

Ghost stories were told by the girls and the boys  
That might make your blood run exceedingly  
cold,

Were it not for the fire and the life youth enjoys,  
As they roast big fat chestnuts and cornpoppers  
hold.

What games did they play and what songs did they  
sing?

And what fantastic customs and charms did they  
test?

Imagination ran wild and did merriment bring,  
As jokes, tricks and riddles were rendered and  
guessed.

On this "Eve of All Saints day" tradition has said  
That a maid in a mirror her lover will see,  
And if down-stairs backward at midnight you tread  
Your fate will be met or your fortune told free.

So all these manoeuvres these young people tried,  
Till the candles burned low and the fire died  
down,

Then goodnights were said and they soon were  
outside,

On the way to their rooms in the classic old  
town.

Years may have flown since that Halloween,  
But those old superstitions still have their  
charm,

And what if the spirits and ghosts are a dream?

When hearts are made merry say, what is the  
harm?

E. C., '01.

### Mont Morgan.

Mont Morgan was a great violinist; not great as the world regards it, but great in his own little world. His own little world was everything to him and his own little world loved him dearly. Had they not known him when he was a baby, and did they not remember that when his father died his mother had taken in washing that she and the baby might live. Then he and his mother had lived all alone together, in fact they had always lived that way until now—now Mont Morgan lived quite by himself. The mother who had slaved for him when a baby, who had guarded him in youth, who had been his companion in manhood, had left him. Truly her gray hairs had been a crown of glory, and Mont Morgan sat in the twilight trying to remember how happy they had been.

As darkness fell he rested his head in his hands—it was his way when he felt sad—and an hour later the companionless moonbeams found him there, still motionless, his head still buried in his hands. He was then dreaming of his mother sleeping among fresh roses and smiling to sweet music; but the thought came to him that instead she was lying up there in the graveyard, that nothing yet marked the spot but the broken sod. He had not money enough to buy even a poor little slab with “Mother” on it. That was what she would have liked he knew, and some day he would buy her one. Then the thought made him sad and his head fell lower and tears dropped softly from the very fullness of his heart.

The young man was of slight build, with black hair and large lustrous eyes in whose depths slumbered weary repose mingled with a certain light of noble manhood. That

made all men his friends—that was his soul, sweet, pure, and noble. In fact Mont Morgan was an ideal musician; not a skillful manipulator of the bow, but a musician with a soul, and a soul well worth having.

He now arose and drew his violin from its case. It was a gaudy yellow thing but, then, there was music in it and, besides, it made him think of the time when his mother gave it to him. The little boy who lived in the big house across the street had had one for a month and he had so loved to sit every day out on the doorstep and listen to him practicing. Then the good old priest had offered to teach him, Mont Morgan, to play also, and his mother had taken the money from her hard earned savings and had bought him a violin. It was a great day to him. “Some day,” he told his mother, “that violin will be broken, its strings will be snapped, its music stilled, and then I shall die; or if it is not so, when I die the violin will be found broken—we will die together.” He was young then and his mother had stooped and kissed him and he had felt a tear upon his hand.

Out upon the midnight air floated a requiem. Those who chanced to pass that way paused a while to listen and when he had finished each felt that he had touched a nobler soul, and, speaking no word, each silently followed his way once more. Mont Morgan fell asleep then, closed in by visions of his own little world which had been so happy.

\* \* \* \* \*

To-night King Edward, the one who had lifted him from poverty and obscurity to fortune and fame, would be among his audience and requested that he would play that requiem which he had played one midnight,



many years ago, in his own little world.

Slowly and gently Mont Morgan drew the bow across the strings. Not a breath disturbed the sadness of that requiem. He was living the old life over and do you wonder that tears crept into his eyes; do you wonder that a greater grief seemed to creep into the music?

None but King Edward had heard him play like that before and the quiet breathing of the audience was now broken by an occasional sob. But Mont Morgan's thoughts were far away, not with the court, not with the King, but away back in a little graveyard where there was now a plain slab, and on it the single word "Mother," marking a spot which had long remained unmarked.

As the last sad note died away the violin dropped—he and his violin died together and he is buried in his own little town, his own little world of long ago.

EGBERT B. MORRISON.

#### Reveries.

I have sat upon a creek bank,  
And was often near a bog,  
And could see the little fishes—  
Hear the croaking of the frog;  
How I thought 'twould be a pleasure  
If with these could I but rank;  
But my purse was none the larger  
For my sitting on the bank.

I have sat upon a store box  
Talking politics and luck;  
How some people make a living;  
How some others have no pluck;  
Why Dame Fortune comes not my way,  
Nor at my poor cottage knocks;  
But my purse was none the larger  
For my sitting on the box.

I have sat out in the woodland  
And have listened to the noise  
Of the chatter of the small birds  
(Like so many small school-boys),

And have watched the squirrels jumping  
Through the tree tops gath'ring food.  
But my purse was none the larger  
For my sitting in the wood.

I have sat upon a fence rail  
Looking o'er the fields of corn,  
And the fields of wheat now golden,  
When they ne'er for showers mourn,  
And have wondered what the owner  
Might well profit by a sale;  
But my purse was none the larger  
For my sitting on the rail.

I have stood upon the sidewalk  
And have watched men passing by,  
With their linen cuffs and collars  
And their hats set off awry;  
Some I saw who owned a million,  
Judging from their looks and talk;  
But my purse was none the larger  
For my standing on the walk.

I have sat around the fireside  
Wishing that I'd ne'er been born,  
For my hopes had long since vanished  
That my life now seemed forlorn;  
How my neighbor's goods increasing  
Made me, hopeless, of life tire;  
But my purse was none the larger  
For my sitting by the fire.

I have sat and looked around me  
Wond'ring how the most succeed,  
And of this world's goods have plenty  
While I go about in need;  
But one happy thought came to me,  
And the ONLY way was found:  
That my purse would ne'er be larger  
If I sat and looked around.

—"MAC.," '03.

#### The Song of the Lark.

Is ever a bird that can teach the lark?  
Can the robin learn his song?  
Its strains are of heaven, and bear the mark  
Of the realm where they belong.

Oh soul! dost thou think thou canst filch thy song  
From the earth or sons of men?  
From heaven alone come the accents strong  
That can heaven reach again.

Then rise with the lark to this life's high pole ;  
 On the wings of prayer ascend,  
 And learn of thy God the glad song, Oh, soul !  
 With the angel songs to blend.  
 —W. T. McCANDLESS in Christian Union Herald.

## Holcades Mikrai.

McKay's right !

New students "is right !"

What's the matter with Russell ?

Ask McCalmont about his yellow dog.

McGinnis was in New Castle October 1.

Miss Chamberlin visited her home Oct. 7.

Miss Douglass has returned to school this term.

Why does Miss Woods look so happy again ?

"Have you seen Smith?" Look at Stewart.

Mary Lee, the heavy weight ! "Joke, aint it?"

Thos. M. Blackmore, of Hookstown, has left college.

Miss Kennedy spent Oct. 1 at her home at Sharpsburg.

It's worth while to hear Miss Mehards impromptus.

Miss McBane was a Sharon visitor Monday, Sept. 24th.

McGinnis says that any one next to him is next to nothing.

Hill, a former Westminster student, is now at Gettysburg college.

Russell, '03, spent Sabbath, Oct. 7th, at his home in Burgettstown.

"Shorty" Jordan, '00, was a New Wilmington visitor Sept. 20th.

Misses Agnes and Mary Newmyer are

now staying at the Hall. Their folks have moved to Pittsburg.

McGinness should be warned against the Billy goat on Thanksgiving.

Jesse Grim, '00, visited friends among the students Saturday, the 29th.

Wanted—A primer for a certain member of the Bible class at the Hall.

R. N. Grier visited his home in Bellevue over the 30th of September.

Wilson McGinnis spent Sabbath, the 7th, with friends at Mt. Jackson.

McGinness likes anything around him, but a shawl (Scholl) best of all.

Poor "Deg" found that cousins (?) aren't allowed at the Hall on Sabbaths.

"Deg," (at the Mercer fair)—"What do you think of me cane (McKean)?"

The Glee Club gave a campus concert Wednesday evening, October 10th.

What was so interesting on the landing of the Hall on a certain Friday night ?

"Pinkie" offers Wilson a five as an inducement to get him a girl at the Hall.

Mrs. L.—"Miss Mehards, have you any remarks?" Miss Mehards—"Nothing."

With graceful steps he walks the streets,  
 And grins to all the damsels sweet.—*Riddell*

Did "Spoon" take all those girls to the concert ? There were only eight with him.

Miss Acheson attended the wedding of Miss MacNall at Imperial on September 19th.

Who ?

Stoneboro ?

No, Westminster !

It must be because "Ikey" and "Pete" made "dem goo goo eyes" that they copped the prize on Chorus night. Poor Craig and "Bobby !"

H. R. Thomas, of Leechburg, was compelled, on account of weak eyes, to leave college.

Mr. R. (on Friday night)—“Miss Watt.”  
Wilson—“Miss What?” Mr. R.—“No, Miss Watt.”

Mrs. L.—“Were you around the corner of the porch?” Miss Armour—“Yes, but it wasn't dark.”

Nearly fifty people from Westminster attended the Stoneboro fair. Everything was free to Westminster.

Y. W. and Y. M. C. A. meetings were dispensed with on Tuesday, the 9th, because of the Synod meetings.

H. R. Miller, '99, of Allegheny, was the guest of his brother, E. D. Miller, '02, from the 5th to the 8th of October.

A recent chapel speaker, in addressing the Freshmen, faced the Seniors. Is there so little difference in appearance?

Those interested in doing away with the army canteen held a meeting in chapel Sept. 26th which was well attended.

Roy Dindinger, ex-'04, spent a few days in town before going to W. U. P. where he will take a course in Pharmacy.

Wm. G. Cook, '00, of McDonald, called on his friends in town the last of the month. “Bill” will study medicine at W. U. P.

“Gib” Zehner returned to college Sept. 26th after a week's illness at his home in Zelienople. He has not yet fully recovered.

This college is a slot machine;

Religion its chief feature;

Drop almost anybody in

And pull him out, a preacher.

A masquerade was held in the Hall Friday evening, the 28th, for the purpose of initiating Russell and some other new ones in-

to the mysteries of the order. They wanted to play “Blind Man's Buff” but Cole wasn't there.

Montgomery was at his home in Mercer for several days because of illness. It was thought for some time that he was lost in the forest.

Dr. F. (in Psychology)—“When you hear the bell in the morning you have a hearing, don't you?” (A stage whisper from the rear)—“You have a pain.”

Miss Laura Irons has returned to college to complete some work in the Art department which her health did not permit her to finish last year. She will be here about two or three weeks.

Some of the common expressions: “So your aunt was telling me.”—Miss M. “I'm a precious child! forget it!”—McGinnis. “For the love of cats!”—Cameron. “I imagine.”—Boyd. “Now what do you think of me?”—Mrs. L.

A number of the students were in attendance at the Mercer fair who report the meeting up to the standard of former years although the weather was extremely warm. We are sorry that “Stubby” was not there this year to give a full report.

There was a Preceptress

Who lived in “the Hall,”

With many young ladies,

Some short and some tall.

They lived on “made over” butter

And delicate slices of bread;

Each night at ten thirty,

They dived into bed.—M.

The following is a list of the new students who have entered since our last list was published: Wm. Leslie McKay, Greenville; Emma L. Brickle, Connoquenessing; Daisy Almira Taylor, New Wilmington;

Clarence Anderson Robinson, Wilkinsburg ; Clarence Rymes Cline, Wilkinsburg ; Eleanor Marie Vincent, Detroit, Mich.

We would announce for the benefit of many of the old students as well as the new ones that on the reading room door a box has been placed for the reception of HOLCAD news of every description, and especially locals. Everyone is invited to contribute to the paper and also to subscribe. The students make or break the paper according to the interest they take in its welfare.

At noon on September 19th, in Imperial, took place the marriage of Miss Maude Morrow MacNall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Wilson MacNall, and Rev. David Arthur Dunseith. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. John McNaugher, of Allegheny, in the Robinson United Presbyterian church of which the Rev. Mr. Dunseith has for several years been the pastor. Miss MacNall until recently was teacher of instrumental music in this college. We extend to the Rev. Mr. Dunseith and his wife the best wishes of Westminster for a long and happy union.

Scene—The lower hallway of the main building; time, after Chorus; C—— and W—— were waiting to do their duty. C—— to W——: You make a break first. W—— to C——: No, you go first, I don't like to. C—— to W——: All right, wait till they come. Soon the much sought for ladies put in their appearance but with them were other young men, more favored and not so backward. Blank looks were exchanged and the last heard of those two they were tramping dead leaves through the campus. Moral, take Doctor Ferguson's advice and don't stand in the lower hall. Go above.

Miller is a very promising student of

physics. His originality and profundity, combined with his capacity for scientific thinking, point to the future master in the science. He has recently advanced the following theory for the final destruction of the earth: At the last trump the earth will suddenly stand still in its course and the shock caused by the sudden stop will so greatly increase the motion of the component molecules that enough heat will be generated to consume the whole mass. As to his views on such minor questions as might relate to the rescue of the human race from the sudden conflagration, or as to where the smoke will go, and as to what will be done to comfort the moon in the loss of her boon companion, we are not informed at this writing, but will publish them for the benefit of our readers as soon as they are obtained.

#### LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN.

Sometime Saturday afternoon a young man answering to the name "Binno." About five feet eight inches tall, dark hair, blue eyes. Finder of same or any person with information that will lead to his recovery will be liberally rewarded.

By order of board of directors of

POKER FLATS.

N. B.—Probably married.

Copies of the foregoing notice were found in prominent places in the town on the morning of October 8th.

#### NOTES ON THE W. AND J. TRIP.

Where were the W. and J. rooters?

The W. and J. players averaged twenty pounds heavier than the Westminster boys.

Between Pittsburg and Washington Parisen thought the college was well known because before and after every station he saw sign posts having a white "W" on a blue field. He had been looking at the whistle boards.



W. and J. had her best team in the line up during the first half and had to use six subs. Westminster played the same team all through the game.

The team was met in Pittsburgh by the following Westminster people: Witherspoon, '99; Chambers, '99; McPeak, '99; Boggs, '98; Nelson, '00; Cook, '00; Irons, '97; Grimm, ex-'01; Murray, '00, and Edgar, '96.

The boys are all grateful for the treatment accorded them by Mr. McMahon while staying at the Home Hotel. He did everything in his power to make them comfortable and had the best of meals placed before them. Mr. McMahon accompanied the team to Washington.

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## Alumni Notes.

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Rev. W. J. Golden, '80, is in charge of a mission at Moline, Ill.

Rev. J. C. Hanley, '97, has charge of a U. P. mission at Fresno, Cal.

Mrs. Sarah McElree Millin, '86, visited her sister, Mrs. Lawrence Johnston.

Miss Pomeroy, '98, has charge of the arithmetic and history classes this term.

Rev. L. E. Hawk, '78, took charge of the United Presbyterian mission at Toledo, O., Oct. 1st.

Rev. D. P. Smith, '92, begins work as stated supply at Burlington Junction, Mo., Oct. 7th.

Mrs. Sowash, wife of Rev. Geo. A. Sowash, '93, died of typhoid fever at Alexandria, Egypt, Sept. 15th.

J. M. Dunn, Esq., '88, Pittsburg, was in town Monday. Mrs. Dunn, '89, is seriously ill at her mother's.

Mr. Fred G. Wright, '00, has accepted the position of Professor of Mathematics in Todd Seminary, Woodstock, Ill.

Wm. M. Owsley, '99, visited here last week. He returns to New York soon to continue the study of medicine.

Henry Pillow, '00, spent Saturday and Sabbath here. He has almost recovered from his accident during the summer.

Rev. Nathan Winegart, of the class of '74, has accepted a call from the United Presbyterian church of Clearfield, Iowa.

Rev. Dr. W. H. Vincent, '69, of Detroit, Mich., son of the founder of the college, brought his daughter to college recently.

Miss Leonore J. McDowell, at one time a Westminster student, has recently returned from Egypt, and is at West Fairfield, Pa.

Rev. W. H. Fulton, '94, who has been preaching at Alameda, Cal., for the past two years, has resigned his charge and returned to the East.

Rev. J. C. Kistler, of the class of '86, now located at Buena Vista, has received an informal call to Houstonville by an almost unanimous vote.

Rev. J. R. Millin, '84, of Chicago, preached in the Second U. P. church, Sabbath morning and in the college chapel in the evening of Sept. 30th.

Rev. D. P. Smith, '92, has resigned as pastor of the 13th U. P. church, Pittsburg. Mr. Smith is now in California for the benefit of his wife's health.

Wm. E. Brooks, '00, visited here recently. He intended going to Princeton seminary, but on account of his health a trip to Colorado has been prescribed.

Miss Edith Taylor, '95, and Miss M. J.

Kuhn, '95, returned to Muskogee, Indian Territory, last week, where they have positions in the Henry Kendall College.

The U. P. congregation of Turtle Creek, of which Rev. W. T. McConnell, '71, is pastor, dedicated a new church on Sept. 23d. President Ferguson preached at the evening service.

Mr. Reid Kennedy, '89, was in town. He brought a brother and cousin to school. Mr. Kennedy is ex-burgess of Homestead and one of the solid real estate agents of that prosperous city.

Rev. J. A. McCalmont, '74, was installed pastor of the Wheeling congregation, Washington county, Pa., Sept. 11th. W. B. Smiley, '79, and G. R. Murray, '71, took part in the installation.

Rev. Dr. Brittain, 63, is now superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of New Jersey and Delaware, with headquarters at 162 Bergen street, Newark, N. J. He reports that the work is doing well in these States.

Rev. Dr. W. H. McMaster, '68, and Rev. W. H. Vincent, '69, were in chapel while here recently and gave neat little speeches to the students. The former spoke particularly on the advantages of co-education and the claims of a small college for distinction.

Recent marriages among the alumni: Rev. Arthur B. McCormick, '93, Irvinton, Pa., and Miss Mary Olson, North Warren. Dr. Boyd B. Snodgrass, '93, Jamestown, Pa., and Miss Maude Johnson, West Middlesex. Rev. R. W. Veach, '96, Rochester, N. Y., and Miss Hattie McLaughry, '89, New Wilmington, Pa.

Rev J. Q. A. McDowell, '78, gave an address on the evils of the canteen in the college chapel Tuesday evening to a good audience.

Rev. McDowell is a first class speaker and his audience gave close attention. Good music was furnished. Rev. McDowell is a candidate for State senate on the Prohibition, Populist, Democratic and Independent Republican tickets.

#### CLASS OF 1900—WHAT THEY ARE DOING AND WHERE THEY ARE LOCATED.

Miss Snodgrass—At home.

S. S. Jordan—Jefferson Medical.

Miss Cooper—Teaching at Butler.

W. G. Cook—West Penn Medical.

Jesse Grimm—West Penn Medical.

W. M. Ewing—Teaching at Graceton.

S. A. McCollam—Allegheny seminary.

A. H. Baldinger—Allegheny seminary.

W. E. Brooks—Ranching in Colorado.

C. A. Williamson—Allegheny seminary.

Henry Pillow—Johns Hopkins, medicine.

H. C. Drake—Law student, New castle.

J. E. Murray—In business with his father.

Miss Haler—Teaching near McKeesport.

J. A. Chambers—Law student, New Castle.

H. R. Smith—Refinery at North Clarendon.

J. E. McCalmont—Law student, Pittsburg.

Carl Smith—Law student, Stuebenville, Ohio.

W. W. Grove—Teaching Eldersridge academy.

F. B. Shoemaker—Western Theological seminary.

J. B. Mowry, Company stores, Pardoe and Grove City.

John Nelson—Traveling for Atlantic Refining company.

Edward Frazier—Principal of Frankfort Springs academy.

Last June's graduating class is distributed thus, so far as could be learned:

## Music and Art.

The man that hath no music in himself  
Nor is moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as erebus.

—*Shakespeare*

The Glee Club has reorganized under the direction of Prof. Peterson.

The drawing classes preparatory to Botany have commenced work.

Junior orations commence November 9th.

Miss Laura Irons has returned to the studio to finish some china left from last year.

Prof. Peterson reports a marked increase in the number of music students, the enrollment being larger than that of several previous years.

It is probable that the term concert of the Chorus Class will be given about Thanksgiving. The class numbers about forty-five members.

The September number of the Independent contains an interesting article on the Passion Play at Ober Ammergau by Arthur S. Hardy, United States Minister to Greece.

The following bit of musical criticism was recently taken from a Texas paper: "The guests were treated to delightful vocal and instrumental music, and also to cream and cake, all of which was much enjoyed."

On the morning that the sale of season tickets for the grand opera at the Metropolitan opera house, New York, was begun, people arrived at four o'clock. The sale was announced to open at nine, but the crowd was so great at daylight that the janitor opened the doors and let the people into the lobby. A constant stream of people

pressed up to the box office for two whole days. A radical departure is to be made this autumn at the Metropolitan in that a season of English opera will be given to continue till the regular season of opera in Italian, German and French begins in December.

The readings given on October 2nd by Miss Grace Acheson, assisted by Professor Peterson and Mrs. Nina Barton King, were heartily enjoyed by all present. Miss Acheson's well chosen selections were sufficiently varied to show her perfect command of different dialects and emotions, while her pleasing natural style won the well merited applause of the audience.

Prof. Peterson's selections were a pleasing feature of the entertainment. Mrs. King showed high musical ability in the intelligent rendition of her numbers.

The program was as follows:

The Palms..... Faure   Leybach  
Mrs. King.

Marm Lisa.....Wiggin  
A Coquette Conquered ..... Dunbar  
Mammy's Li'l Boy.....Edwards  
O casto flor del mio sospir. (The King of  
Lohore.).....Massenet

Mr. Peterson.

Scene from "The Sleeping Car"..... Howells  
Virginia, a Lay of Ancient Rome.....Macaulay  
Selections from Norma..... Bellini—Leybach

Mrs. King.

The Set of Turquoise .....Aldrich  
My Love's an Arbutus.....Old Irish

Mr. Peterson.

Scene from "The Bird's Christmas Carol  
.....Wiggin

"Have we a 'National Air' and are we to have one?" is the topic discussed within the last few weeks by at least four papers. There have been apologetic comments on

the "Star Spangled Banner," "America," and others, but there is union in the fact that we have no distinctive national air. "America" belongs to Great Britain, although we sing other words to it. "Star Spangled Banner" has more claim to originality and national character. The flag is extolled; sentiment is appealed to. There it stops. It is an arousing air but not worthy adoption for the national air. There are "Marching Through Georgia" and "Dixie" but from the association suggested in the words, neither can become the national anthem. We have none. It cannot be written to order. We must wait for stirring times to kindle the bright flame. But there comes the rub—there will be no stirring times that will "stir" long enough. Wars will be short and decisive. There is, and will be, little or no sentiment in the matter. If a national air cannot be written to order and there can be no disturbances to reach the human heart, how can we get a thoroughly national song. We must give it up. Keep what we have, even if it is but "Stars and Stripes Forever" or "Hot Time," and bring them out on proper occasions. Use "America" as we may. In proper sections use "Marching Through Georgia" and "Dixie.—*Music Life*.

## Athletics.

The practice of the eleven since the last issue of the HOLCAD has been regular and progressive. The old members of the eleven are showing last year's form and the new men are working with energy and enthusiasm under Captain Edmundson's vigorous direction. The need of a coach is imperative and at this writing (Oct. 1) no one has been definitely selected though "lines are

out" for a competent man. There are coaches and coaches in the football world and it is the intention of the management to take no backward step in the engagement of a director and trainer. Westminster's traditions in this respect are good. Her coaches since '97 have been university men who have brought to the college the best eastern traditions of sport, and while it would be possible to secure a man from an "athletic club," such a policy seems wholly undesirable. It was hoped, and for a time seemed probable, that the services of Dr. Zeigler might again be obtained but he found it impossible to give up his practice for the period for which the team would necessarily require his attention, and this caused general regret as his work last year was in the highest degree satisfactory to players and patrons.

\* \* \* \* \*

The positions thus far practically settled are: Donaldson, '02, and C. Campbell, '02, tackles; Everett Campbell, '01, left guard; Mehard, '01, quarterback; Halves, Captain Edmundson, '01, and Cummings, '01. Parisen, '04, has been doing excellent work as center and may be retained there permanently. McCown, '01, who has had some experience on the Cedarville college eleven, may be induced to try for the team and it is believed he will make an excellent tackle, in which case Donaldson may be sent back to center and Parisen placed at guard. Stewart, '03, and Gamble, '02, who are candidates for the other guard position, have both shown considerable strength. Kennedy, '03, Witherspoon, '03, Fulton, '02, McMichael, '02, and Christy, '03, have been given practice at end, both of which positions are vacant, Kuhn, '01, who played right end on



the 'varsity teams of '97, '98 and '99, having decided not to play this season. Neville, '02, promises to make a strong and accurate quarterback. The position of full-back is being taken alternately by Cameron, '01, and Thomas, '04. With Kuhn and McCown in the line it is thought that the team would be even stronger than last year's eleven.

\* \* \* \* \*

Of our "rival allies," Geneva seems to be showing up most strongly. The Covenant Collegians have the advantage of an excellent coach in Craig, of last year's Princeton 'varsity eleven. Blackwood, whom Westminster halves in '98 have reason to remember for his brilliant work at end, is again in college, and reports from Beaver Falls indicate brighter prospects than they have enjoyed in the past six years. Genial "Joe" Thompson, Leach, Craig, Patterson and George are reported as definitely settled members of the team, with several newcomers to be tried out. Ailegheny mourns the loss of her two towers of strength, Borland and Frazier, as well as four other members of her strong last year's team. Her strength is as yet problematical, but the Meadville men are hard workers and we may be assured that they are not idle in the present "hinge of things." Thiel's team is as yet an unknown quantity. No reports have as yet been made public regarding its personnel or prospects. The unfortunate difference of opinion as to what constitutes college sports and sportsmanship will again leave Grove City out of Westminster's schedule. It would be a source of general satisfaction to see these neighbors "at one" again in fair, honest college contests by college men, but the impossibility of our coming to their

view of college athletics, and the seeming unwillingness of the college authorities there to eliminate the professional element from their sports, render this highly unlikely, at least in the immediate future.

\* \* \* \* \*

Casper Whitney's denunciation in Harper's Weekly of "muckerism" in Washington and Jefferson last year seems to have awakened in some degree the slumbering conscience of the athletic authorities there. That the staid old Presbyterian institution, which by right of age and tradition ought to be the monitor of better things in this part of the country, should have notoriously encouraged this degrading spirit of professionalism in college sport, is a source of keen regret and sorrow to all friends of the cause of cultured manliness for which the American college should stand.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Jack" Flowers is coaching Otterbein College.

W. U. P. must have a good team if newspaper talk counts.

This year the second team seems to be in earnest. They play a good game both in offensive and defensive. Roy Kennedy has been elected manager, and Dunlap captain. They appear regularly on the field each afternoon. This team should be encouraged for in it is the material for next year's team.

The second team went to New Castle on Wednesday, Oct. 3, to play the New Castle High School. They came back victorious, winning by a score of 6 to 0. In the first half Westminster had the ball on the 5-yard line. Porter made an 80 yard run for a touch down. The same team went to Slippery Rock on Monday, October 29th, and

were defeated by the Normal team in a score of 11 to 0.

The first game of the Intercollegiate series was played at Stoneboro October 4. The day was exceedingly hot and the advantages of rapid play were against both teams. The Geneva team was in good form. They have had the advantage of a good coach and hence showed far better team work than a year ago. Westminster played a good game considering the facts that the team had not been made up until several days before the game and that there was no outside person to coach them. Edmundson would make a fine coach if that were all he had to do, but when one plays he can not see the defects as an outsider. Although the score went against us yet we are confident of victory when we go to Geneva. The defeat will be of advantage in making the team work earnestly and will make the boys all the more keen when they go to Geneva. The game at Stoneboro showed plainly that with good coaching—which we expect to have in the near future—Geneva will go down before us by a far greater score than 6-0. A number of times we held them for downs. They held us but twice. Three times were we penalized and lost the ball. Only the expiration of time saved them in the first half. We had the ball within a yard of their goal. Considering all the facts and the manner in which Geneva scored—a quarterback run of 25 yards—I, for one, cannot see how we can lose in the coming game. Score 6-0.

---

#### W. AND J. GAME.

The football team went to Washington on Oct. 6th to play the strong W. and J. team. The Washington team averaged at least twenty pounds to a man heavier than West-

minster and had had the benefit of first class coaching all season, but our boys played with such determination that the score was kept several touchdowns below all expectations. W. and J. kicked off and Westminster secured the ball on their 20-yard line, but the first play resulted in a fumble, W. and J. securing the ball. Westminster quickly regained it, however, on a fumble by W. and J. They formed good interference and gained about 15 yards before they lost it by another fumble. W. and J. then pushed it over for a touchdown by a series of line plunges. Phillips kicked goal, West then kicked off to W. and J. W. and J. tried to advance the ball by end runs but failed completely and were soon forced to kick when they again secured the ball on a fumble. They then resorted to straight line plunges, by which, owing to their greater weight, they managed to force our boys down the field and finally made another touchdown after eleven minutes of the hardest kind of work. Phillips missed goal and the first half closed with the score 11-0 in favor of W. and J. The second half was a repetition of the first. W. and J. secured but one touchdown, and our boys played with such spirit that W. and J. was forced to kick twice. The team as a whole played a fine game. Cummings had much to do with keeping the score down by his fine work at quarterback on defensive. The aggressiveness of our play was shown by the fact that six of the W. and J. men were forced to retire. McMahon, a former Westminster student, was at tackle for W. and J. and played a good game. The referee was J. P. Brownlee, the umpire F. A. Collins. The linesmen were Wilson, of W. and J., and Neville, of Westminster. George Martin was timer.

## Exchanges.

### OLD SAYINGS.

The convict on a chain gang is always attached to his work.

A man who always breaks his word is not necessarily a prevaricator—perhaps he stutters.

There must be a woman in the moon instead of a man, otherwise it wouldn't change so often.

The love of a drunkard for liquor goes to prove that familiarity doesn't always breed contempt.

"Good resolutions," says one of our lecture course committee, "are like babies at a concert, they ought to be carried out."

A man's good deeds can't always be measured by the length of his funeral procession. A tombstone always has a good word for a man when he is down.

Little Bennie went to a show for the first time in his life. When he came home his mother asked him what he had seen. "An elephant, mamma, that gobbled hay with his front tail."

A woman always thinks that she is the only one that does not gossip, and yet the reason she confides a secret to another is because she is afraid she may die and then there would be no one else to tell it.

It is not enough, however, to seize opportunity when it comes. We must not be content with waiting for "something to turn up." We must not only strike the iron while it is hot but strike it until it is made hot.—*Griffen*.

Young men! let the nobleness of your mind impel you to its improvement. You are too strong to be defeated save by yourselves. Refuse to live merely to eat and

sleep. Brutes can do these but you are men. Act the part of men. Resolve to rise. You have but to resolve. Nothing can hinder your success if you determine to succeed.—*Howard*.

An old negro preacher closed his sermon on sin in the following manner:

"Now a sin in de soul is precisely like a mule, And nobody'll play wid it unless he is a fool. It looks so mitey inncrent, but honey dear beware! For altho the kick is hidden de kick is allers dere."

"Smith got off a sharp thing the other day."

"What was it?"

"A bent pin placed in a chair he sat on."

"Mamma," says little William, "when cannibals eats a man does they save his 'Adam's apple' for desert.—*Ex*."

One quarter of the people on the earth die before the age of six, one-half before the age of 16, and only one out of each 100 lives to be 65. Another reason why—

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# THE HOLCAD.

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No. 3

## THE HOLCAD, NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

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WE desire to beg the indulgence of our readers for the tardiness of the October issue. The delay was occasioned by the copy reaching the printing office simultaneously with the order for the election ballots for Mercer county, and as the election could not be delayed the HOLCAD had to suffer.

It is gratifying to note the interest taken in music this term. Considering the abundance of talent, both vocal and instrumental, there is no reason why

Westminster should not be represented by a combined mandolin, guitar and glee club. As a business venture, it could not but succeed, and as an advertisement of the college, it could not be excelled.

Soon the days will have come when one is want to say: "Too late for base ball, too cold for foot ball, not cold enough for skating, too wet for walking, not wet enough for rowing or swimming," etc., etc., and since there is nothing else to do but to study, one must perforce go about with a meek face, resigned to his fate, and at stated intervals consult the weather prophets; but

"Such principles are most absurd,

I care not who first taught 'em;

There's nothing known to beast or bird

To make a solemn autumn."

FOLLOWING what was said in the October issue concerning the formation of political clubs, the students of Republican sentiments met and organized a "Westminster McKinley Roosevelt Club" on November 1. It was decided to take charge of the rally to be held on the following evening. Committees were appointed and funds were raised. The club, one hundred strong, exclusive of the citizens, headed by a martial band, paraded the principal streets of the village. After a

brilliant pyrotechnic display they adjourned to the Clark Hall where they listened to most excellent addresses by Senator Jas. D. Emery, of Mercer, and Geo. Wingartner, Esq., of New Castle. The Prohibition club held a like rally on the following evening.

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How glad we all shall be when the problem of aerial navigation has been solved; when bird-like vessels, chartered for the occasion, shall waft us to those air castles we have all built at sometime or other. A hard-felt need shall have been supplied, for who has not built up his ideal at a height he can hardly hope to reach? But still, if we do not attain the highest pinnacle of the "castle," we may at least reach the foundation. Perhaps the thought in this may be a little mixed here, but what we want to say is this: "Don't be afraid of 'air castles,' or of constructing them, because they never cast shadows."

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## Literary Department.

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### Impressions.

Once again the rudder bands are loosed, and with sails unfurled we are launched amid the rolling sea of another year's toil and study. Never before had our ship of state so bright forebodings of prosperity. Noiselessly she is ploughing the deep blue waters of life's stormy sea. Fore and aft she bears the richest treasures nature's God can afford—pilgrims to the land of education.

As every sea-farer anxiously looks back to the haven from which he has hailed, so

we at such a time as this are naturally led to look back to that solemn starting place where theory ended and practice began; and as we do our eyes catch many conspicuous things in the intervening space.

Up to the present, Westminster's high standard has been ever before us, enabling us to do all our work to the utmost of our ability; and to its noble and Christian example we hope still to remain keenly susceptible. Frequently in our work we have difficulty in discerning any buds of promise or blossoms of hope, and this is well calculated to depress the expectant spirit and even make us a little skeptical with regard to the suitableness and efficiency of our efforts to accomplish the designed effects. But when we think of ourselves and of the wonderful achievements we have made in the past; when we recollect that education is not measured by the channels through which it flows; that the pure clear water can trickle along a broken fissure as well as in the body of a mighty stream, we cannot doubt either the power or preciousness of our work.

Again, as we look upon the past a pleasing throb of trust thrills through all the pulses of our being. When we remember that all the instructions and truths we received in the past have gone to make bone and sinew in the body of our characters, it is then we begin to see somewhat of their importance.

It is a solemn thought to consider that we are all the product of the influences of the past. The past is a sculptor, the thousand touches of whose chisel have given to our present lives the shapes they wear; it is a painter, the repeated strokes of whose brush have given to our characters their very tint

and hue. And so we become seriously and hopefully impressed with the idea that we are each one of us making history, moulding and coloring the future, and of course it becomes us to make that future as noble, as glorious, and as happy as it can be.

Again, we are impressed with the thought that study works like leaven in the human brain, viz., silently, invisibly; and we must not forget that under the snows of indifference there may lurk the germs of energizing truth; that under the frosts of apathy and callousness there may be seeds deposited, perhaps by a long vanished hand, which will one day germinate and manifest their vitality to the world. Looked at, then, in all these lights, we are assured that the good old example of the past which it has been our privilege to enjoy has not lost any of its primary force and fervor, but has been a power to everyone who practiced it. With renewed vigor, then, let us scatter these seeds of truth everywhere around us, ever confident that in due season we shall reap an abundant reward.

It is diligence we want! Perhaps the worst enemy the college has to encounter is indolence. It is not so much those who openly reject her teachings as those who drowsily sleep around her altars that are her subtlest foes. The thing most to be deplored is, that students can stretch themselves on beds of ease, as it were, amid the sublimest mysteries and most stirring revelations of Providence; that they are content with mere external accustomed routine, regardless of satisfying their inward instincts which claim communion with the skies.

God has graciously chosen human outlets for His sovereign grace to a sinful world.

We should try and realize that individually we constitute such a medium, and therefore we should place ourselves in the primal source. Go then to the bottom well afresh. Draw the pure and living water straight from the rock, and never seek to fill our pitchers at a choked and insipid fountain. We need faith that leans upon God; the hope that stretches up to immortality; the love that seizes upon things invisible and feels for all mankind; and the grand procuring cause of all these is to have life and have it more abundantly.

We do not want a spasmodic, fitful, artificial activity, but a sustained, regular, healthy, spiritual life; a life evincing its transcendent beauty and loveliness in daily purity and justice, as conspicuous in the class-room, the play-ground and in every walk of daily life as in the sanctuary service of God. This is Christian activity at every point, absorbed with interest and aglow with enthusiasm, which goes in for grand enterprises of ameliorations and finally lifts up humanity to God.

Let us seek after and utilize this spiritual energy, and then we shall be a living college, drawing out inspiration from the skies, infusing new life into dead and dormant souls, spreading sunshine, love and joy everywhere around us, and crowning our lives with unspeakable content. Let us faithfully use the talents God has entrusted to us. If we only move within our own orbits, however circumscribed they may be, we will be doing all that the laws of heaven demand, and we shall find that—

“The toppling crags of duty scaled,  
Are close behind the shining tablelands  
To which God himself is moon and sun.”

A. B. REID, '01.

“The Curse of Israel.”

Action is essential to being. Progress is either upward or downward. Human life is ruled by ever-changing mind, and this in turn is moulded by its ideals. An ideal pure and high will ennoble a race, leading it onward and ever upward—a beacon light to hope and prosperity; but if lost or lowered, by the universal law its followers go downward in the scale of life to wander blind and aimless through the changing years to come. Turned towards selfish interests, an ideal will transform a nation from a just and honest people to a harsh and bigoted race looking for naught in history save the realization of selfish hopes, and destined to final woe and ruin.

It is history's early dawn. A band of Egypt's slaves is called forth to the Promised Land. A nation is formed, a people whose ideal is to serve Jehovah and serve Him alone. This ideal for a time is kept; the nation grows, achieves renown, military and civil, then sins—and perishes.

From captivity a remnant returns, but glory lies all in the past. Hope lives alone and looks to the future. Prophecy fathoms the divine plan and raises its voice, setting forth in bold figures that grandest of all conceptions, human or divine: Messiah's coming, His mission, and the glory of His kingdom. But a dazzling worldly vision appears which hides the simple truth: a kingdom on earth, Messiah a sovereign, Israel its nucleus, the world its slaves. Memory looks to the treasured past and thence weaves the hope of earthly power that lures the nation to its death.

And soon the effect is seen in the people. Race bigotry is engendered and exclusiveness demanded. Freedom of thought is no

more, but the nation is ruled by its inexorable law. Ceremony replaces worship and the spirit is lost in the letter. Blind adherence to creed corrupts the first ideal and moulds a race of harsh, unyielding zealots who sweep the nation toward destruction. Selfish interest rules, selfish hope prevails, compromise is impossible while one idea rules alone: dominion, universal and supreme.

The time is now ripe for the last act which sounds a nation's death knell—in the gray dawn of that morning when a mad crowd stands before the Roman court seeking the death of its King. Pilate's resistance is swept aside, every obstacle overcome, and the passion of the mob, roused at last to frenzy by rage and fear of defeat, bursts forth in final words terribly fierce and doom-laden: “Away with Him. Crucify Him. His blood be on us and on our children!” And so fell the curse of blood, self-pro-nounced.

A few years pass in safety; 'tis only a lull in the storm. Now it breaks, and the curse hastens on toward fulfillment. A cloud of war hangs o'er Israel. Famine stalks forth stern and grim, and the hearts of the people burn with thoughts they dare not utter: “Destruction, ruin, death!” Before Rome's legions Jerusalem's walls give way: the first is conquered, the second, the last is now reached and taken, the temple burned, and the city reeks with her children's blood. The war-spared remnant is dispersed among strange peoples, and over the ruins of Israel's past stand words in Jehovah's hand: “Weighed in the balance and found wanting.” O Jerusalem, thy life was glorious, thy hope was high, but sin hath brought thy proud head low. National being is



over, Calvary's curse their portion instead of its hope, and the future reaches forward blank with despair.

Meanwhile, the march of Christendom is swift. Rome is soon won and the Church, free from opposition, now turns upon its parent. Heavy grows its hand, while popish priests bind tight the chains of bigotry and seek to crush the race that gave their faith its root. The Hebrew is deprived of honorable employment and forced to labor that degrades a slave. Law's protecting hand is denied him; he is the victim of the vilest outcast. Violence triumphs, inhumanity rules, and so continues till Right asserts itself and the cry of the lowly is heard.

The mind of Israel grows hard to the truth. The dream is dimmed, but not dissolved. Persecution crushes, selfish bigotry misleads, and onward still the Hebrew wanders in the darkness of mistaken hope, looking ever with touching faith toward the God of Jacob and the land of the fathers which once was his and now is lost.

Surely Calvary's curse has told. The Saviour's blood has reacted, has scattered His tormentors wide as the ocean sands. The wrath of God is plain, and down the gloomy ages the Hebrew is followed by the grimmest of spectres—the curse of innocent blood. He has drained the cup of wrath to the bitter dregs and ever o'er him threatens Calvary's crime, while the nation traces on toward eternity a history of untold woe.

Israel's sin has been committed, life's book holds the record, retribution has followed swift and certain to the end. Is there no hope for the race of Jacob? Must his mistake darken his present life and doom him to death beyond? Yes, there is hope. Through the dim sorrow of Israel's curse

sounds Calvary's cry of forgiveness, echoing round the world in ever-increasing tones. Hebrew-born Love appears to lift the race from ruin. Sorrow's day is over, night's power is done; now let mercy rule. Let the voice of justice ring across the land to free the down-trodden, loose the oppressed and place mankind on that equality wherein he was created. Let the Hebrew be given justice and the freedom of soul that nature asks; let the Christian Church reveal the charity it boasts and extend a hand to its sister to raise her from the depths. The cloud from Israel's soul can be lifted only by the sympathy of Christian hearts when love rules passion and kindness atones for the past, while the eye of faith looks to the promised future and the glory that waits in store.

The Hebrew must do his part. The eye turned heretofore towards self must search beyond for that eternal truth revealed to the humble alone. He must throw off his shackles—the bonds of his cruel law—and think for himself; must open his heart to the truth and learn that God's kingdom is there, and the plan of that kingdom is comprehension, not exclusion. The temple veil is rent and the great heart of Christendom throbs for all, and when the Jew feels this and knows his King, then only can he meet that future for which his heart so yearns. He must turn again and accept his Lord, drawn thither by the story of infinite love and a life that changed the world.

In the day when this is done and the Hebrew returns once more, then shall the bonds break, the fetters fall and Israel stand forth free—civil bondage over, social freedom assured, and the future bright with Christian hope.

It shall be accomplished. History shall not reverse prophecy. Israel shall be re-

stored to Jehovah, and in Jehovah's Son shall rule the world. The chains of bigotry are nearly broken, justice moves ever forward, bringing the Hebrew peace and hope and preparing his mind for Christendom's truth, which, once received, shall remain forever. And who will fathom the future when the Jew bows to his King? His deep, firm nature coupled with Teutonic progress will form a mighty army irresistible as the Amazon flood, overwhelming the tide of evil and sweeping on to victory. The light from Israel shall once more fill the world, while heaven and earth ring with the same glad anthem: "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Prophecy shall then be full. Israel restored, Messiah's kingdom all-embracing. Christian love shall blend in one grand host the "flower of the Semitic race" and the glory of the Aryan, while from the past's dim corridors sounds the final echo of Calvary's curse as it sinks to oblivion for time and eternity.

"No more the curse, no more the crying,  
All thirst and hunger o'er;  
No more the night, no more the dying,  
No tears or sorrow more."

T. A. S., '01.

#### This Is Death.

In one grand outburst, brave and strong,  
The pulses of his life in song  
With one great heaving of his breast  
He has told, and passed to rest.

With joyful and victorious shout  
He poured his fiery life-blood out.  
The story that he strove to tell  
Was told—the sad notes of his knell.

So great Vesuvius from her  
Breast, when she felt the fires stir,  
Broke her bonds that they might cease  
In sweet repose and solemn peace.

EGBERT R. MORRISON.

## Holcades Mikrai.

"Who is Truesy?"

"Pinkie" versus "Stubby."

Miss Armour hoots for W. & J.

"Let me examine your brain!"

Why does "Ed" never skip "Dutch?"

Miss McKee is learning to play dominoes.

Anna Martin's favorite song: "I'm coming."

Mary Broad, assistant matron on the second floor.

"Oh shut up and come along!" "Lucky Pcte (?)!"

Rev. Bailey, '72, led the chapel exercises October 31st.

Miss M. A. N.—"He used to be mine before he departed."

S. C. Gamble spent several days at his home in Jamestown.

Ask McBride why she was cold part of the way while out driving.

Miss Conway spent Sunday, the 4th, at home in West Sunbury.

Allen Newmyer spent Sabbath, October 14th, at his home in Pittsburg.

Frances Mehard received a short visit from her uncle, Judge Mehard.

Thos. R. Jones, '98, visited friends among the students on October 17th.

C. B. McGogney, '02, spent Sabbath, the 3rd, at his home in Allegheny.

Mabel is almost as bad as "Minnie" Turner—"crazy after the boys."

Miss Wallace, of Beaver, was for a few days, the guest of Miss Douglass.

Many new books have been added to the library during the last two weeks.

Harris Johnson, during the week of the 22nd attended his sister's wedding.

Thos. A. Pierce, of Sharpsville, was the guest of Ed. Cole on October 27th.

Russell and McMichael took supper at the Hall Friday evening, October 19th.

Miss Newmyer doesn't have to go to the Zoo to see the Bears and Campbells.

Profs. Freeman, Barnes and McLaughry spent Sabbath, the 21st, in Pittsburg.

Prof. McLaughry was at the Pittsburg Exposition October 11 to hear Damrosch.

How many poached eggs are there in this school still hunting their piece of toast?

Miss Julia Kennedy returned to college on the 21st, after a ten days' visit at home.

The faculty has received quite a number of callers from the Ladies' Hall recently.

"How I do wish I could go to a foot ball game!" Parisen wouldn't take the hint.

Miss Armour—"My, how glad I am that there are no electric lights in this town."

Doctor Ferguson attended the Prohibition convention in New Castle September 12th.

New class of Greek verbs—"Mongrels." Ask of Grier. The smile (?) was contagious.

Robert Patterson, '04, was the guest of his parents at Mt. Jackson November 2nd.

"Which is better—Uneeda or Kennedy biscuits?" Williams—"Kennedy, every time."

"Doc" Mehard was the only sad one on the Franklin trip. Reason—Bryan was defeated.

A large number of the students spent the vacation following field-day at their various homes.

Sabbath evening, October 28th, chapel exercises were devoted to the interests of the

missionaries. Rev. Alexander gave a talk on the work done by the missionaries in Egypt.

Johnson fears a flunk in Algebra. Wonder why! Because Hall Donaldson's nose is out of joint.

Could Miss C—— have been so interested with the conversation that she never missed her furs?

Misses Turner and Ramsey visited friends in New Castle from the 10th to the 12th of November.

Misses Turner and Ramsey were the guests of the Misses Moore, of New Castle, on November 11th.

"Deac."—"Eureka!!!" "Deg."—"—— ———!" "Deac."—"My! this is awful!"

Misses Laura Turner and Madge Conway spent field-day vacation at the former's home in Wilkinsburg.

Mrs. L. (to Williams)—"Are you in college?" To be sure he is small, but he is older than he looks.

"Isn't 'Mike' a sweet boy! I've known him for twelve years." Which will get him, Mary N. or Mrs. L.?

Some of the students attended the Democratic meeting in the New Castle opera house, Monday, October 30th.

A certain girl's description of a football game: "Oh! they all stand in the middle—and it's perfectly grand!!!"

Those roses came a week too early; she says she wouldn't have worn them any way. Is this pique (Peak), Madge?

Prof. (in Anglo Saxon)—"What English word is derived from 'ferin?'" A voice—"Ferry." Cameron—"No! fairy; for whenever we see one we go in transports of joy."

Miss Mary Neely and Wilson McGinness went home, October 18th, to attend the wedding of Miss Neely's brother.

"Irish"—"Oh! I don't want to meet her! No, I don't!!" Lady—"I'm delighted to meet you, my dear little man!"

Mrs. L.—"Mr. McCrory, what are you doing in this rig?" Poor Franc was heart-broken, for it was her best skirt.

No wonder McGinnis was frightened when he noticed his mistake. How could he remember what was in his suit case?

Mrs. L.—is so fond of the boys that she had some of them locked up on a certain Friday night so they couldn't go home.

Prof. Mc. (in Latin): "Miss Broad, what is a Case and why are these relations so called?" But Miss B. was too confused to answer.

Sampson, Newmyer, Cochran and Claire Thompson dined at the Hall Monday, October 29th, and the next day the girls could find nothing to eat.

Prof. McLaughry says she knows the signs when one student is helping another. According to her statement she has had experience in that line herself.

"Billy" and "Teddy" will be together for four years more. Congratulations. This may mean McKinley and Roosevelt, but there are others of the same name.

The Kirk House is no more! Kennedy, Stewart, McCalmont and Russell have rooms in the Bank block, while Grier and Witherpoon are installed in "Poker Flat."

The Seniors have elected the following officers for the coming year: President, R. N. Grier; vice president, T. A. Sampson; secretary, Mary Pillow; treasurer, J. M. Cameron.

"Stubby's" first appearance at the Hall, Friday evening, Nov. 9th. Time—good and early. He heard that they had made a strike for better grub and came over in hopes of getting a Cookie.

The Westminster Mandolin Club has been organized and is under the direction of Prof. Zeigler, of New Castle. It numbers thirteen of which there are eight mandolins, three guitars and two banjos.

The following telegram was sent by the members of Synod on their way to the meeting: "Will be there at noon Monday, Deo volenti." The operator translated the latter part, "by way of Volant."

The Glee Club say: "If you want to experience the feelings of that poor fellow who dreamed that His Satanic Majesty sat cross-legged on his stomach holding Bunker Hill monument, just taste some of the fudge we get."

The ladies at the Hall have not forgotten how to entertain. The Hallowe'en reception was a complete success as in former years. Miss Acheson aided in the entertainment of the guests by a reading and Mr. Craig by a tenor solo.

The Prohibitionists were out in force Saturday evening, November 3rd. John Cameron acted as Marshall. The officers are as follows: President, McCown, '01; vice president, Hazlett, '01; secretary, Reed, '01; treasurer, McCartney.

The following were elected officers of the Westminster Republican club at its organization: President, T. C. Cochran, '01; vice president, W. J. Williams, '02; secretary and treasurer, D. M. McKim, '01. The Republican parade took place Friday evening, November 2nd, under the direction of Chas. Baldwin, of New Castle.



Questions raised at the Hall by the —: "Are you going to bring a man home to-night?" "Has Donaldson any insurance?" "Is C— nice and respectable?" "Do cakes always fall when made on Sabbath?" "Are you in the habit of lying?" "Was Parks only bluffing or was he really hurt?" "What good will Latin do you when you get married?"

B— recently went to call at the home of one of our returned missionaries. He asked for the Misses A— but to his consternation Mrs. A— appeared. Explanations followed. This same B—, on hearing the 9:30 bell at the Hall near by, darted so suddenly that they did not have an opportunity to say the farewell. They are looking for an explanation.

And it came to pass on election night after they returned from their journey that they were hungry. And they said one to another, "What shall we do for bread to eat?" And they cast lots and the lot fell upon two, who went forth into the night, returning with two small portions of cake and half a pie, saying: "What are these among so many?" Nevertheless they did all eat and were satisfied (?), and there remained of the fragments five basketsful (of pumpkin).

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Girls at the Hall—We believe the address you desire is "Swift's" or "Armour's" of Chicago. Try them.

Miss N.—You ask why you are not allowed to keep "Bear" Campbell out later than 3:30 P. M. Because his presence is required on the field at that time. Please observe the rules.

M—z and McC—y—You are not social stars in New Wilmington simply because

you never tried to be. You shone as bright lights at Slippery Rock and there is no reason why you should not do so here.

Miss T.—As to the distance you should walk each day, we would recommend not more than half a mile and that at a very slow pace. Parks says he has heart trouble, and judging from appearances we believe so.

#### A YARN.

The Five Minute Bell was Tolling. "Ham" jumped Frantically from his Bed, quietly thrust aside Three Chairs, and seizing his Coat, gently laid it across his Left Shoulder, then noisily Winking his Right Eye, he Stroked his High Forehead, separated himself from The House, and Pressing the Campus with both feet in His most Conventional Manner, leaped wildly into the College and was soon Up Against the Junior Seats—A Physical Wreck. C.

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## Alumni Notes.

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Miss Margaret Stunkard, '97, spent a day in town recently.

Rev. H. G. Edgar, '96, of Pittsburg, visited at his home for a few days.

Rev. Bailey, '72, father of Bailey, '03, led chapel one morning recently.

R. C. McKinley, '07, came home from law school at Ann Arbor, to vote.

Chas. E. Mehard, '89, has been elected district attorney, by a large plurality.

Rev. S. H. Moore, '75, of New Castle, preached in the chapel on a recent Sabbath evening.

Mac Gibson, a former Westminster student, expects to start soon for St. Louis, Mo., to study photography.

The many friends of Robert M. Clark, '98, who has been employed as chemist at the Park Diamond Steel works in Pittsburg, regret to learn of his serious illness from typhoid fever in the Presbyterian Hospital, Allegheny.

During the past year many of Westminster's sons and daughters who caught "the deeper teaching of her mystic tone" and are carrying the light over the sea, have returned for visits of longer or briefer duration. Among these we may mention the Rev. E. P. Dunlap, '71, of Siam; Rev. K. W. McFarland, '88, of Egypt; Rev. E. L. Porter, '88, of India; Rev. W. T. Anderson, '88, of India; Dr. Jesse Wilson, '87, of Hamdon, Persia, and Rev. T. L. Cummings, '84, of India.

The following extract from County Superintendent Stewart's history of Lawrence county schools may be of interest to students and alumni as being the candid opinion and open facts from an outsider: "Westminster college, in the borough of New Wilmington, has done excellent work. The first class was graduated from this institution in 1854. It now has over thirteen hundred graduates. Its graduates are found in all professions and in many lands. The first president of the college was James Patterson, D. D. He served from 1853 to 1866. He was followed by Robert Audley Brown, D. D., who was president from 1867 to 1870. E. T. Jeffers, D. D., was the next president and held the position from 1872 to 1883. R. Gracey Ferguson, D. D., who became president in 1885, continues to administer the affairs of the college with good success. This institution is regarded as one of the strongest colleges in the State and commands a large patronage. It may not be out of

place to note the fact that Rev. Audley Brown is at present an honored citizen of New Castle and is the pastor of one of the leading congregations in that city. His interest in educational work has not abated. The public schools of the county have a warm friend in Dr. Brown. He has filled many positions of honor and responsibility and has rendered invaluable service on behalf of every good cause. Dr. E. T. Jeffers is actively engaged in educational work in the city of New York. His services are in demand both as an educator and a minister."

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## Music and Art.

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Miss Irons has returned home after finishing her work in the studio.

A college Mandolin and Guitar Club has recently been organized under the direction of Prof. Zeigler, of New Castle.

The Chorus Class has taken up the "Bridal March" from Wagner's "Lohengrin" in addition to "The March of the Men of Harleek" by Barraby and "Estudiantina" by Lacombe.

The pupils of the china department have finished some dainty pieces. Miss Ferguson is working on a vase exquisitely decorated with wild roses; Miss Cook's jardiniere with clematis decoration is particularly effective; Miss McKinley has just finished an attractive vase in water lilies.

The latest plan of the Pan-American Exposition with reference to the fine arts exhibit, is to have it composed only of the works of American artists. If this is carried out, the exhibition is likely to be particular-

ly significant and important. It is desired to include the works of American artists in this country as well as those living abroad ; also, of American artists who have died recently.

Arrangements have been made to bring to Pittsburg for one concert the famous Strauss orchestra from Vienna, now making a short tour in the United States. The director is Edward Strauss, a brother of Johann Strauss, the "waltz king." The concert will be given November 26th, in Carnegie Music Hall.

The first lecture of the course was delivered on October 19th by Col. L. F. Copeland, of Harrisburg. His subject was "Seeing the Elephant," instead of "Some Agnostic Blunders" as first announced. The church was filled with a most appreciative audience and the success of the opening night should be most gratifying to the committee. The next entertainment on the course will be Brockway Grand Concert Co., on the evening of November 24. The company is under the direction of Franz Wilczek, who is well known to New Wilmington audiences.

The following clipping from one of the Brooklyn newspapers may be of interest to some as Mr. Austin, who now resides in Brooklyn, was the first professor of Westminster's conservatory and Miss Reznor is a former student of the college: "A pretty home wedding took place Wednesday evening, Oct. 24, at the home of I. Merrill Austin, 353 Jefferson avenue, when his sister-in-law, Miss Aida Marion Reznor was united in marriage with Elmer Ellsworth Wilcox, of Guilford, Conn. The bride, who was attired in white taffeta, with chiffon trimmings,

and carried a handsome bouquet of roses and lilies of the valley, was attended by her three little nieces, Eleanor, Louis and Dorothy Austin. Lester Wilcox, a brother of the bridegroom, acted as best man. Pink and white chrysanthemums, with smilax, formed the effective floral decorations of the house. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Robert F. Kent, of the Lewis Avenue Congregational church. The popularity of the young couple was demonstrated by the many useful and handsome gifts bestowed. Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox will be at home in Guilford after Nov. 15."

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#### America is Expanding.

Germany, as well as England, is becoming apprehensive over the spread of American commerce. The German central bureau for the preparation of commercial treaties has just issued a book on this subject, written by its president, who for that purpose devoted months of study to the industrial conditions in the United States. "The entire Yankee nation," this book says, "is like a perfectly disciplined army standing shoulder to shoulder at the forge, the loom, or the printing press, earning wealth by their industry. \* \* \* Europe, with her old-established industries, is so hard pushed by the young American competitor that the necessity of uniting in a common customs league against this bold intruder has become a matter of serious consideration. \* \* \* There can be no doubt that an American merchant marine will ere long be forthcoming, and become of vast extent. Whoever has watched the present state of activity in American shipyards will have no doubt on that score."

## Athletics.

The result of the Geneva game at Beaver Falls is greatly to be regretted, not on account of Geneva's touchdown, but on account of the fact that two college elevens were unable to meet and play a consistent game to a sportsmanlike finish—an honorable victory and an honorable defeat. Without entering into a discussion of the merits of the question of a biased official, an uncontrolled and unrestrained body of supporters and the constant presence of our hosts' coach on the field, we are certain of this fact—that the circumstances that obliged Captain Edmundson to refuse to continue the game were extraordinary. But how long will it take college youths to learn that officials without connection with either contesting eleven are an absolute essential to the satisfactory outcome of games? Among the flotsam and jetsam of undergraduate rumor, the fairly established fact seems to obtain that the cause of the somewhat strained present athletic relations between the two colleges is, and was at its occurrence, as deeply deplored by the more sportsmanlike of our opponents as it is by ourselves. Yet when all is said, after making due allowance for the over-partisanship that finds expression in intemperate denunciation, the opinion prevails that



the spirit of winning *quand meme* seems to have been strikingly shown by our Covenanters friends.

The often partisan Pittsburg public press in the printed reports of the Westminster-Western University game at Exposition Park on the 17th instant, was kind even to flattery to the Westminster eleven, speaking of the individual and ensemble work of the team in terms of the highest praise. Thanks to Manager Cochran's hard and fast contract with the University management a repetition of last year's unpleasant experience was prevented. The agreement bound the University manager at all times to keep the crowd off the field, to prohibit discourteous demonstrations with horns and bells and to intentional interference with Westminster's sig-



nals. It is indeed unfortunate that such specifications should be required among college men, but in view of Westminster's experience in '99 at the hands of a seemingly unprincipled management and a certainly irresponsible body of undergraduate supporters, it was thought best to take no chances. This game, too, was a wholly satisfactory one. It is idle to speculate on what might have occurred had Cummings and Cameron not been injured. The result might or might not have been different. Westminster believes the Western University team won because it played better football. To it belongs the victory and to it the college team extends congratulations, regretful, yet sincere.

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In marked contrast to the Geneva game stands the Allegheny game on Oct. 27th. The best of feeling prevailed at all times among both patrons and players, the field was kept absolutely clear of spectators and the decisions of the non-partisan officials, Mr. Gardner, of Grove City College and Mr. Martin, of Thiel, were never questioned. It was a matter of hard, straight football from kickoff to close and the better team won and won fairly. It was a well-earned victory and a bravely-borne defeat. At no time did a member of either team forget what was expected of him as a college man and a gentleman, or due to his opponent as such, and the game was wholly free from the objectionable features that mar sport and cause regret.

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The overtures made by the management of the Grove City eleven for the re-opening of athletic relations with Westminster received due, or perhaps undue consideration by the Westminster Athletic committee.

The conclusion was reached that if Grove City College, upon the application by the proper athletic officers should be admitted to membership in the Intercollegiate League, Westminster would meet her in athletic contest on the same terms that she meets the other colleges in the organization. Some correspondence on this matter seems to have been carried on between authorized or unauthorized Grove City men and Vice President Thompson, of Geneva, but at this writing the subject has not been formally brought to the attention of the League.

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New Castle High School played the return game here Oct. 20. Neither side scored in the first half. The second team had the ball on New Castle's ten-yard line when time was up. In the second half they again had the ball within 20 yards of New Castle's goal when they fumbled. New Castle got the ball and made a touchdown. Again we were about to put the ball over when Jerry Klingensmith and Fred Main, two of New Castle's rooters jumped in and helped to hold the line. Mr. Cubbison saw fit at this juncture to penalize Westminster for something or other. A kick ensued in which the umpire and referee could not agree, one claiming a touchdown and the other an off-side play. The referee gave Westminster the game because New Castle refused to play.

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The second game with Geneva was played at Beaver Falls, Nov. 20. The game was not finished on account of a decision of the referee in regard to what down it was. In the first half Geneva scored in good, straight-forward playing. Once in this half we had the ball on the six-yard line where we lost it on a foul. In the second half, after having carried the ball 75 yards to Geneva's three-

yard line, the referee gave the decision which ended the game. This game proved very unsatisfactory both to us and to Geneva, because Geneva will gain no satisfaction in winning a game in that manner, and it lost for us the chance of getting first place in the Intercollegiate games. This experience goes to prove that neutral officials should do the ruling in all games, even those between teams that are the best of friends. Again, games of this sort are not satisfactory to the spectators upon whose patronage the maintenance of the teams depend. A clause should be put in the constitution providing for neutral officials. In a meeting of the officers of the Intercollegiate League an attempt was made to throw out the Stoneboro game as being contrary to the constitution. On account of a misunderstanding Westminster didn't vote and the motion was thus lost.

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The second team was defeated at Slippery Rock by the Slippery Rock State Normal team Monday, Nov. —, by a score of 11-0. The boys played a good game the first half but weakened in the second. The daily papers gave the score as 24-0, and the game as having been played with the first team. We commend that reporter for his ability in getting data right. Line up:

WESTMINSTER—O		SLIPPERY ROCK—11	
Wright-Briceland	L. E.	Wilson	
McCartney	L. T.	Patterson	
Stewart	L. G.	Blace	
McClelland	C.	Reno	
Leeper	R. G.	Schwabe	
Statler	R. T.	Jode	
Degelman	R. E.	T. McCullough	
Dunlap	R. B.	Scott	
Adams	R. H. B.	R. McCullough	
Moore	L. H. B.	———	
McCrory	F. B.	Johnston	

The second eleven thus far has defeated New Castle High School twice and been defeated twice by Slippery Rock Normal School. The Normal eleven has a good array of crude material and with coaching would prove no mean antagonist to college teams. The school management's unwholesome example to the maintenance of a semi-professional nine last spring is not likely to establish a precedent in its athletics, and henceforth all teams representing the school are to be composed of school men "serving without enrollment." When our Western Pennsylvania colleges and schools realize the grossness of their crime against athletic ethics and common honesty, in hiring men to pose as students, play under the college or school colors and steal athletic laurels for the institution under the name of which they play, then and not till then will sport be brought to its rightful, honorable place in the activities of our institutions.

—

On election day our football team played the Franklin Athletic Club at that place and lost by the score of 5 to 0. Had it not been for fumbling and mistakes in understanding signals, we should have made at least one touchdown, but the Fates decreed otherwise. "Teck" Matthews, the former W. & J. player, was at fullback for Franklin, and was in evidence in most of the plays in the first half, but in the second he did not make many gains. Franklin scored its touchdown in the first half by bucking the ball steadily down the field; Wilson failed to kick goal. The half ended with the ball in our possession on Franklin's twelve-yard line. In the second half, the ball sea-sawed back and forth and was in the center of the field when

time was called. There was some unnecessary roughness displayed by Franklin, but it all passed off happily. The line up:

WESTMINSTER—o		FRANKLIN—5	
Witherspoon.....	R. E.....	Millen-Harvey	
C. Campbell.....	R. T.....	Cooper	
E. Campbell.....	R. G.....	Kingsley	
Parisen.....	C.....	Smiley	
McCown.....	L. G.....	Wilson	
Donaldson.....	L. T.....	Brennan-Greisbach	
Kuhn.....	L. E.....	Carr-Rodgers	
Mehard.....	Q. B.....	Forsythe	
Cummings.....	L. H. B.....	Jobson	
Edmundson.....	R. H. B.....	Saunders	
Neville.....	F. B.....	Matthews	

Time of halves 20 and 15 minutes. Touch-down—Jobson; Referee—umpire—McIntosh and Cameron. Linemen—Fulton and Anderson. Timers—Jobson and Kennedy.

The first game on our grounds was played Oct. 30th with Allegheny. The day was fine for football and a fair crowd witnessed the game. Allegheny won the toss-up and chose to defend the west goal. Edmundson kicked off to Rentz who ran out of bounds on his 35-yard line; Allegheny by a series of bucks forced the ball to our 30-yard line. Here a fumble gave the ball to Westminster. They in turn advanced the ball to the middle of Allegheny's territory where they lost it on downs which was again regained on the same. The ball was advanced to Allegheny's 10-yard line, where a fumble gave it to Allegheny; Allegheny kicked; Edmundson got it. Westminster kicked it out of bounds; Allegheny got it on 30-yard line and still had it in their possession when time was called. Frazier kicked off to Donaldson who advanced it 35 yards; Kuhn made 35, Campbell 3, 'Spoon nothing. Edmundson in short end runs 12, Kuhn  $\frac{1}{2}$ , again "Ed" made a gain and Witherspoon carried it over for the first goal of the season; "Ed"

failed to kick goal, score 5-0. Allegheny kicked off; Campbell got it but was downed with but little gain; Campbell no gain, Cummings  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards, Kuhn made first down. Frazier broke through and tackled Edmundson for a loss of 7 yards; Cummings made a small gain and Westminster was forced to kick; Allegheny fumbled and Witherspoon got it. "Bear" Campbell made 10 yards, Donaldson 3; again "Bear" made 10, Kuhn 1; "Bear" failed and the ball went to Allegheny. Frazier made 4 yards, again 4, Gleason  $4\frac{1}{2}$ , right half 2, and Gleason on rounding the end dropped the ball which Edmundson fell upon; Kuhn made 25 yards, "Ed" 10, Donaldson  $4\frac{1}{2}$ . The ball was now on Allegheny's one-half line. Cummings failed to gain, Donaldson went over with nothing to spare, "Ed" kicked goal, score 11-0. Allegheny kicked off; Mehard got it and advanced it 15 yards before being downed, "Ed"  $1\frac{1}{2}$ , Kuhn made first down, "Bear"  $\frac{1}{2}$ , "Ed"  $4\frac{1}{2}$ , Cummings 4, Donaldson lost  $4\frac{1}{2}$ , "Ed" fouled, but an off side ball played by Allegheny brought the ball back and gave it to us for first down. "Ed" 8 yards, Kuhn 10, Witherspoon 15. Again the ball was given to Witherspoon, but he failed to gain. Time was called; score 11-0. There was not the least unpleasantness throughout the whole game. Martin, from Thiel, and Gordon, from Grove City, were the officials. In the first half it looked as though Allegheny was going to score; they went through our line for good gains but a fumble checked their progress. We, in turn, did the same act. At the end of the first half it looked as though neither team would be liable to score the coming half. An interesting game may be looked for between these two teams on

Thanksgiving day at Meadville. The line up:

WESTMINSTER—I	ALLEGHENY—O
Kuhn.....L. E.....	Rist
Donaldson.....L. T.....	Douglass
McCown.....L. G.....	Williams
Parisen.....C.....	Campbell
Campbell E.....R. G.....	McCartney
Campbell C.....R. T.....	Young
Witherspoon.....R. E.....	Gleason
Mehard.....Q. B.....	Rentz
Edmundson.....R. H. B.....	Taylor
Cummings.....L. H. B.....	Frazier
Neville.....F. B.....	Walstoncraft

## Exchanges.

In combats of the soul there are no drawn battles.—*Ex.*

Some men get A, some men get B,  
Some shining lights get C,  
But as for me I'll take an X,  
With now and then a V.

—*Ex.*

Examiner—"What happens when a light falls into the water at an angle of forty-five degrees?"

Pupil—"It goes out."—*Ex.*

There was a sign upon the fence,  
T'was "Paint."

And every sinner that passed by,  
And saint,

Touched finger to it and—

"Gee-whizz!"

They'd say, and wipe it off,

"Why, so it is."

Lives of students all remind us

We should pay no heed to books;

But on passing leave behind us

Inter-linings in our books,

Inter-linings which another,

Toiling hard midst grief and pain,

Some forlorn and flunked-out fellow,

Reading ne'er shall flunk again.

—*Lombard Review.*

The University of California announces for this year courses of instruction in the Japanese language, in the dialect of Canton, and in Kuan-hua, the generally spoken language of China.

"Hast thou a lover?" asked he,

"O maiden of the Rhine?"

She blushed in sweet confusion

And softly faltered, "Nein."

He felt re'uffed, and knew not

What best to say, and then,

A sudden thought came to him,

And he pleaded, "Make it ten."

—*Ex.*

A bigot is a man, who, frightened at the great bulk of ignorance, refuses to look it in the face and flees for the reservation of his self-content to the little that he knows, refusing to hear any more.—*Phillips Brooks.*

I've allus noticed fellers,

Hit's a risky thing to do,

To kalkalate accordin'

To how things look to you.

Sometimes the biggest fishes

Bites the smallest kind o' baits;

And mighty ugly wimmin'

Can make the best of mates.

The man 'at talks the nicest

Don't help you up the hill.

The one that prays the loudest

Don't allus pay his bill.

The smartest lookin' feller

May be a regular fool,

You're always kicked the highest,

By the meekest lookin' mule.

—*Ex.*

There is seldom a line of glory written upon the earth's face, but a line of suffering runs parallel with it; and they that read the lustrous syllables of the one and stoop not to decipher the spotted and worn inscription of the other, get the least half of the lesson earth has to give.—*Anon.*



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GENEVIEVE SMITH, '01.....MUSIC AND ART  
ROBERT N. GRIER, '01.....ATHLETICS AND EXCHANGES  
ALVAN R. HUNT, '02.....BUSINESS MANAGER

### Publishers' Notice.

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In retrospect of the present term, little has happened to cause regret. While there has been plenty of class spirit there has been an entire absence of bitter feeling and the usually resulting rowdyism. The inter-class contests on track and gridiron were conducted in a sportsmanlike manner; the victors wearing their laurels proudly, not arrogantly. Due respect has been had of the property rights of the citizens and of the college. A lawyer, when asked as to the outlook of his pro-

fession, replied that it was poor, and assigned as a reason the prevalence of high schools and colleges. His opinion might have been based on the history of the term now closing.

ALTHOUGH the movement has been given an impetus lately, we think more could be done to bring about a series of athletic contests between the different classes in the college. There is no doubt at all but that they would arouse a great deal of interest and, as it is a custom at almost every other college, we should try to introduce it here, even on a small scale. One disadvantage is, that the inter-class games here are usually scheduled so late in the season that they have to be put off on account of inclement weather and are never played. They should be arranged for the midst of the season, when interest is high and every one is in condition.

It has now come the season of the year when the inclemency of the weather forbids the ordinary forms of outdoor exercise, and as the need of moderate exercise is imperative for the preservation of health, the practice of regular attendance upon one of the gymnasium classes cannot be too strongly urged. If we aim at any mental culture, which we all un-

doubtedly do, we must at the same time include physical culture, as the abnormal development of the mind is always at the expense of the body. The desultory walk, the nervous hand, the blanched cheek, the listless eye, the dull brain, all point unmistakably to the lack of needful exercise; while the elastic step, the rosy cheek, the bright eye and the clear brain denote one who obeys the behests of nature. The reason of inattention to these matters, assigned by some, is lack of time, which is self-contradictory, for in every case experience has proved that the mental faculties are in better command when the circulation is strong. This is why we have a gymnasium and gymnasium instructors. But the exercise, once begun, must be continued. Regularity of attendance is the one essential of beneficent results.

THE Junior orations this term are all of a high order, and have been delivered in very good style. Good judgment has been shown in the choice of subjects, and we are glad to say that none so far has displayed the ear marks of antiquity. A good live subject is what is desired, with a good live handling of it. A Junior oration is not an ante mortem statement.

#### The Horn Book.

The Horn Book was a device in vogue for teaching boys their letters when books were too costly to be handed about. It consisted of a single sheet of print or manuscript containing the alphabet and the Lord's prayer, mounted on wood shaped like a hand mirror and covered with a transparent sheet of horn to preserve the paper.

## Literary Department.

### The Triumphant Republic.

Childhood follows infancy. Manhood is the outgrowth of youth. The sowings of spring produce the fruitage of autumn. The results of the present are the product of the combined efforts of the past—a past with which the achievements of progress are as inseparably linked as the giant oak with the acorn which produced it.

Our civilization, its influence and culture, our literature, philosophy and art, are the ripened products of years of struggle. Saints and sages, poets and orators, statesmen and diplomats sowed the seed, we reap their harvest. Our system of ethics and religion is the triumphant outgrowth of the centuries. Noble sentiments and high ideals dot the ruins of the ages and from the mouldering dust of the past rise the grand institutions of the present. Without a yesterday there were no to-day. To-day nurtures the embryo of the morrow and the crumbling ruins of that which is ephemeral form the soil from which shall arise achievements that presage a still more glorious future.

We sit as learners, then, before the portals of the past, to avoid the mistakes and profit by the results of bygone ages, for the world has ever been a school. Its problems are realities, not abstractions. For ages men have wrestled with questions as yet unsolved. Hosts innumerable have labored long and well, have solved some problems and left the unfinished solutions to posterity. Government is a question of ages. To-day we stand in a political noon. Many have been the solutions tried since the gray hours of the morning. The original petty sovereignties failed to prove a satisfactory answer. Abso-

lute and extended monarchy was tried but would not stand the test. Emancipation of thought produced the constitutional form and to-day, profiting by each successive step in the mighty problem, we are trying as its solution the republic, a form of government composed of individuals, not masses. Is the present the proper solution? If not, what is needed to attain the desired end? In the light of the past we may study the present and the future.

Cold and desolate against the sky stand the mountains of Judea. Israel has perished, his temples are crumbled, his altars broken; but his faith, as embodied in the principles of the Moral Law, has survived the wrath of centuries and become our priceless heritage for the education of the soul.

Sullenly, madly, dash the waves against the shores of Hellas. The dust of Grecian genius hears not their requiem. Greece long ago was numbered with the dead in the cemetery of the nations. But from her ruins Culture sprang, the ablest teacher of the human mind, destined to live throughout all time.

"Hebraism and Hellenism, the points of influence between which moves our world." Down the centuries have they come like mighty currents, now flowing, now ebbing. Each has for its aim the ideal government, and how imperfectly one has succeeded without the other let History answer. The Hebrew nation, refusing to educate the mind as well as the soul, became entangled in a web of false religious maxims, and sealed its doom by its rejection of the Messiah. Greece, overwhelmed by the very culture of which she was the source, lost her moral balance and was engulfed in a sea of destruction.

After the downfall of Greece culture still

predominated. Sweeping westward, unchecked by Hebraism, the whole political world was governed by a system of laws which the genius of culture established. The classic strains of culture's government come down to us to-night like the sad refrain of a far-off song. For its doom was sealed from the beginning and the hour of its grandest triumph was that of its greatest peril. Founded upon human intelligence, government began to pamper human pride and passion. Made to be the protector, it became the avenger and murderer. And to crown all, paganistic deities, the gods of culture, reared their altars in the palaces of the rulers.

Quickly the end came. The ebbing stream of Hebraism received a powerful impetus from the fountains of Calvary and swept thru the Gentile world. Against the haughty and colossal erection of culture were hurled the decrees of Christian rulers and the great structure that towered to the very skies came wall and gate to the ground. Thus did mortality sound the knell of despotism in the ancient world; culture was buried in its own ruins, and rulers and people, trusting in moral principles alone, sought to solve anew the problem of government.

Five centuries pass away. The whole world has felt the mystic power of the Christ. Thousands identify Him with all their conceptions of life, enjoyment, and that bright hope in which the trusting see a life to come. Enthusiasm, wealth, military genius are the offerings upon the altars. But intellectual worth, the most priceless gem of all, is wanting. Ignorance reigns over prince and people. "Priests and scholars, by reason of their scholarship, find themselves the superiors of men of birth, and set up the claim of servants of God as against the claims of the sons of Kings." Religion is bent to the be-

lief of a single man and becomes an engine of superstition. Kings tremble before the edicts of the Vatican. The masses are kindred to the beasts. They have owners who think for them, whose commands they must obey. Amid the darkness of servitude the world sleeps. Moral principles have been tried and alone cannot solve the problem of government.

Suddenly Culture breaks thru the ruins of Rome and sweeps northward. The slumber of ages is broken. The rumble of the earthquake of revolution is heard in every quarter. Within the human breast is felt the power of personal worth. Liberty, long the midnight meditation of the sage and inspiration of the poet, becomes the Messiah of the enchained masses. Individuality asserts itself with resistless force. Men are no longer puppets, but thinkers. Progress is made in every department. Treasures of literature are uncovered at the command of genius. The harpstrings of poetry discourse their most thrilling music. The voice of the explorer echoes from beyond the sea the intelligence of new found continents. The astronomer scans the heavens and reads the secrets of the distant stars. The thunder of Luther rends in twain the papal throne and Culture sounds the knell of despotism in the modern world. Morality, receding, again seeks its Judean fountain, and the masses of humanity, trusting in the precepts of culture and with freedom as their guide, seek to solve anew the problem of government.

The last rays of the setting sun are the most glorious, but the most transient. So the light issuing from the sparkling stream of culture blazed over the world for a time and then sank into the darkness of a moral night. We turn a page in history, and lo! the sabre flash, the sulphurous smoke of

battle; the jeering faces of the mob mocking the dying sufferings of the Christian martyr; absolute sway as the goal of kings, ambition their chariot, human hearts their pathway. Men are the worshippers of reason and not of the true God, and constitutional government, the former refuge of the people, becomes the tool of the licentious.

But amid the moral darkness stars appear which the dense clouds of passion can not extinguish, and when the Pilgrim lands upon Plymouth Rock he follows their sacred light to the streams from Judea, even as the wandering wise men, centuries before, followed Bethlehem's Holy Star to Bethlehem's Holy Child.

At the same time the floods of Hellenism sweeping over Europe become too vast and demand an outlet. The exiled Cavalier finds a home in the valleys of Virginia. The years rolls by, the streams of Hebraism and Hellenism draw nearer and nearer to each other. What shall be the outcome? Hitherto theirs have been the meetings of rivals; the triumph of one, the defeat and receding of the other. Shall it be so now? No; the time is ripe for their union. God has moulded all the warnings of the past for the preparation. Now must come the consummation. With civil liberty as their goal, the Puritan and the Cavalier fight shoulder to shoulder. Amid the thunder of cannon and the flowing of blood the tyrannical chains of a foreign power are forever broken and a nation is born, founded equally upon the principles of morality and culture.

True it is that morality is no longer the stern, cold practice of the early Puritan, nor culture the keen, sparkling witticism of the Cavalier; for one has neutralized the other. Just as currents of air tend where the heat is greatest and the temperature of



the one is increased and of the other lessened, so cold morality and fiery culture coming in contact are equalized, and the two are as one.

Benevolence, righteousness, practicality is the great principle of American Christianity. Diffusion, expansion, universality is the great principle of American knowledge. Upon this basis was our government established amid the jeers of the skeptic. But a century and a quarter have passed, and the result has been wonderful. The oldest and mightiest nations have been far outstripped. Republican simplicity has proved superior to monarchical grandeur.

"Under the broad aegis of the American Union life is secure, property is secure, the fruits of industry are secure up to the point and beyond it that such security is enjoyed under any other of the governments now existing among men."

America has triumphed. Hebraism and Hellenism united furnish the true solution. And yet the life of our great republic is not unalloyed happiness. Dangers there are which threaten it on every hand. Catholicism would remove Hellenism and consequently freedom of thought. Political corruption hates morality, hates intelligence, and sees only the accomplished schemes of the demagogue. Intemperance would make the cultured man a beast and fill his mouth with the raving, blasphemous utterances of a Paine or a Voltaire. Sabbath desecration would mock the God who established our nation and make our American Holy Day the Continental holiday. Can America brave these difficulties? Aye, more. Power is measured by resistance, and the great mass of the American people guard with unyielding strength the precepts of our fathers.

Archimedes said, "Had I a place on which

to stand I would move the world by the mechanical power of the lever." How truly is this the realization of the American republic. Standing upon the soil of freedom and using the lever of Christian culture, hers is the power not only to move the world but to transform it from a desolate wilderness into the Eden of God. The American principles of popular government and Christian education have made the weak, enslaved Europe of 1600 the strong, free Europe of 1900. To-day the political heavens in the far East are aglow with the vivifying rays of American freedom. Yet back of America stand Greece and Judea, and behind them all stands God. This is the secret of America's progress, this the arbiter of her destiny.

Thou beacon light of the Universe, thou chosen of God, fulfill thy mission! and may the streams of Hebraism and Hellenism, which found their first full union in thee, gird the whole earth.

Then shall humanity be uplifted, civilization shall receive its grandest impulse, the last shackles of tyranny shall be broken, and "the whole world be bound around with golden chains about the feet of God."

S. C. GAMBLE, '01.

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#### Two Nations in One.

With some of the people of the North there is an idea prevalent that in the heart of the Southerner there lurks an unexpressed desire to injure his neighbor of the North, that his vengeance for the 60's might be wreaked. The same is true of a few of those who dwell in the land of Dixie who have not yet learned all the requirements of one who would inherit a peaceful rest. Both, we are glad to say, are very much mistaken. The bloody struggles have come and gone, and

the people of this great government are anxious to see the prosperity of each individual who claims protection under the Stars and Stripes.

The North and South to-day clasp hands over the graves of Lee and Grant, not as over a bloody chasm, but as over sealed graves of noble heroes upon whom the earth has closed to know no opening till the resurrection morn. The deep wounds made by compelling a brave people to succumb to the laws of the Union are healed. Seeing they were in the wrong, like men, they have acknowledged it, and forgetting the past they heartily join, once for all, in singing "Stars and Stripes Forever." Citizens of both North and South have allowed the few years of the recent past to blot out the feelings and hating memories of the 60's, while now there is one united purpose—namely—to make the nation prosperous and the home happy.

We, as a people, are one in the love of liberty and the desire to see every human being enjoying the same blessing. We are one in government, which has been recently demonstrated by the angel of contentment now hovering over our grand republic, taking the place of the great election excitement. Notwithstanding the fact that we are a unit in all this, we are almost two separate nations when habits and modes of living are compared.

The people of the South have been rightly called a "hospitable people." To the friend, and even a stranger, they often condense a volume of greeting in that one word, "welcome." In the typical Southern home the "latch-string always hangs on the outside," and every home smiles a welcome and every heart around its fireside throbs a welcome. And yet, perhaps, it is not so mysterious that peace and joy and comfort

seem to be synonyms of the Southern home. For what creature with a responsive soul could live in the land of Dixie, under the placid Southern skies, where sunshine and showers make nature glad; where the earth smiles with plenty; where the cotton fields wave their white banners of purity; where the mocking bird flutters and sings in his wilderness of leaves; where the crystal waters murmur in eternal melody; where the air filters thru jungles of roses and whispers love, and have yet a heart whose chords are untouched and whose throb is not quickened.

Our Northern brother may move a little faster, and in general get his work done sooner, but the faithful stroke of the Southerner keeps time to music of contentment. Then, why should we censure? If our fellowman is blessed with happiness, let us not make ourselves miserable worrying over his condition.

Sometimes men going south to farm speak of the indolence of the farmers of that section when they observe that thru July and August the Southerner participates in picnicking, fishing, camping, and such like, seemingly forgetting that he has a farm to care for—but it is not long until the man with the more buoyant spirit seems to think that this is entirely the proper thing to do. The man of the North learns by experience that during the months in which he is accustomed to seeking shelter from the cold and snow he can labor with comfort in his fields of cotton. Of course, if the man of the South should attempt to farm in one of the Northern States, as perhaps some of them do, and continue his practice of resting during the summer months, it would be merely a question of time until he would become bankrupt.

The treatment given to the colored man,

as we would naturally expect, is vastly different in these two parts of the same government. Where they have been so recently at the command of the master, it is a difficult thing for the people to realize that they are citizens and are entitled to the same privileges to which the white man is heir. In the majority of cases it is found that the colored laborer is employed in preference to his brother of a lighter color. The reason for this is that, as a rule, the man of color seems to realize that he is subject to the direction of his employer, while the white man, in many cases, reasons that because he is white he has no obligation resting upon him to obey. The colored man is usually not so skillful, but when his task is pointed out to him he attempts to accomplish the work.

The Southern people admit that in many sections the negro is cruelly treated and often punished for crimes which he did not commit—but instances of this character are fewer than hitherto and the day is dawning even in the South, when the colored man shall have the position to which he is entitled. We cannot hope, however, to see this day in a few short years. The echo of the overseer's voice and the clank of the shackle chain has scarcely been hushed into silence. Only a short time ago millions of creatures with no education, we might say with no experience, and hence no confidence in themselves were made citizens, and yet the majority of them know not the first duty of an American. In lieu of the fact that there was such a revolution to be wrought in the life of a poor slave before he is truly a citizen, the South to-day pleads with the North to exercise patience until this great transformation can be made. Some one has said, "The future is a great volume whose

clasp time alone can loose." It may seem to some who do not thoroughly understand the situation, that the South is often severe in its refining process—but in many instances such measures are necessary. Upon the shoulders of the South there rests a great responsibility in regard to the colored race, and so far as the observation of the writer goes, the South realizes its obligation and is discharging its duty admirably.

Again we are one people—but on this side Mason & Dixon's line we find cold bread and Irish potatoes, while on the other is found sweet potatoes and hot biscuit. That theory that stale, cold bread is the most wholesome, may stand when the rules of logic are applied—but the Southerner claims that theory is of little value compared to experimental knowledge, and so he has hot bread three times each day.

Children of the North and South are surely born with different desires and inclinations, or else they learn at a very early age. It is indeed interesting to note the different customs of the young people of these two sections—but perhaps it is best to leave this untold just at present.

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#### The Significance of a Name.

The idea seldom occurs to most people that a name is anything more than a designation. In past ages greater importance was attached to the naming of persons and places than there is at the present day. Often, without any thought, apparently, of the aid they were affording future generations in this matter, the ancients applied names which are whole histories in themselves.

Historical research has been greatly assisted by the study of the names of old towns and villages and also those of the common every-day things of life. Archeology has

made use of the names found in old inscriptions and upon old buildings. Ethnology or the study of the races, is a subject which the study of names brought into existence. Geology, astronomy and geography could not have attained the rank and importance as branches of study that they now possess, except by means of this agency, while philology and etymology could hardly exist.

Proper names alone among all the terms of a language are sure of surviving the changes of grammar and rhetoric which are brought to bear upon other words. They are never altered by the inflexions, augments and other imitations that often change the identity of other parts of speech. Some names last through thousands of years, and although they may be changed a little through the ages, yet they always retain the root, which can be traced back to its origin.

The Greek philosophers used to hold many interesting discussions concerning the origin of words, and although their controversies never ended in any satisfactory conclusions, yet they opened the way for other researches along this same line. One group of these men maintained that the "name" was created with the object, and by some strange power of speech which we cannot understand, men possessed a name for every object as soon as the latter came into existence. Others said that the name was simply a conventionality of man, who called things by certain names simply because he was seized with a fancy to do so. But neither of these views shows any study of the subject, and they are merely the speculations and theories of men who were too indolent to make careful investigation.

From facts and facts alone can the origin of language be ascertained. We find from the account given in the Scriptures, that

man was created with the capabilities of developing language. And the study of the speech of children and savages affords us good evidence of the manner in which language was developed. The earliest speech of infants consists in sounds representing the child's idea of that for which it asks. A little later, some quality which the object possesses, stands for it in the child's mind. Soon figures, as metaphors and similes are used, and the name of something that is more familiar in the life of the little one is made the name of an object to which it bears a resemblance. Thus the child calls for a round fire, or a golden ball, when it sees the shining moon. Any bright red object that is round, is an apple to the child. It calls its doll "baby" from hearing its mother call itself thus.

The same method of developing language may be found in the case of the savage. Also with the aid of society, the speech becomes more civilized and the words are more truly representative of the thought of the people. The relation between the object and the name by which it is called becomes closer and more compact. Not only as they originated, but also as they are followed back to their origin are names significant. Many new things concerning the character and inhabitants of a country have been found out through their present names. Migrations have been traced and important facts laid before us, which never would have been known except with the aid of this study. Names are the only records of the Aryan race, whose language was spoken over five thousand years ago. They tell us that the Aryans farmed and possessed our chief domestic animals, as the horse, ox, dog, sheep and goat. The region they inhabited was varied in its production. Weaving was common among



the women, and the chief implements of war were the spear, bow and shield. Some endearing names for mother, father and child tell us of their peaceful family relations. The names of several of the stars, and the reverential tone of some of them, give us to understand that they studied astronomy and worshipped the stars. Whether a nation is barbarous or civilized, peaceful or warlike, is often shown by the absence or presence of words denoting those qualities.

Mythology, which is so closely linked with history and religion, that it may be said to bind the two together, survives in the names that have come down to us. The corresponding myths of different nations may be compared, and the simplest traced back until we have a very satisfactory interpretation. The city of Rheims in France, is said to have derived its name from the fact that Remus, the brother of Romulus, founded it. Further, he is related to have gone to Italy, and there, inciting his brother to jealousy at the foundation of so great a city, caused Romulus to found that greater city of Rome. The origin of the names of the gods may also be discovered in this way. By comparison of the Greek word "Zeus," meaning "ruler of the world," with the names of similar deities in other languages, in Latin we find "Jove" or "Jovis," and in Sanskrit "Dyaris," while in Anglo-Saxon, we have the word "Tiu" found in our Tuesday, which comes from the word "din," meaning to shine or beam. Hence the word comes to mean "The giver of light," "The maker of the seasons" and "The ruler of the world."

The names in legends and folk-lore are also important in disclosing the history and character of a people. It has been said an exhaustive account of the folk-lore of the

world, would be equivalent to a complete history of mankind.

As we come to the formation of local names we discover that all over America may be found the footprints of the Indian in the names that he has left behind him. Many such as Niagara, Mohawk and Wisconsin, merely denote the fact that extinct tribes of Indians once inhabited those regions. Others, however, of which Hoboken may be taken as an example, show something of the customs of the Indian.\* This is the name of a harbor in northern New Jersey, opposite New York harbor, and it means "smoke pipe." Hoboken is a place where the Indians used to assemble in council and smoke the pipe of peace. Connecticut, another Indian word, means "long river," while Mississippi means "the father of waters." But Indian names are not the only ones containing historical records. Many other names of States and cities tell us of the date and by whom they were settled. Pennsylvania is a combination of the Latin word "sylva" meaning woods, and the name of Penn, that good leader of the quakers who founded the State. Virginia was so named from the virgin queen Elizabeth, the sovereign of England at the time that Raleigh attempted the first colony. Louisiana was so called from Le grand Monarque of France, the Carolinas for Charles the Second of England, and others were thus named for ruling monarchs of the times.

Some names were brought directly from the Old World, as Amsterdam, York and others. Some taken from the Bible, as Philadelphia, meaning brotherly love; some from men, as Pittsburg; while still others denote a quality of the locality bearing them. The Blue and the Green mountains were so named from a peculiar color of cloud that

rested on each, and seen by the dwellers in the valley below. White mountains tell us of their snow-capped peaks in the winter. Florida is a land of flowers. In this way the picturesque character and geography of places may be definitely stated from their names.

In passing to the realm of geology, we discover from this source that marshes have been drained, rivers have changed their courses and sought new channels, islands have arisen or been submerged, and other changes have taken place which are very important in determining the previous character of the land. The Indian spear-point is of no more importance in determining the history of a country than are these very names that are handed down from generation to generation.

In respect to surnames, there are three principal sources from which they are derived. Baptismal or patronymic names are such as Simcox from Simon, Mariott from Mary, and Emmett from Emma. There are others as George, Henry, Charles and Thomas, that have descended without any change in form.

Trades or occupations are another great source of surnames. Among these we find Beadle, Thatcher, Baker, Carpenter and Hooker. Many nicknames, arising from various sources, as the complexion of the person, or some particular incident connected with him, have clung to the bearers. Of this kind, there are such as Black, Short, Good, Robin, Goat, Partridge. Although surnames are not of so much importance as the names of places and objects, yet many times, through their aid, genealogies have been traced, that would have been otherwise obscure or unknown, and sometimes peculiarities have been accounted for, that had come down with the name unexplained from one generation to another.

Names express the character of nations and individuals. The ancient Romans always named their towns and villages, as well as even their roads and bridges, according to their idea of the purpose for which they were intended. after some noted person, or to commemorate some great event. Many of the old Roman roads may yet be distinguished not only in their own Italy, but in England also, and every other land that they ever occupied. Wherever the Romans went they gave their names, and their names meant their civilization. Why cannot it be said of the United States that her names stand for her civilization, and why cannot her names be applied to commemorate her highest attainments?

MARY BROAD, '01.

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#### A Fading.

'Tis but a moment ere the western clouds  
Glowed warm with a thousand sunbeams,  
Reflecting to depths of the ev'ning sky  
Such rich, red, radiant glories.

But the life-giving sun has sunk below  
And the clouds are pale and dead things,  
Gloomily cold, with a marble grayness,  
Those stern, sad, sorrowful vapors.

O, it is not long ere my heart, too, glowed,  
And my blood was warm in its surging,  
Reflecting my soul and its pure love—  
Its straight, strong, strenuous ardor.

But the life of a life has passed away,  
And the warmth of a love is over;  
And the blood is chilled in its raging course  
To a deep, dark, desperate torrent.

EGBERT R. MORRISON, ex '03.

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Where knowledge is wisdom lingers.  
The shorter the pleasure the more pleasant it is apt to be.

Old maids are all the more charming because they are matchless.

Words are like spectacles; they darken whatever they do not help to see.

## Holcades Mikrai.

Subscribe for the HOLCAD.

"Take me over to Poker Flat."

College re-opens on January 9th.

W. A. Riddell was at his home in Sharon on the 25th.

Gilfillan, Sr., was "present at both" Thanksgiving.

W. S. Montgomery was on the sick list for several days.

Miss Edith McCreary, of East Brook, was in town Nov. 23d.

Reed, McMichael and Christy went with the team to Meadville.

Why is Byers like Elkanah? He has a special liking for Hanna.

The girls at Hope's entertained a few of their friends at dinner Dec. 5th.

Miss Chamberlin spent Sabbath, the 25th, at her home in East Palestine, O.

Freshman (translating): "— and the Greeks tortured the dead without orders."

W. R. Neely, of Pittsburg, was in New Wilmington, Nov. 17th, visiting his sister.

Harris Johnson's sister was the guest of friends in New Wilmington Thanksgiving week.

James Parks left on the 7th for his home in Allegheny. He will not return until next term.

John (as another fellow started down street with his girl): "Wouldn't that 'Cook' you?"

Hamilton and Robinson accompanied the team to Pittsburg and witnessed the W. U. P. game.

To all our subscribers we wish a merry

Christmas and a very pleasant vacation. Subscribe for the HOLCAD and get our best wishes.

Junior orations will extend into the winter term. Only about twenty of the class have performed.

W. J. Williams was the guest of S. Wilson McGinness at his home in Pittsburg on Thanksgiving.

Miss Russell, '02, has been ill for the past two weeks, but expects to be in college again in a few days.

Miss Mary E. Stewart, of Newton Mills, Pa., was the guest of friends in town during Thanksgiving week.

Rev. Hubert R. Johnson conducted the services in chapel on the 25th, Dr. Ferguson being in New Castle.

Franz Wilczek, the violinist of the Brockway Concert Co., was the guest of the Kelly Club, Sabbath, the 25th.

Miss Pierce (in Soph. Latin): "If you love me pay me some attention." Professor: "Not so strong as that."

Profs. McElree and Freeman attended the wedding of Miss Elizabeth Wilson at East Brook, Thursday, the 29th.

The Freshmen and Sophomores played a hotly contested game of football on Thursday, the 6th, the result being a tie.

Final exams. will occur on Thursday and Friday, the 20th and 21st, to enable all the students to get home before Sabbath.

He was truly a verdant Freshman who said that Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal" was written in the time of King Arthur.

The following students spent Thanksgiving at their various homes: Misses Vincent, Armstrong, McKee, Agnes Newmyer

and Mary Newmyer. Also Hamilton, Wm. Witherspoon, McKay and Riddell.

Teacher (in Sabbath school): "In what estate were you born?" Volton: "We used to live in Virginia, but we moved up into Pennsylvania."

Mrs. Lowry, matron of the ladies' hall, attended the wedding of D. W. McNaugher, '81, and Miss Josephine Scott, in Allegheny, November 21st.

The foot ball has been laid away. Basket ball will next claim our attention. There are a number of vacancies to be filled, but we hope to have a good team on the floor.

The members of the Sophomore relay team held a banquet for themselves and ladies at Hotel McCreary on the evening of Nov. 24th. Those present were Curry, Degelman, Kennedy, Bailey, Yourd and Thompson; Misses Acheson, Neely, Kennedy, King, Lytle and Gealey.

On Thanksgiving day at 1 o'clock there occurred at Maple Lane Farm, East Brook, Pa., the wedding of Miss Elizabeth Wilson and Prof. Herman Wallace Spencer, principal of Kittanning schools. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. M. Mealey, formerly of New Wilmington, but now of Waynesburg, Pa. The groom was graduated from Westminster with the class of '94. The bride also attended Westminster, and is very well known in this place.

'Tis afternoon. A young man walks the street alone. His thoughts are not on common things. They elevate his mind far above the prosaic life of New Wilmington. Hark! He hears voices. Can it be that Seraph tongues are calling upon him to achieve some mighty mission? Again they call. He gazes into the heavens but the flying clouds are silent. Wondering he looks

about him. Lo! his mighty intellect the secret has discovered. For the denizens of Cascade are flocking to its windows. Anxiously he seeks to ascertain the meaning of their frantic gestures. "You've lost something. Go back and find it." Back the young man goes and searches long and earnestly. A dozen voices urge him on. Ten minutes pass in fruitless quest and Mr. Laing in sorrow ceases searching for the step which he has lost

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## Alumni Notes.

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Wilbur McPeak, '96, spent Thanksgiving in town.

Miss Estelle Dindinger, '96, visited in town the week of the 25th.

Miss Clara Nesbit, '96, spent a few days with her sister, Miss Margaret.

W. D. Strangeway, '94, has moved from Mumford to Churchville, N. Y.

Miss Theodosia Byers, '00, visited friends at the Hall for a couple of days.

Miss Myrtle Cooper, '99, of Butler, spent Thanksgiving with friends in the village.

L. K. Peacock, '98, W. H. McPeak, '99, and W. G. Cook, '00, were here on short visits.

Miss Margaret Ferguson, of Dry Run, is the guest of her brother, Dr. R. G. Ferguson.

Miss Eda Nichol, '98, of Indiana, was in town recently. Miss Nichol is teaching in Scottdale.

James Sloss, '99, left on Tuesday, Dec. 4th, for Norfolk Mission college, where he will teach this winter.

President Ferguson preached in New Castle Sabbath, Nov. 25th, and addressed the



county convention of the Anti-Saloon League Monday.

Rev. Burt Spencer and family were in town Thanksgiving week, attending the Spencer-Wilson wedding.

J. B. Johnson was born on a farm near New Wilmington, Pa., in 1853; was on his father's farm until the age of seventeen when he entered Westminster college, from which he graduated in 1876. For three years he traveled and taught school in California and Oregon. Upon his return home he bought his present farm of one hundred and eighteen acres, and decided to make a specialty of fruit growing. He began by planting sixteen acres of apple, peach and pear, and followed this in three years with seventeen acres more, and has continued in the fruit business until now.

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## Music and Art.

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How vast a difference! How far apart  
Are perfect Nature and imperfect Art;  
The cunning painter only can portray,  
While God creates a sunset every day.

*Harper's Weekly* has an interesting article by Philip Hale on a "Century of Achievement in Music."

Junior orations are now the order of the day. Those already delivered have been of unusually high merit.

The Adelphic society has organized a male quartet, the members of which are Messrs. James Work, Robert Work, Craig and Brice-land. Their first performance was given in society Monday night and was highly appreciated.

This old Westminster custom of holding an inter-society contest on commencement night is to be highly commended, as the

friendly rivalry incites the members to deeper interest and more strenuous efforts in literary work.

The Adelphic society has accepted the challenge of the Philomath society for the thirty-third annual contest, and ere this number of the HOLCAD has been issued the all-important question will have been answered, i. e., "Who shall the contestants be?"

The Conservatory furnishes music for the Junior orations. The Glee club made its first appearance last Friday night. The club is somewhat larger than last year, numbering twelve members, and although it has been organized but a short time their performance gave promise of much for the future.

The talent which the lecture course committee is presenting this year is excellent and is certainly worthy of liberal patronage. The numbers are all persons of national reputation. Prof. John B. DeMotte will deliver the next lecture, entitled "The Harp of the Senses" or "The Secret of Character Building."

The contestants for the society contest are: Adelphic, debater, A. B. Reid, '01, Cleveland, Ohio; orator, E. C. McCown, '01, Cyruston, Tenn; essayist, R. G. Deevers, '02, Wilmerding; declaimer, R. W. Jamison, '03, Apollo. Philomath, debater, J. H. Moore, '02, Hickory; orator, T. A. Sampson, '01, Fayette; essayist, S. C. Gamble, '01, Jamestown; declaimer, L. O. Thompson, '03, Mercer.

This year's annual exhibition at the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburg, is only a little behind the preceding ones in quality. Such a lapse as there may be from a very high standard is due to deficiencies in the display

of foreign works. It must be acknowledged that this yearly gleanings from foreign harvests is a very difficult task and involves incredible work and much disappointment. Painters are loath to send their pictures so far and to part with them so long. The gold medal this year was conferred upon the French painter, Andre' Dauchez, for his picture, "The Kelp Gatherers." It represents a curve of sandy shore with groups of figures collecting the scattered sea weed into carts; a dull hued canvas suggesting the colorless, stern lives of those who wring their livelihood from the sea. It belongs to that dreary view of labor indulged in now-a-days by some painters and poets. In striking contrast to this is the silver medal prize, a landscape by Ben Foster, "Misty Moonlight Night," in which the moon is not visible, yet pasture and trees are bathed with its soft radiance.

Despite the inclemency of the weather the Second church was filled the night of the concert by the Brockway Grand Concert company. The concert was undoubtedly one of the finest ever given in this place. It fully came up to every expectation. Nearly every number was encored. That Franz Wilczek, the violinist, has always been a prime favorite with New Wilmington audiences was demonstrated by the hearty welcome tendered him. Mr. Wilczek is certainly an artist of the highest type, whose playing can be equaled by few. Mr. Beresford captured his hearers from the first. His voice, besides possessing a wide range, showed a superb volume, capable of filling a much larger auditorium than that of the church. Mrs. Emma Porter Makinson has a dramatic soprano voice of great power and sweetness. Mr. Jacques Friedberger, the

solo pianist, played some difficult selections with the utmost ease. His rendition of the Liszt Polonaise demonstrated his masterly technique and expression. The following program was rendered:

PROGRAM,		
Polonaise.	Mr. Friedberger.	Liszt.
Honor and Arms.	Mr. Beresford.	Handel.
Russian Airs.	Mr. Wilczek.	Wieniawsky.
My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice.	Mrs. Makinson.	Saint-Saens.
Impromptu.	Mr. Friedberger.	Chopin.
The Muleteer's Revenge.	Mr. Beresford.	Henrion.
Habanera.	Mr. Wilczek.	Sarasate.
The Throstle.	Mrs. Makinson.	White.
Vocal Duet.	Passage Birds Farewell.	Bildach.
Mrs. Makinson and Mr. Beresford.		

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## Athletics.

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A retrospect of the football season just ended gives us some things to regret and many causes for congratulation. Some games were lost that should have been won, and we have a right to mourn one failure in these, but the successes achieved in perhaps more important respects more than counter balance our shortcomings in the matter of scores. The uniform spirit of generous rivalry and honest sportsmanship mutually displayed in almost every contest, the absence of unfair tactics, disgraceful wrangling and the inevitable after-recrimination in personal remark and public print, and the creditable financial outcome of the season are sources of congratulation to us all.

The record of the season's schedule stands six games lost and three won, yet these somewhat forlorn figures in point of fact "cheat the eye with blar illusion and give it false presentments." With the exception of the Washington and Jefferson and the Western University games, all victories won by our opponents were gained by the narrow margin of a single touchdown. Such were both Geneva games, the game at Franklin and the last Allegheny game, and while we cherish no grudge against our champion rival, Geneva, the reasonable conviction obtains among Westminster men that on a clear field, with neutral officials, our eleven would at least have made a better showing in the Stoneboro and the Beaver Falls games. But comparative scores are unreliable, and the accepted fact remains that Geneva won both contests, and to her eleven this year goes the championship of the Inter-Collegiate League.

\* \* \* \*

By graduation we lose this year Captain Edmundson, left end Kuhn, quarterback Mehard, halfback Cummings, fullback Cameron, and guards Campbell and McCown. Of these Captain Edmundson has played on the eleven for four years, and last year captained the Inter-Collegiate champion team. He was also captain of the baseball team in 1899. Upon him this season has devolved the double duties of coach and captain, both of which he ably discharged. His efforts have been unremitting; to them his personal popularity brought ready response from his men, and cheerful co-operation and unfailing good feeling have uniformly obtained. His generalship has always been excellent, and his individual prowess pre-eminent. To him more than to any other is the strength of the

'99 and the 1900 'varsity elevens to be assigned. He will be greatly missed in every branch of college athletics. Kuhn and Mehard have also been members of the 'varsity elevens of '97, '98, '99 and 1900; Cameron played on the '98 team; Cummings and Campbell played their first 'varsity games last year, while McCown entered college last September. The absence of these stalwart lads will be seriously felt next year, and just what material—but we'll not cross that bridge until we come to it.

\* \* \* \*

The gross discourtesy mentioned by the *Yale Alumni Weekly* as having been shown the Yale eleven by the Princeton management and adherents on the occasion of the Yale-Princeton game, would seem to indicate that the latter institution has not yet outgrown all her provincial traditions. Such procedure would be inexcusable on the part of even the most ill-advised and unbalanced Grove City or Westminster irresponsible, and for the sake of Old Nassau's fair fame we trust that speedy and ample reparation may be made.

\* \* \* \*

Anent championships it would seem that the struggle for such honors is not confined to the college and the redoubtable athletic club teams. In our city press we daily read of the "Winebiddle Juniors" as "claiming the championship" of all eighty-six pound teams and ready to "defend the title against all comers." Of the "Dinwiddie Reds" who have "only lost one game this season, and were robbed of that," and are consequently "champions of all ninety pound teams in the cities." Of the "Esplen Indians," the "Frankstown Tigers," the "Pastime Pirates," and a host of other midges in the football sky who are ready to defend with

their best blood the claim to the "championship." This is really of a piece with the perennial claim of one of our sister colleges, put forth with unvarying regularity at the close of every baseball and football season, and is doubtless universally regarded in the same light.

\* \* \* \*

The disastrous financial result of the professional football teams' season in Pittsburg and vicinity will, let us hope, act as a deterrent to the organization and support of such elevens henceforth. The example and method are inherently wrong and effectively degrading to sport. That college men can be found who are willing to play football for money is the more pity. When paid professionals are by public sentiment banished from field, track and floor, then may we see American athletics elevated to the position sport occupies in England to-day—the pastime and recreation of gentlemen.

\* \* \* \*

The return game with Slippery Rock State Normal was played here Monday, Nov. 20. A number of S. R. S. N. "rooters" came over and made things lively for a time. The grounds were in good condition for the game. The second team won the toss up and took the west goal. At the "kick off" there was a fumble, Slippery Rock securing the ball on our thirty yard line. By a series of short end runs and line bucks they gradually worked the ball over for a touchdown. They kicked goal. Score 6-0.

Dunlap kicked off to the right half, who was downed in his tracks. Again Slippery Rock worked the ball up the field to our forty-five yard line, where they lost it. After a few downs we lost it Slippery Rock advanced fifteen yards but lost it on a foul. Stottler gained fifteen

yards and Fulton twenty-five, when time was called with the ball in our possession on our fifty yard line.

Second Half—Dunlap kicked to Slippery Rock's left half, who fumbled the ball, but regained it with no gain. They advanced the ball twenty-five yards and then lost it. We in turn moved it a little way, but lost it. The ball see-sawed for a time in their territory, but at last we got a decided "move on," and put the ball over, Fulton covering it. Dunlap failed to kick goal. Score, 6-5.

Slippery Rock kicked off, Dunlap secured it and brought it back fifteen yards. On a trick play Fulton gained the center of the field; on another attempted one the second team fumbled and Slippery Rock gained it. They in turn tried some tricks, but failed. Time was called with the ball in the middle of the field.

The Normal boys played good, clean ball. They had good interference and called their signals well. The first half was entirely in their favor, but we can justly claim the advantage in the second half. Slippery Rock was considerably heavier and had the advantage in the line. Each one did his best, and the game passed off pleasantly for the spectators.

#### S. R. S. N.

#### WESTMINSTER II.

McCough P.....	L. E.....	McMichael
Patterson.....	L. T.....	McCartney
Black.....	L. G.....	Witherspoon
Reno.....	C.....	McClelland
Job.....	R. G.....	Stewart
Schwab.....	R. T.....	Stottler
Callhoun.....	R. E.....	Adams
Scott.....	Q. B.....	Dunlap
Lindsey.....	R. H. B.....	Fulton
MacKown.....	L. H. B.....	Moore
McCough W.....	F. B.....	Kennedy

—

Westminster tackled the Thiel team at Packard Grounds, November 21. The



grounds were wet on account of the morning rain which was a great hindrance to rapid work. Near the lower goal there was two or three inches of water.

Thiel kicked off to Westminster who fumbled, Thiel gaining the ball. They made a few yards but lost it on a fumble. Westminster lost ground and kicked to Berman. Thiel made about 20 yards and again lost it on a fumble. Cameron tried a kick for goal but failed. Thiel kicked off from the twenty-five-yard line. "Bear" Campbell secured it and made a few yards. Time was called with the ball in Thiel's territory.

We kicked off to Thiel who soon lost it on downs. Westminster advanced it to the four-yard line where Thiel took a brace and held us for downs. Here they fumbled back of their goal giving us a safety. Score, 2-0.

Thiel kicked. Campbell got it. On the first play Edmundson made a touchdown from Thiel's thirty-yard line. Kuhn kicked goal. Score, 8-0.

After the kick off, Edmundson made twenty-five yards, which ended the game. Thiel was better satisfied than we were, yet it is a game won. We had nice treatment, both by players and students. The student band met us at the hotel and furnished music to the grounds.

Some say that there is no such thing as luck, but in football it is a very important element. A review of our team's season will clearly show that if good fortune had been with us as with others we would have had more games to our credit. Take the Stoneboro game. In the first half time was called when one more "down" would have put the ball over for a touchdown. In the second half, with three seconds to play, Craig, of Geneva, without interference, scored a touch-

down. Next, at Geneva, after having advanced the ball seventy-five yards, Geneva had the good fortune of having the referee give an unjust decision. At W. U. P. Cameron and Cummings were hurt and had to leave the game. One thing, there was no complaining among the boys. When they were defeated it was only by a small score. Edmundson made a fine captain. We scored forty-one points and had fifty-four scored against us. Geneva lost but one game, and that to Allegheny. Allegheny lost two league games, one to us and one to Geneva.

The Freshmen challenged the Sophomores to a football game to be played in the near future. The challenge was immediately accepted and active preparations are being made. Curry is captain of the Sophs, Kennedy of the Freshmen. Both classes have had a large number of men out practicing these last few days. The Junior challenge to a football game was accepted by the Seniors, but no time has been set for the game.

The football season closed with the game, at Meadville Thanksgiving day. Allegheny won the game by better work. Cameron kicked off to Allegheny. Allegheny, chiefly by bucks, carried the ball down to within a foot of our goal where we held them for downs. We took the ball out to our twenty-five-yard line where we were compelled to kick. Wolstoncraft received the punt and by excellent interference made the only touchdown of the game. Rist kicked goal. Score, 6-0. In the second half the ball was worked up and down the field with equal advantage to both teams. We received good treatment. Packard, of Greenville, and Gardner, of Grove city, were the officials. Cameron and Ed Campbell were hurt and

left the game. Frazier was not in the game on account of a broken shoulder which he got in Geneva game. Line up:

WESTMINSTER.		ALLEGHENY II.	
Witherspoon.....	R. E.....	Rist	
Campbell.....	R. T.....	Dudley	
Gamble J.....	R. G.....	Williams	
Parisen.....	C.....	Campbell	
McGowen.....	L. G.....	McCartney	
Donaldson.....	L. T.....	Young	
Kuhn.....	L. E.....	Gleason	
Mehard.....	Q. B.....	Rentz	
Edmundson.....	R. H. B.....	Taylor	
Cummings.....	L. H. B.....	Mook	
Cameron.....	F. B.....	Wolstoncraft	

Hall Donaldson has been elected manager of the basketball team for the coming year, and Roy Kennedy captain. Of last year's team Kuhn, Edmundson and Kennedy are in school. Wright, of '98 team, is back again. There are a number of good men to pick from, and as good a team as last year is to be expected.

## Exchanges.

Deep wisdom—swelled head—  
Brain fever—he's dead.

A Senior.

False fair one—hope fled—  
Heart broken—he's dead.

A Junior.

Went walking —'tis said—  
Floor hit him—he's dead.

A Sophomore.

Milk famine—not fed—  
Starvation—he's dead.

A Freshman.

Precedent is a most convenient peg to hang our misdoings on.

A diamond in the rough—The stud on a prize fighter's shirt front.

Truth is stranger than fiction; but some of the liars are making a good up hill fight.

The hardest trial of the heart is, whether it can bear a rival's failure without triumph.—*Aikin.*

The Monmouth *Oracle* for November contains an entertaining article entitled, "La Belle France."

A noble heart, like the sun, showeth its greatest countenance in its lowest estate.—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.—*Charron.*

The girls are all going in for gymnastics now. Why? So as to be able to jump at an offer of marriage.—*Ex.*

The secret of success has been fairly well kept, considering that so many people are so anxious to tell all about it.

He is most free from danger, who, even when safe, is upon his guard. It is better to be always upon your guard than to suffer once.

The words of a man's mouth tell no more of the meditations of his heart than the voice of a dinner bell tells of the quality of the dinner.

"Young man," said the professor, as he grabbed a frisky Freshie by the shoulder, "I believe Satan has got hold of you." "I believe he has," was the meek reply.—*Ex.*

The letters of the various alphabets of the world vary from twelve to two hundred and two in number. The Sandwich Islander's alphabet has twelve letters, the Tartarian two hundred and two.—*Ex.*

Mendicant—"O, sir, you don't know what it is to want bread!"

Mr. Younghusband—"I don't, hey? I'd have you understand that my wife has been attending the cooking-school, and I've lived

for six weeks on angel's food, prune whip, charlotte rouse, and Spanish cream. I not only want bread, but I want doughnuts and apple pie."

Hicks: "Have you heard about Edison's latest invention?" Wicks: "No, what is it?" Hicks: "A collar button with a little phonograph inside that will call out when it rolls into a dark corner under the bed, 'Here I am! Here I am!'"—*Ev.*

A story is told of an English nobleman who was showing two or three of his beautiful watches to a friend. Being jostled by a passer-by, the friend accidentally dropped two of them on the floor. He was very profuse with apologies for his awkwardness, to which the nobleman replied:

"O, pray don't mention it, my dear friend. It's the first time I ever saw them go together."—*Argonaut.*

In the biography of Dr. Hawtrey, a famous schoolmaster, there is a description of his unkempt appearance, and the story of artless criticism thereon.

He was one morning reproving a boy who was tardy at his lessons, and the pupil asserted that he had not time to dress.

"But I can dress in time," said Dr. Hawtrey.

"Yes, sir," replied the boy, innocently, "but I wash."

#### BOSTON DICTION.

Teacher (of English): "Michael, when I have finished you may repeat what I have read in your own words, 'See the cow. Isn't she a pretty cow? Can the cow run? Yes, the cow can run. Can she run as fast as the horse? No, she cannot run as fast as the horse.'"

Future Mayor (of Boston): "Git on to de cow. Ain't she a beaut? Kin de cow git a

gait on her? Sure. Kin de cow hump it wid de horse? Nit—de cow ain't in it wid de horse.—*Judge.*

#### THAT HOUSE IS BURGLAR-PROOF.

A thief broke into a large mansion early the other morning and found himself in a music room. Hearing footsteps approaching, he hid himself behind a screen.

From seven to eight o'clock the eldest daughter had a lesson on the piano.

From eight to nine o'clock the second daughter took a singing lesson.

From nine to ten o'clock the eldest son had a violin lesson.

From ten to eleven o'clock the other son had a lesson on the flute.

At eleven all the brothers and sisters assembled and studied an ear-splitting piece for piano, violin, flute and voice.

The thief staggered out from behind the screen at 11:30, and, falling at their feet, cried:

"For mercy's sake, have me locked up or give me a rest!"—*London Tit-Bits.*

## PATENTS

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# THE HOLCAD.

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## THE HOLCAD, NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

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To the analytic student of history a prophecy on the possibilities of the twentieth century, based upon the achievements of the nineteenth, in literature, science and art, would be most appalling. Alchemy, a spurious science, has developed into chemistry, a legitimate one, in the realms of which remarkable progress has been made. An invisible, mystifying force has been discovered which performs feats formerly considered occult. The art

of war has so advanced over that of a century ago that we dare not predict what a like advancement would mean. Modern inventions exceed by far the wildest dreams of our revolutionary ancestors. The modes of transportation and communication, the various methods and sources of pleasure, pass unnoticed because familiar, but imagine the distress if we were deprived of them and forced to return to the old. Economics has taken a new form; new wants in multitude have been created and satisfied; new forms of government have been devised and the standard of life is immeasurably higher. The century just past has witnessed the change of the centre of civilization and the revision of the maps of all countries, even that of dormant China. What the future holds in store only time can reveal, but, judging from the past advancement and the present activity, great things are to be expected.

THE plan of having every student pay one dollar at the beginning of each term for the furtherance of athletics in the college is again to be presented to the Board, and we hope they shall act favorably. Of course, if this rule is adopted, the payment of dues into the athletic

association will be abandoned, but the association will continue to govern entries, giving of W's, etc. It has been suggested that the students, if the plan is adopted, pay to get into all athletic events at reduced rates. This fact alone should guarantee the support of everyone in college, boys and girls alike.

---

SINCE the death, a short time ago, of Cadet Booz, of the U. S. Military Academy, alleged to have resulted from barbarous treatment at the hands of his fellow-cadets, the enlightening newspapers of the land have been vieing with each other in publishing methods of hazing, strange, startling and improbable. The facts in the case seem to warrant an investigation; so the Army Investigating Committee was appointed, but after spending several weeks in taking testimony failed to assign the cause of Booz's death to any hazing practices. At present the Congressional Investigating Committee is traversing the same grounds and seems determined to place the responsibility upon some one. The naval cadets, not to be out-done by the army, launched a similar story, which upon examination proved to have no foundation. Hazing is fast falling into disrepute since the students of Yale and Harvard universities voluntarily, publicly denounced it. The conditions at the military academy seemed to be different, its supporters claiming that it was indispensable to the development of discipline and soldierly qualities in the raw recruit.

---

It is the hope of all the students that if Westminster receives the large endowment fund which is being solicited a new

chapel and a new gymnasium will be erected. We are sadly in need of both, with their widely separated ends. The town and the college need a larger auditorium than is now afforded, and it is a well known fact that every institution of learning should possess a fully-equipped gymnasium. We shall look forward to this and pray that our hope may be realized.

---

RESOLUTIONS adopted by class of '98 on the death of William Linn Breaden, who fell asleep Dec. 30, 1900:

WHEREAS, It hath pleased God in His unerring wisdom to remove from our number a beloved classmate, and

WHEREAS, We desire to express to the friends and relatives our appreciation of the noble qualities of our departed friend, therefore

*Resolved*, That in the peaceful, triumphant departure of William Linn Breaden we recognize the hand of our Heavenly Father, who doeth all things well, and that by his death we are admonished, "Be ye therefore ready."

*Resolved*, That he was a man of noble character, a genial companion, a true, conscientious Christian. He had the confidence and esteem of his classmates, and of all who knew him. His presence was always noted in religious services. He was loyal to his Master. As a student he was diligent and faithful. He held many honorable positions and filled each one with satisfaction, never shrinking from any duty assigned him.

*Resolved*, That the family and friends of our departed classmate, to whom his cheerfulness, his generous kindness, his tender sympathy, his true piety, his strong affection, were best known, and whose loss is irreparable, have the sincere sympathy of the members of his class in their bereavement, and we commend them to the tenderess of Him who said, "I

will not leave you desolate, I come unto you."

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family and published in the HOLCAD, *Christian Union Herald* and *New Wilmington Globe*.

Signed by committee.

GEORGE H. SEVILLE,  
JOHN M. DONALDSON,  
LUTHER K. PEACOCK.

## Literary Department.

### A Christmas Rose.

Here's a rose for you, little Jessie,  
And a kiss for you, little maid,  
And a thousand happy heart-thoughts  
In the leaves of the rose are laid.

Here's a wish for you, little Jessie,  
That wherever your path may go,  
The sun may forever shine there  
And a rose by it always grow.

Here's a song for you, little Jessie,  
In your heart may it linger on  
When the leaf of the rose is faded  
And the scent of the rose is gone.

And wouldst know where I got the music,  
And where did I get the rhyme?  
Oh, they're all from the joy-bells ringing  
That come in the Christmas time.

They are all from the birds and sunshine,  
They are all from the rose and dew,  
They are all from your sweet self, dearest,  
And I'm giving them back to you.

So whenever the Christmas earols  
Shall come with their sweet refrain,  
May the rose, and the song, and the sunshine  
All be in your heart again.

—S. H. M. BYERS.

DES MOINES, IA.

### The Clods of the Valley.

The earth is a colossal gallery of marvelous attractions. Its chambers are adorned with the art of ages. Within this stupendous edifice we stand with more admiration

and wonder than did the disciples of old when, contemplating the grandeur of the temple, they turned and said, "Lo! Master, what manner of things are these?"

Centuries have moulded the complex theories concerning these marvels of mind and matter into scientific form. Superstition gives way before a two-fold revelation, and the natural laws are gradually being learned through patient research, under the guidance of a Providence—all-wise, eternal, invisible.

Amid her shades and varied forms the light of nature may be dim. The untutored mind, illuminated alone by this dim light and powerfully impressed by all natural phenomena, has worshiped the creation instead of the Creator. Old and extinct forms of Heathenism, not grafted like Mohammedanism on truth, had their pretended revelations regarding the form, structure and origin of the earth, the mechanism of the heavens, the electric and meteoric phenomena, and even the arrangement of oceans and continents on the surface of our planet.

Investigation reveals the basis of the naturalist's philosophy. In the vast hieroglyphic records of the rocks he finds page beneath page, and inscription covering inscription, leading him back to the time when life began. In eloquent silence these rock-ribbed hills and valleys proclaim the story of the flight of ages; they tell of a time long ere the solemn decorations of death adorned Old Ocean's melancholy waste or the fair babes of hoary Eden's solitude. They tell of dragon-like existences that were as extraordinary of type, if not so huge in bulk, as those with which the seven champions of Christendom used to do battle. They bring before us birds that were scarcely less gigantic than the Roc of Sinbad the Sailor, and fishes, too, of an ancient type, or

long extinct mollusks and gigantic reptiles of still stranger proportions, that crowded the troubled waters of a nameless sea. But of many only their footsteps remained awaiting Nature's great interpreter, who walked the silent avenues of life and looked on this great city of the dead, the burial place of all that ever lived in the past, which occupies with its ever extending pavements of grave-stones and its ever lengthening streets of tombs and sepulchres every region opened up by the geologist.

We see the onward procession of beings as if but *tipped* with life, and naught but death behind—dead individuals, dead species, dead genera, dead creations, a universe of death; and we ask whether the same annihilation which overtook in turn all the races of all the past shall not one day overtake our own race also, and a time come when men and their works shall have no existence save as fossil-paved stones locked up in the rocks forever.

Then we read again more carefully and we find here the record of a constant progress Godward, not an asymptotical progress, but one destined from the beginning to a point of union—the creature with the Creator.

Now let us turn the pages of the Sacred Revelation, and here, too, we read, In the beginning, inanimate matter, then the lower forms of life, and last of all man, the crown and object of creation—man in the likeness of his maker.

What, then, viewed as a whole, is the common characteristic of the history of creation written in the rocks, and that corresponding history, the grandly fashioned preface to the Sacred Volume? In both we read, Progress. In both a progression from mere matter to the humbler forms of life, and from thence to the higher forms. These

link the present to all the past, and determine the unity of authorship of a wonderfully complicated design, executed on a groundwork broad as time, with scope and bearing grand as eternity.

This, so far as we are able to read the records, has been the course from the creation of our planet until the appearance of man. And wonderful, surely, has that course been. How strange a procession. Never yet on Egyptian obelisk or Assyrian frieze, where long lines of figures seem stalking across the granite, each charged with symbol and mystery, has a Layard or Rawlinson seen aught so extraordinary as that long procession of beings which, starting from the hidden depths of the bygone eternity, is still defiling across the stage, a procession in which we ourselves are moving figures. Who shall declare the profound meanings with which Nature's hieroglyphics are charged, or indicate the ultimate goal at which the long procession is destined to arrive? Who but the Infinite, as He reveals it to us in the undimmed light of His Word?

The highest intelligences manifest the deepest interest in the work of the all-wise God. The earth is full of life, the living Hand has touched it, and all its forms expand with principles suited to the varied powers of coming man. But sin clouds the mind's clear vision, for on that morning of creative miracle in which matter and vitality were first united in the bonds of a strange wedlock, can we doubt that the comprehensive intellect of the great fallen Spirit, profound and active beyond the lot of humanity, would have found ample employment in attempting to fathom the vast mystery, and in vainly asking what these strange things might mean?

But at length creation receives its de-



puted monarch. Moulded by God's own finger, and in God's own likeness, man enters upon the scene—a mysterious creation in whom the undeveloped seeds of all wisdom and knowledge lie dormant, tender of heart and pure of spirit, formed to hold high communion with his Creator, and to breath forth his soul in sympathy with all the Creator has made, a temple in which His spirit may dwell. And yet, left to the freedom of his own will, there is a weakness in the flesh that betrays his earthly lineage. Ages beyond tale or reckoning has this temple been in building. Long have mute prophecies in fish and creeping things, in bird and beast, told of coming man—the crown of creation. And now there needeth but one blow, and the whole edifice is destroyed. Armed with the experience in evil of unsummed ages, the Tempter plies his work. The wiles of the old Serpent prevail; man falls prostrate before him, creation trembles, and the “Clods of the Valley” become sweet to his taste. But from amid the trees of the Garden comes the voice of God; and lo! in an enigma mysterious and dark, a new dispensation of prophecy begins. Victims bleed, altars smoke, the tabernacle arises amid the white tents of the desert, the temple ascends all glorious on the heights of Mount Zion, prophet after prophet declares his message, until at length in the fullness of time the Messiah comes and abundantly shows forth that the terminal dynasty of all creation has been of old foreordained.

Surely then, O man of Nature, the Clods of the Valley speak in a varied language; for gayer hours they have a voice of gladness, and a smile for eloquence and beauty. They glide into the darker musings of life with a healing sympathy that steals away

the bitter hour of stern agony, when shroud and pall blight the spirit with sad images. And though it is ours to join the innumerable caravan that moves on to the dim realms of death, and to mingle with the elements of the insensible rock and sluggish clod, from *them* springs the amaranthine flower of faith that bids us look to the Rock from whence we are hewn.

Let us unite these two revelations. Looking to the foundations of our faith we find a common one. We have seen two compartments of one grand temple reared to the glory of God, one the outer, the other the inner court. In the one, let all look and admire and adore, in the other let those who have faith kneel and pray and praise. Let the one be the sanctuary where human learning may present its richest increase as an offering to God, and the other the Holy of Holies, separated from it by a veil now rent in twain, and in which, on a blood-sprinkled mercy seat, we pour the love of a reconciled heart, and hear the oracles of the living God.

A. B. REED, '01.

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#### What Is Your Motive?

What is your motive, young woman, young man,  
In choosing a college course?

Is it to gain knowledge, whilst you can,  
Of how to live without using brute force?

What is your motive?

Have you worldly, selfish plans in view,  
That will cause suffering for your gain?

Please change your plans; you will never rue  
To lift up whom the wealthy disdain.

What is your motive?

This generation needs your voice and pen  
To stand for justice and freedom of speech;  
As stalwarts be brave and fearless men

When the college you leave to preach or teach.  
What is your motive?

'Tis true the world's pomp you never can gain  
 By treading in the footsteps outlined,  
 But conscience will not smite and give you pain  
 When you use your life to lift mankind.  
 What is your motive?

The soul grows rich when working for others  
 And can look to heaven without a fear;  
 For Christlike it is to help our brothers  
 Who, when oppressed, shed many a tear.  
 What is your motive?

—THOMAS ASHMORE.

#### Logic vs. Intuition.

It was during his Freshman year he met Alice Jennings, and very naturally (being unsophisticated) he couldn't help himself, but fell desperately in love with her at once, though the meeting was anything but romantic or unusual in the least, which is so gratifying to the heart of every verdant "Freshie."

But being in a commonplace town and among commonplace people he must needs act with as much common sense as he can muster, and begins his attentions by asking her to attend a lecture to be given in the college chapel. She accepts and gladdens the heart of this "Freshie" to overflowing. Many more lectures follow, concerts, ball games, candy, flowers and what not, all during his Freshman and Sophomore years.

His love grows stronger as the years go by.

Now he is a Senior and at the head of his class. In his mind's eye he sees the little home with Alice as its mistress, and he a prosperous business man; but he seems to forget he has never told her about it. He thinks woman's intuitive powers will make her understand the situation. And perhaps it does.

Of late she has seemed so thoughtful and abstracted as to make the pauses in their

conversation almost painful. What can she be thinking of or planning? She was never so before.

One evening as they are sitting on the veranda of her home, he thinks now is the time to tell her of his plans in which she centers, and has his mind in that state of semi-unconsciousness that comes when one has his courage screwed up to the point to do or die, and just as he tries to say, "Alice, I love you," she says in a tone that seems sorrowful to him, "Jack, I want to tell you something. I'm engaged to Bert Forester"—"I wish you all happiness, Miss Jennings," and poor Jack rushes down the walk. "So this ends my dream! 'What fools these mortals be.' But how can I give her up? She never seemed to care for Bert; it was all for her mother's sake that she treated him with so much consideration, so she said. Can it be possible I've been so blind?"

"Tom, she's engaged; she says so herself. What shall I do! What shall I do!" Tom Melton, Jack's room-mate, knows only too well who "she" is. He has heard but little else from Jack for the last two years. But not being in a mood to give the consolation seemingly so much needed, rather unfeeling remarks: "Go soak your head, old boy, and get another."

As Alice Jennings watches Jack go down the walk, a smile plays around her lips and she is saying to herself: "He took it rather hard, poor boy." But he just takes everything for granted, me into the bargain, and it may bring him to realize I won't be taken for granted any longer. I'll let him sleep over it and then I'll tell him about it.

In the morning's mail Jack receives this note:

"DEAR JACK: Did you have any such pressing engagement that you left so suddenly

last evening? I was really quite hurt that you didn't wait until I finished my sentence. I'll tell you now, if you'll promise never to be so impolite again. I'm engaged to Bert Forester for the lancers at Mrs. Brewster's ball next Thursday. It's all on mamma's account, so you don't mind, do you? I've saved you five dances, counting the Home waltz.

Yours,

"ALICE."

"P. S.—Be sure and come."—A. J.

Two months after Jack's graduation Tom Melton receives this note:

"DEAR TOM: She's engaged; she says so herself; but I don't need any advice what to do. Be prepared by October to stand up with me, old man. I'm going for a drive with Alice. In haste,

"JACK."

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#### The Drop of Dew.

This life was as pure as the drop of dew,  
When it was the morn and life was new;  
But conflict with men and the heat of day  
Have scattered it, all but the mark, away.  
But if on its mission of righteousness—  
The life of another to soothe and bless—  
'Twill gather again in those realms above,  
And, crystallized then by a Savior's love,  
A jewel of radiant luster be  
To shine on the morn of eternity.

—W. T. McCANDLESS, '02.

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#### The Conflict of the Civilizations.

"There are turning points in life; there are crises in history." Events culminate and in culminating control civilizations. National destinies are decided by wars. Wars have their decisive battles, battles their decisive moments. When the hordes of Hermann defeated the legions of Varus, little did they think that from those tribes, freed from the Roman yoke, would spring a people who should give us our present civil-

ization. When Charles Martel checked the advance of the Moslems at Tours he freed Europe from the blighting influence of Mohammedanism and left her free to develop the germs of a Christian civilization.

Rising out of the Atlantic and extending to the eastward till at last it is swallowed up in the basin of the Caspian, is the great mountain chain of the Alps, effectually dividing Europe into two great parts. On the south the Romans, sweeping everything before them, established their own laws, language and religion. On the north the Germans, having driven out the first dwellers of the land, established there their own people, with their own thoughts, customs and institutions. Thus these two peoples sprang up on either side of an insurmountable barrier and here arose two civilizations, diverse in their origin and unmodified by intercourse with one another.

Lying in a temperate clime, shut in from all enervating influences, England reared a sturdy, free-thinking liberty-loving race. Devoting themselves to agriculture and the pursuit of the peaceful arts, these sturdy Saxons became the true type of the civilization of the North. On the other hand, France, situated in a warmer clime, ever in touch with the war-like nations around her, produced an effeminate race, devoid of morals and without the first principles of civil or religious liberty. Coming under the influence of Roman laws, customs, religion and institutions, France stands before us as the embodiment of the civilization of the South.

Almost three hundred years ago these two civilizations crossed the Atlantic and began the struggle for the possession of this continent. England, ever the aggressor, took the lead and established her colonies along

the seaboard from Nova Scotia to Florida, thus compelling her rival to enter the continent either across the uninhabitable wastes of Labrador or through the torrid waters of the Gulf of Mexico. But the French were not long at a loss. The broad valleys of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi presented sure pathways to the heart of the continent, while the Appalachian mountains stood as a mighty barrier to shut out the English from the land beyond—a land flowing with milk and honey.

In jealous rivalry the French seized upon the mouths of these two great streams, and with Quebec and New Orleans as objective points, began that mighty project of connecting these two points by a chain of forts which would forever check the advances of the English and establish a French nation in America. What an opportunity! With the gateways of the continent in her hand, France might have blazed the pathway over which posterity should follow, but foresight and statescraft were lacking. Conquest, trade and religion were her only desires. The soldier with his gun traversed the forest. The voyager sailed down the streams in search of furs. With beads and prayer-book the priest visited the Indian in his wigwam. Sent out by a selfish monarch, with no thoughts of civil or religious liberty, they were content with the friendship of the savages whose customs and habits they readily adopted.

How different the English! Their territory was but a mere pittance when compared with that of France. Yet can we with impunity despise their prosaic life? A life which has given us the genius of a Hamilton, the eloquence of a Webster, the strategy of a Grant, and the patriotism of a Lincoln? A life which has since become

the foundation stones upon which our nation rests. Not because a king so ordered it did they leave their mother country, but because they fled from an oppressive tyranny. "They had a principle to defend, a religion to enjoy and a God to worship." Their government became free, their population increased and their people progressed. By their inherent pluck and tenacity they drove back the Indians as their Germanic forefathers had driven back the Britons at Kent, fourteen hundred years before. They burst through the Alleghenies and, pouring over the wide and fertile fields beyond, met the French in the struggle that should decide the future of the continent.

Great events naturally obscure those that immediately precede them, and thus it is that the "Seven Years' War in America" is almost hidden behind the battle smoke of the Revolution. Few there are who to-day see the enormity of the issues at stake in that struggle and the greatness of the dangers it averted. The most important and far-reaching question ever brought to issue on this continent was—"Shall France be allowed to remain here or shall she not?" If France had been allowed to retain even the half of her American possessions, then a barrier would have been raised to the spread of the English-speaking race; then we would have had no Revolution and no Independence.

The 13th of September, 1759, will ever be remembered by patriotic Americans, for on that day the culmination was reached and the rivals met in the decisive struggle on the Plains of Abraham. There they met to fight the most important battle of modern times, to determine whether the Romanic or the Teutonic civilization should hold sway on the Western continent. There were the English commanded by Wolfe, young,



ardent, fearless, a prodigy of military skill. There the French under the leadership of Montcalm, the ablest military commander of his day. As they stand there on that autumnal morn they stand as types and products of diverse civilizations. Montcalm stands for the old regime, Wolfe for the new; Montcalm for the alliance of church and state, Wolfe for their separation; Montcalm for the past, Wolfe for the future.

Aware of the momentous question to be decided by the struggle, each general eyes every movement of his opponent with great interest. Montcalm, surprised at the boldness and craftiness of his adversary in thus attacking the "American Gibraltar," and unconscious of Wolfe's strength, orders the attack. With guns loaded to the muzzle, the English await the advance. The French come on and on until they are only forty yards away, then from the British ranks bursts a stream of fire. The double shotted guns of the English do terrible execution among the French ranks. Three times did the French rally after such a deadly volley, only to be again checked by the fierce fire of the Highlanders. A charge is ordered by Wolfe. See! This is the culminating point in our history. If the French stand, then we will have the civilization of Rome; if they flee, then the civilization of the Anglo-Saxon is ours. Look! They flee! and we hear the echo of that roll of musketry in the joyous chimes of church bells and in the praises of countless millions yet unborn.

Other victories have been won, other heroes have been slain, but never in America have death and victory produced such results. When Yorktown fell English interference in American affairs was forever stopped. When the City of Mexico surrendered, vast territorial possessions were

added to our domain. With the fall of Richmond four million slaves were freed. But the fall of Quebec determined that the Anglo-Saxon race should people this continent. It determined that the energy and enterprise of the North should dominate over the apathy and sluggishness of the South. With Montcalm's defeat went Roman laws, the Celtic tongue and the Catholic religion; with Wolfe's victory came English laws, English customs, English institutions; that government which gives liberty and equality to all; that religion which maintains the brotherhood of man, and that which blesses and beautifies all—our English language.

Students of history recall the Plains of Marathon, for there the Greeks checked the advance of the Persians and left Europe free for the growth and spread of that civilization which has since so richly blessed mankind. But let us, with more cause, remember the Plains of Abraham, upon whose rocky summit was fought the battle of the century, that forever determined the character of our American civilization.

JAMES L. E. MCMICHAEL, O2.

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**To an Old Country School House.**

Of you, dear school, I often think,  
When time is given me  
To think of your unwearied care,  
Each year some toil to see.  
I love to ponder in my heart  
The thoughts of days of yore;  
I've seen some very pleasant days  
Within your welcome door.

For many years before my time  
You've reared up children small;  
Some in the way that they should go,  
But others they did fall.  
Some then quite young are destined now  
Life's rugged path to trod;  
While others here have served their end—  
Have gone to meet their God.

You've forded many a pleasant game  
 At noon and at recess,  
 But many, too, were broken up  
 By scraps—I must confess.  
 Beneath your great majestic oak  
 We used to sit and play;  
 Could I but sit beneath its boughs  
 To sport for one whole day.

Day in, day out, within your courts  
 We used to spend our time;  
 Sometimes in honest, good hard work,  
 The hill of knowledge climb.  
 Some other days were spent in vain,  
 Yet others spent for fun,  
 And when our teacher's back was turned  
 We'd oft our lessons shun.

We didn't know in those gay times  
 We'd back again e'er look  
 And think of those most happy days  
 We pondered o'er our book;  
 And while our joyous games we played,  
 Of greaser, tag and ball,  
 Ne'er thought of what we'd do in life,  
 But choose it when we're tall.

Of teachers you have had the best;  
 No rod was needed there;  
 For once within your gentle arms  
 A misdeed then was rare.  
 Each year, with primer in his hand,  
 Some urchin seeks your courts;  
 Each year, for reasons not a few,  
 Some leave for other courts.

The pupils, when we went to school,  
 Where are they all to-day?  
 Each one is working for himself  
 On this life's weary way;  
 They are but setting forth the truths  
 They learned in former years  
 While under your protecting care,  
 Why need they any fears.

But if we happen to call in  
 Our friendship to reclaim,  
 You always look the same without -  
 Within you're not the same:  
 The pedagogue a method has  
 To figure, spell and read,  
 That's not the same as ours was,  
 And many more, indeed.

Oh, may the children ever be  
 Submissive to your will!  
 And may from out your doors yet come  
 Great men and women still;  
 And as they come and go each year—  
 Life's lonely journey trod—  
 May they some lesson from those learn  
 Who lie beneath the sod.

—"MAC., '03."

### Drifting Leaves.

East, west, north, south—  
 The winds came all together.  
 Fall, fall, fall, fall  
 The leaves in autumn weather.  
 Through woodland they scurry,  
 O'er fields they hurry;  
 By river banks  
 They sweep along, so curling,  
 And rest, rest on  
 The waters swiftly whirling.  
 Around they are lying,  
 Up they are flying.  
 Hither, thither—  
 With a wierdish motion—  
 Starting, rocking  
 Like foam upon the ocean,  
 Piled in heaps and drifting  
 With winds uplifting,  
 East, west, north, south.

— EGBERT R. MORRISON.

—A French writer is advising his countrymen to take lessons in cable-cutting. He points out that in case of war the ocean cables would be England's vulnerable points, and that the gentle art of severing them "requires ability which it would be too late to acquire by the necessary practice when war should have actually broken out."

—Gen. Wm. Gaston Lewis, who died at Goldsboro, N. C., Jan. 15, aged 66, was one of the four surviving ex-Confederate Brigadier Generals in North Carolina.

## Holcades Mikrai.

### ADVICE.

Says the saturated blotter,  
As it looks

so blue :

"Do not take in all you come to,  
Or you'll get

soaked too."

—W. T. McC.

Write it 1901!

Subscribe for the HOLCAD.

Did you get lots of presents?

Prof. McElree was in Sharon Dec. 21st.

"Bear" seems to have the lead this term.

Watt's the matter with John? He's all right!

Churchhill B. Melhard, ex-'or, was in town Dec. 6th.

Miss Zene Moore spent the week of the 14th in town.

"Mike" looked very lonesome when Mary had the gripe.

If you want to be one of Agnes's admirers, begin early.

Philo Hall has been improved by the addition of electric lights.

To all our readers we extend our heartiest 20th century greetings.

It seems like living to see the streets of town respectably lighted.

The Junior-Freshman banquet will take place Friday night, Jan. 25th.

The century opened as usual with Rev. Veazey in the HOLCAD room.

Prof. Moore was a victim of grip. He did not meet his classes Jan. 12th.

We were all glad to see the new electric lights (?) the night we came back.

Miss McLaughry did not meet her classes on Dec. 11th, because of sickness.

Dr. Ferguson and son, W. R. Ferguson, were Sharon visitors during vacation.

O. R. Degelman, '99, spent a few days with his brother the first of the term.

"Bear" Campbell thinks "Bill Spoon" is worse than poison. Smoke up, Bear!

We are glad to hear that one new student came to "take the accomplishments."

Prof. (in Literature).—"How many of his works did Thorean write before his death?"

Miss Daisy Taylor entertained a number of her friends at a Guessing party Dec. 15th.

Dr. Ferguson was out of town the 13th. Rev. Barr preached in chapel that evening.

Jas. A. Chambers, '00, of East Brook, was in town for several days before the term closed.

Miss Lucile Abrams, of Butler, was the guest of Miss Jean McKee from Dec. 14th to 17th.

The usual reception was given by the Christian Association on Friday evening, January 11, 1901.

We are pleased to note the increased use made of the "local" box on the reading room door. Keep it up.

New Wilmington was seventy-six years old Dec. 16, 1900. Westminster college is forty-nine years old.

The Bazaar of the Presbyterians in the Bank block Dec. 12th and 13th was well attended by the students.

Miss Marian Morse, of Beaver, and Misses Hughes and Woodworth were the guests of Miss Daisy Taylor Dec. 15th.

"Bill" Montgomery must have had a cold reception at the Hall Saturday night, since he kept so close to the radiator.

The Presbyterians have made complaint that one of our Profs. took a "Pillow" from the Bazaar without paying for the same.

How is this for an argument? "It's nice to go to college because when a fellow is writing a letter he can abbreviate words."

The gymnasium classes for boys were started Dec. 11th. The girls under the direction of Miss Acheson began work Jan. 14th.

Everett Campbell, '01, is detained at home by a severe attack of appendicitis. We hope to see him sufficiently recovered to return to college soon.

Students who took advantage of the special rates over the Pennsylvania lines were obliged to return Jan. 8th as the tickets were not good after that date.

Prof. B. (in Greek).—"Methusko—be drunken. By the way, does anyone recall an English derivative from this?" Grier (tentatively).—"Methodist."

McCartney believes in temperate translation. The other day in German he rendered "das aechzende Kind" in the Erlking by "the discontented (!) babe."

The many friends of Linn Breden were grieved to hear of his death, which occurred at his home in West Sunbury, Sabbath, Dec. 30th. Linn was liked by all who knew him.

Prof. B.—(in Senior Greek, to Mc—, who has had troubles of his own with the Greek word for "Moses").—"Oh, Moses, Mc—!" And Mc—was finally prevailed on to stop smiling.

The following new students were enrolled this term: Miss Susannah Miller, Stewart's Station, Pa.; Miss Lena Flick, Volant, Pa.;

Miss Olive Richmond Bott, Steubenville, O.; Miss Sarah Elizabeth Gealey, Volant, Pa.; Chas. Henry LeRoy, Sheffield; Miss Barr, Prospect; Allen Joseph Crooks, North Washington, Pa.; Hans Wilbur Dyke, Buttercup, and John Armstrong Smith, Pleasant Hall, Pa

An alarm of fire was sounded at six o'clock on the morning of Saturday, the 12th. A blaze was discovered issuing from the basement of the Bank block but was extinguished before any serious damage was done.

Dr. Ferguson was in Pittsburg January 15th attending the funeral of Rev. Dr. Ewing. Dr. Ewing was for some time connected with Westminster college in the capacity of president of the Board of Trustees.

We return to college after two weeks' vacation loaded down with Christmas gifts, good will and the memory of good times spent within the circles of our friends and prepared to make the coming term fly by close application to—what?

The Alumni team from Allegheny Theological Seminary arrived Friday evening, the 11th. It was composed of Ferguson, '97, Chambers, '98, Cooper, '99, McPeake, '99, Edgar, '00, and Gibson. An account of the game will be seen in another column.

The Juniors and Seniors played a game of football on Saturday, Dec. 8th, which was the most fiercely contested game witnessed on the local gridiron this season. The Seniors were the victors to the tune of eleven points to nothing. Twenty-minute halves were played.

Owing to illness Rev. Ward Beecher Pickard did not lecture Jan. 17th. He was replaced by Rev. MacArthur who lectured on



"The Empire of the Czar, or The Great Bear of the North." The date was also changed from Thursday, the 17th, to Friday, the 18th.

Saturday evening, Dec. 8th, Manager Cochran banqueted the football team at the Kelly Club. Full justice was done the ample spread by each member of the team, who went, as he did into a game—prepared to do his best. Even Curry, as before a game, slept and almost missed the fun. Speeches by Manager Cochran, Captain Edmundson, Cameron and McCown were heard, after which the boys adjourned to the parlors to discuss the season past and the season to come. Before leaving for their rooms "Bear" Campbell was elected captain for next season.

Fable of the Fellow Who wasn't Going to be Taken In. (With apologies to Geo. Ade.): He was a Very provident Youth, in Fact he was A Fellow who couldn't be Roped In on any of The Gags floating around Now. This Applied when he Was Ready to go to College. His Big brother had Been graduated Three years before And was Onto the Ropes. So his Bigness put his Little Brother next. The Sophomores wouldn't Put him through Any Stunts that he couldn't Guess. Why, he learned Four Verses of two Different songs that he Was going to Feed Them. Then he had A Speech made Up to shoot At a crowd Of upper Classmen. They wouldn't be Able to Jolly him into Going out To Hunt snipe, or Try a Fake chicken Roast Or any Other Horses that College men are just Chuck Full of. Algernon Seemed to have A Bright future before him. But the First night in Town thirty-Three Sophomores Filed into his Room with As Many muscular Pipes.

Al. got Very Sick ; So very sick Indeed that He returned Home the Next Day. Moral—Be Careful you Don't go up Against It when You least Expect it. C., '01.

#### A BRILLIANT SOCIAL EVENT.

An elaborate coming-out party was given on Saturday evening in honor of the Misses Ramsey, Chamberlin and Mehard. Mrs. Lowrie, assisted by Mrs. Kaufman and the young ladies, received.

The apartments were profusely decorated with American beauties and English swells. Delightful refreshments were served in the kitchen during the evening.

Miss Mehard was exquisitely gowned in a pink walking skirt and automobile coat. Her picture hat showed the latest Mercer designs. A soft creation in yellow alpaca was the dainty dress worn by Miss Ramsey. Miss Chamberlin made a charming picture in a gown of denim trimmed in ermine. All the young ladies carried handsome bouquets of wildcotton. Among the out-of-town guests were Hon. Wilson Reed, of New York; Oliver Degelman, of Pittsburg, and Mrs. Russel Miller, of Portland, Oregon,

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—"A kinswoman of Faraday," says *Nature*, "has made over to the Browning Settlement a ten-room house at East Dulwich, to be used as a home of rest and change for the poor, and to be called the Michael Faraday Home. To fit the Home for permanent use the sum of £150 will have to be expended, and the annual cost will be £100. To meet this an appeal has been made, and it is hoped men of science will contribute to the institution, which will be a memorial to Faraday in his native parish. Subscriptions should be sent to the warden, Robert Browning Settlement, Walworth, London, S. E."

## Alumni Notes.

Ralph P. Allen, '85, has accepted the position of bookkeeper at the South Sharon steel plant.

The Rev. W. J. Buchanan, '57, business manager of Monmouth College, preached in the First and Second churches, Washington, Iowa, a few days since.

J. A. Douthett, D. D., '73, has published a touching memorial relative to the death of Rev. S. H. Graham, '58, which took place in Allegheny, October 23, 1900.

Morning Sun, Ohio, congregation made an informal call for Rev. J. H. Spencer, '92, of New Athens, Ohio, Dec. 24. It is expected that he will except. The pulpit has been vacant since November, when Rev. T. D. Edgar went to First church, Cambridge, O.

The Rev. W. M. Barr, '88, late of Cambridge, Mass., was given a cordial reception a few days ago by the Lackawannock congregation, Worth, Pa., Mercer presbytery, where he has just assumed pastoral charge. Dr. Gilkey, '77, and wife, of Mercer, were present and the new pastor received a warm welcome.

On Dec. 25, 1900, at the home of Rev. J. D. Barr, '88, New Wilmington, Pa., Rev. William Brown, '95, of Mundale, N. Y., and Miss Dora Barr, '92, of New Wilmington, Pa., a daughter of Rev. James S. Barr, of India, were united in marriage by Rev. R. G. Ferguson, assisted by Revs. Wm. M., '88, and J. D. Barr, '88.

The annual Bible rendition contest of the Princeton, Ind., congregation was held Monday evening, December 31; and after a lunch a watch service was held, conducted

by Dr. A. M. Campbell, the pastor; Rev. R. R. Littell, '99, of Xenia, Ohio, preached at 10:30 P. M., and the new century was ushered in by devotional exercises.

Rev. R. J. Miller, '62, of Pittsburg, editor of the Christian Union Herald, expects to leave next month on a trip to the Holy Land. Dr. T. C. Atchison recently released as pastor of the Carnegie, Pa., church, will accompany him. Will the papas take along Miller, '02, and Atchison, '03? It might do them good to see the Holy Land.

Rev. John Calvin Roe, '71, pastor of the Kenton, Ohio, church, was united in marriage Christmas day to Miss Catherine McConnell Lilley, of Columbus, Ohio. The marriage took place at noon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Zenner. Rev. G. Walton King, of Athens, Ohio, performed the ceremony. Rev. Mr. King writes: "Mrs. Roe has been a delightful visitor among our people for some two or three months. She has gained a great popularity among the Athenians who have had the privilege of making her acquaintance. She is one of the very interesting ladies who have been visitors at Athens. We extend most hearty congratulations to the Kenton pastorate to which she goes with her husband after a trip to New York. Rev. Mr. Roe is a brother of Mrs. Zenner, at whose house she was married. He is an affable gentlemen. His courtesy and genuine worth account for his high standing among his people as well as for his having won the heart of the very excellent lady who has just become his bride.

—The laws enacted by the people of the "Dominion of New-Haven" became known as the "Blue Laws" because they were printed on blue paper.

## College World.

February 10, 1901, has been appointed as the Universal Day of Prayer for Students.

Tarkio art students gave an art exhibition at the college recently that was very creditable.

The Monmouth College Glee Club has returned after its annual tour in Illinois and Iowa. A home concert was given in Monmouth. The trip was in every way a success. A guitar and mandolin club from the college accompanies the glee club.

Professor Moses Coit Tyler, head of the department of American history in Cornell University, died at his home in Ithica, N. Y., December 28. He was a noted and influential educator and for many years has devoted himself to educational work.

There will be chances for college men in the new century to bring about the fulfillment of the many prophecies of advancement. Why not college men? Hot or cold air will be turned on from spigots to regulate the temperature of a house as we now turn on hot or cold water from spigots to regulate the bath. Fast electric ships will cross the ocean at more than a mile a minute. There will also be air ships used by scientists in making observations at great heights above the earth. Wireless telegraph and telephone circuits will span the world. Photographs will be telegraphed from any distance; even to-day photographs are telegraphed short distances. Ready cooked meals will be brought from establishments similar to our bakeries of to-day. Food will be served hot or cold to private houses in pneumatic tubes or automobile wagons. Trains will run two miles a minute.

## Music and Art.

True art endures forever, and the true artist delights in the work of great minds.—*Beethoven.*

The second concert of the lecture course will be given by the Temple Quartette on February 2.

The Conservatory has furnished all the music for Junior orations, and hence has been unable to give its customary recitals.

The list of new music students is as follows: Misses Lina Flick, Volant; Mary Eva Barr, Prospect; Pearl Weidler, New Wilmington; Messrs. Charles Le Roy, Sheffield; Johnson Moore, New Wilmington.

Dr. Holland, of the Carnegie Institute, has been offered a number of paintings 4,000 years old. They were discovered in Egypt and are described in a pamphlet sent to the director. The owners want \$400,000 for the collection.

There is an interesting article in the January number of the *Review of Reviews* on "Art in the Holiday Books" in which the writer, Ernest Knaufft, discusses the thought, originality and skill required in the production of illustrations and covers of holiday books, and problems which confront the artist, and the mechanical processes employed to render his designs.

Charles Scribner's Sons have lately published a book, "Songs and Song Writers," by Henry F. Finch. First in a few pages he refers to Folk Songs and other early works, but he hastens to the time of Schubert, the founder of the modern *lied*. The best of Mozart, Beethoven and Weber are pointed out, but the chapters on the three greatest song writers, Schubert, Schumann

and Franz, take up a large portion of the book. They have a lot of instruction in their songs, many anecdotes, bits of history, with happy comments and useful deductions.

The preliminary oratorical contest to determine Westminster's representative in the inter-collegiate contest will take place in March. The following preliminary contestants have been chosen from the two societies: From Philo, W. B. McCrory, '01, Pittsburg; E. D. Miller, '02, Allegheny; G. F. Zehner, '02, Zelenople. From Adelpic, F. S. Thompson, '03, Scio, O.; J. M. Briceland, '03, Washington; H. C. Hildebran, '04, Cochranon.

Prof. De Motte was greeted by a large and expectant audience on the evening of December 14, as he appeared to give the lecture entitled "The Harp of the Senses, or the Secret of Character Building." Prof. De Motte is not only a most eloquent speaker, but a scientist and profound student of human nature. He held his audience spell-bound for nearly two hours. He possesses the rare faculty of presenting scientific facts in such clear and intelligible language that the most unlearned can understand and follow the trend of his reasoning. The lecture was illustrated with choice stereopticon slides.

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## Athletics.

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From West Virginia University comes a request that Westminster send a representative to a conference on College Athletics to be held in February in Morgantown. The object of this conference is the adoption of some plans for the better regulation of inter-collegiate athletic contests. That West Vir-

ginia's better self has at last prevailed is a cause for congratulation, though the struggle has been a protracted one, and in the meantime athletic abuses grew and multiplied. When the Inter-Collegiate League was projected in 1899, the plan generally favored by the colleges in the Oratorical Association was that the Northern colleges, Allegheny, Thiel, Geneva and Westminster should organize a league, the object of which should be the prevention of professionalism in any game, that a similar organization should be formed by Bethany, Waynesburg, The Western University of Pennsylvania and West Virginia University. The first named group carried out the project, but the latter failed for some cause to do so. The Northern colleges will lend heart and hand to any measures looking toward a betterment of athletic conditions among their Southern sister institutions. Indications at present seem to point to the execution of the original scheme, i. e., the organization of the Southern Division of the Inter-Collegiate League, under the same, or nearly the same, constitution as that which governs the Northern League, and we trust this may be done.

\* \* \* \*

The basket ball season opens auspiciously. Of last year's five Center Smith and Forward Sloss were graduated in June, and Edmundson will not be a candidate, so that Kennedy and Kuhn are the only men of 'varsity experience to form the nucleus of this season's team. There is considerable promising material to be sifted, and a team fully up to last year's standard will certainly result. Moore, '04, will probably be the other forward, while Deevers, '02, and Captain Kennedy, '03, will be the guards. Wright, '03, substitute center on the '98 and



'99 'varsity teams, will be the center, while Elliott, Demmler and Lake will form the reserve force.

\* \* \* \*

Close on the heels of the rumor that Arthur Poe, the ex-Princeton, ex-Homestead football player, would not be allowed to enter the wrestling events in New York under the auspices of the Amateur Athletic Union, comes the report that he will be allowed so to do, and that the bar of professionalism has been removed. The matter of "professionalism" of a salaried football player is happily no longer an open question, and if the A. A. U. clearly has for its aim the discouragement of professionalism, the bar in this case can certainly not be removed without laying open to serious question the seriousness of the organization's purpose. After all it is, perhaps, only a pot-and-kettle quarrel.

Although the football season has closed, yet the following clipping from the *Campus* will be of interest to those who did not understand the Westminster game:

The Geneva *Cabinet* speaks thus about the Geneva-Allegheny football game at Meadville: "It is not hard to understand how Allegheny college is so sure of 'winning every game on her own grounds,' where she does not pretend to give the visitors even a fraction of a chance. We must say, we do adore the bravery of those, who are meek as lambs away from home, and voracious as wolves among their own people. We hope Westminster was given a square deal in their Thanksgiving game, and will warn them lest Allegheny should compel them to agree to officials, who may be even players on their own team. But never mind, we will meet again."

The *Campus* wishes to call attention to

this unsportsmanlike act of Geneva. Every one who witnessed the above mentioned game will honestly and in good faith testify that the Geneva team was outclassed in every point of the game and her defeat was not due to any "crooked work" by the officials as is intimated. After her actions against Westminster this fall, Geneva is the last college to make such an accusation. If any game in the Inter-collegiate series was stolen it was the Geneva-Westminster game at Beaver Falls and it was done by our accusers. This is the game too that determined the championship for Geneva. "People who live in glass houses should not throw stones."

We regret very much that we are compelled to take part in such a controversy, for Geneva and Allegheny have always been on very good terms, but we assure all who may read this that it is merely in self-defense.

Physical Director Edmundson started gymnasium work with a fair sized class. A good opportunity is given to those who wish exercise through the winter. More should avail themselves of this means of keeping in good shape, then it wouldn't be so difficult to get in shape when the ball season opens and the track becomes fit to run on.

The football team met defeat December 8th at Miss Kelly's. All plays were of no avail. Even the trick plays failed to gain ground. Kuhn did his best to gain on his signal, but slipped and fell.

On Saturday night, December 8, Manager Cochran gave the football team a banquet at Miss Kelly's. It was a very pleasant occasion, and amply repaid the team for their work through the season. All the team was present except Curry. He thought that he would whet his appetite by a little nap, but

over-slept himself. Speeches were made by Manager Cochran, Cameron, McCowen and Captain Edmundson. Line up:

## WESTMINSTER.

Kuhn,  
Donaldson,  
Campbell, E.  
McCowen,  
Parisen,  
Campbell, C.  
Gamble, Jno.  
Witherspoon,  
Mehard,  
Edmundson,  
Cummings,  
Cameron,  
Neville,  
Kennedy,  
Tullon,  
Cochran,  
Greer.

## BANQUET.

Oysters, raw,  
Oysters, saute,  
Olives, Celery,  
Turkey, Potatoes,  
Gravy Browned,  
Cranberry sauce,  
Honey,  
Peach Butter,  
Pickles, Biscuit,  
Cake, Grapes,  
Cherries.  
Substitutes.

—  
W. J. Williams, '02, has resigned the football management, and G. F. Zehner, '02, has been elected in his stead.

—  
Don McKim was re-elected captain of the baseball team. He made a fine captain last year, and it will be a pleasure to play under him in the coming season.

—  
A fair crowd witnessed the first basket ball game with the Alumni Saturday, January 9. At the toss up the Alumni got the ball and soon made a goal. Several more were made before our boys woke up. The playing was clean and fairly fast, considering the earliness of the season. The Alumni showed good team work considering the fact that they hadn't played together but once. Gibson and Cooper did the best work for them. McCormick Moore showed up fine for us. This is his first season, and if he keeps up his pace he will soon be the best player we have. The boys passed well but failed to make goals. They had the ball in their pos-

session about four-fifths of the time. Line up:

## ALUMNI 12.

## WESTMINSTER—38.

Ferguson.....Forward.....Kuhn-Elliott  
Gibson.....Forward.....Moore.  
McPeak.....Center.....Wright.  
Cooper.....Guard.....Deevers.  
Chambers, Edgar.....Guard.....Kennedy.  
Officials—Edmundson and Degelman.

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## Exchanges.

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The Carlisle Indians made \$10,000 out of football last year.

Some things are better than others, but as a general thing man wants the others.—*Ex.*

Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.—*Goldsmith.*

It is estimated that about five hundred students are working their way through Harvard.

Education begins the gentleman, but reading, good company, and reflection must finish him.—*Locke.*

"This is what you call transparent," said the Latin scholar, as his father laid him across his knee.—*Ex.*

Dartmouth College was the first to issue a college paper, and has the honor of having had Daniel Webster as editor-in-chief.

If we could learn from the experience of others what we are compelled to learn from our own, most of us would begin to acquire wisdom in infancy.

A man bought a newspaper the other evening, and looking over the advertisements, saw he could get a pocket fire escape for one dollar. He sent the dollar, and a few days afterward he received a copy of the New Testament.—*Ex.*

Look not mournfully into the past; it comes not back again. Wisely improve the present; it is thine. Go without fear and with a manly heart.

She sat on the steps at eventide,

Enjoying the balmy air;

He came and asked, "May I sit by your side?"

And she gave him a vacant stair.

The University of Chicago has an eye to public needs. A department has been organized for the training of speakers in the open air.—*Epworth Herald*.

The editor, with gladsome cry,

Exclaims, "My work is done!"

The manager, with weary sigh,

Complains, "My work is dun."

The *Steel and Garnet* contains a very interesting account by an eye witness of the Passion play performed at Ober-Ammergau during the past summer.

A melancholy Prussian

Every cannibal should eschew,

For a poison of the worst sort

Is a dose of Prussian blue.—Ex.

A teacher asked a class to write an essay on "The Result of Laziness." One of the bright boys in the class handed in a blank sheet of paper as his composition.

He writeth best who stealeth best

Ideas great and small,

For the great soul who wrote them first,

From Nature stole them all.—Ex.

Teacher.—"How do you account for the phenomenon, dew?" Boy.—"Well, you see the earth turns on its axis every twenty-four hours, and in consequence of this tremendous pace, it perspires freely."

Plant patience in the garden of thy soul;

The roots are bitter, but the fruits are sweet,

And when at last it stands a tree complete,

Beneath its tender shade the burning heat.

And burden of the day shall lose control.

Plant patience in the garden of thy soul.

The Princeton freshmen were fined thirty dollars each for stealing the clapper from the bell of "Old North Church." They intend to have the clapper melted up and made into small coins to be sold as souvenirs, the proceeds to be used for paying the fines.

AN ASPOIRING LAV.

A young lady sang in the choir—

Her voice rose hoir and hoir,

Till one starry night

It rose out of sight

And was found next morn on the spoir.

—Harvard Lampoon.

Mr. Johnson—Deacon Simpson's prodigal son returned last week. Mr. Jackson—I spose de ole man killed de fatted calf? Mr. Johnson—No, de prodigal stole de calf and skipped out again 'fore de deacon even had time to lock up de barn.

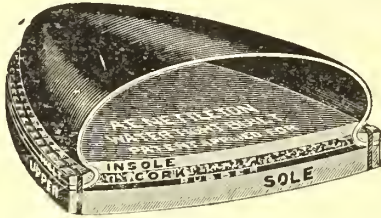
THE SWEATER.

This, my child, is a sweater. It is knit. What is it for? Why, it is to keep the body warm, to starve the laundry man, to enable frisky students to arise at 7:58 and yet reach their 8 o'clock classes.

The chapel in the new building (Cleveland Hall) at the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, Hampton, Va., is to be dedicated on Sunday, January 27th, at which time Dr. Parkhurst, of New York, will deliver an addeess. Cleveland Hall is named after Charles Dexter Cleveland, of that city.

Though Queen Victoria's loss will sorely affect her people her death will occasion no political disturbance in her realm. The crown will pass to her successor without jar or disturbance of the public order.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder—  
either of the absent one or of another.



## Wilmington Students or Westminster College

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# THE HOLCAD.

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## THE HOLCAD, NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

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### Publishers' Notice.

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No anonymous communications will be noticed.

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THE HOLCAD year is now ended. With this issue the labors of the present staff are finished. The work has been, on the whole, pleasant and profitable, though at times the outlook was discouraging and copy scarce. There has, undoubtedly, been a greater interest taken in the paper in the last year than in the preceding one; a larger number of the undergraduates have written articles, and the antipathy to placing one's thoughts in print is growing less. In the past year not one article submitted has been rejected. Some, indeed, may take exception to such an open-

door policy, but one object was, though at the risk of incurring unfavorable criticism, to arouse interest and to encourage literary work. In behalf of the incoming staff we would bespeak your kindly consideration and hearty support. And now, as we lay aside our pen, we thank you for all courtesies, invoke forbearance of criticism, and bid you farewell.

THE class of 1901 has already commenced to take part in the "last" events as a class in old Westminster. The thought that in a few more months we shall be numbered among the alumni brings up emotions of sorrow and joy together. The time of departure is near at hand, and we shall soon begin to take our oath of allegiance to Westminster, even when we are far away. "So lang ein Tropfen Blut noch gluht." May we ever be as true to our alma mater as she has been to us. Pax vobiscum.

THE average college student, engrossed in his collegiate work and impressed with an exaggerated idea of its weight and his responsibility, shuts his eyes to the bright side of this peculiar, never recurring life. He forgets that the scenes, to-day commonplace, will, in a few years, when time mellows our conceptions, possess a magic and charm indefinable, incomparable. Then will he long for

something that can bring them back in sharper detail than can memory; something that will awaken the joys and pleasures they once occasioned. The writer once saw an old lady poring over a much-thumbed album; a sad, faraway look played upon her countenance; now and then a smile or a tear appeared. Inquiry disclosed the fact that the album contained pictures of college friends and surroundings; that she was, for the time being, in the midst of those scenes and again enjoying those experiences. Therefore, one will never regret having assembled a complete collection of pictures descriptive of this period of his life.

THE exchange editor's glue pot is empty and his scissors are rusting; the business manager's face is beginning to take on a forlorn look, the local editor is about to give up looking for squibs, and the rest of the coterie are getting ready to bow, as this, the last number in their hands, is about to make its appearance. But this is not the end; the glue pot will be refilled and the scissors take on a bright look like everything else as a new regime is ushered in. We wish them well. We have tried. Can more be said?

MRS. CARRIE NATION, the warlike champion of the Anti-Saloon League, with Kansas as her battleground and a hatchet as her weapon, is fast chopping her way into the front ranks of notoriety and seems determined to make that other hatchet story pale in insignificance. Why one, fanatic or insane, engaged in a cause, good or bad, can take unto herself to administer the law is difficult to understand; that idea of one person,

jury, judge, both of the law and the facts, and executive. The thought suggests itself that perhaps Congress made a mistake in admitting Kansas to statehood when her laws admit of such summary proceedings.

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## Literary Department.

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### What Is a Young Man Worth?

[The following address was delivered by Dr. Ferguson before the New Castle Y. M. C. A.:]

If I should ask "What is such a man worth?" what answer would I get? \$3,000, \$5,000, \$10,000. Yet that tells nothing of the real worth of the man. That will not make him a worthy young man. He may be a rake or dishonest, unworthy of the love of woman or the confidence of man. He may be altogether untrustworthy. His money or estate is an accident of the man—his worth is the man himself. What is *he* worth? is our question.

Yet the answer we are likely to get indicates the mammon-worshipping spirit of the time. We estimate all things in this way. There is scarcely anything above price. Men are cheap. We hear it said—every man has his price. Men talk glibly on the streets about the market price of a representative of the people. Shame on our day! There ought to be no money value for a man.

You say of a man, "He has \$10,000." That statement alone gives no hint about the worth of the person. If his means are the fruit of honest toil, they show worth; if the price of an ignoble bargain, they show the lack of it.

I. *What is a man worth*—any man, whether young or old? We must make no mistake here. We must not under-estimate

the value of a man. The average man, the common man, the down-most man is an immortal being and we must not belittle him by making him nothing but a piece of machinery. In our day of combination and co-operation there is danger that we forget the greatness of the material we employ, that we consider the *hands* only, and not the brain and soul of the men, that we discuss labor as if it were a thing in bulk like iron ore or money in bank instead of living, breathing, loving, thinking men. Our economics is at fault—seriously, ruinously at fault—when man ceases to be a factor worth considering and wealth producing is all in all.

Yes, a man has *hands*—flexible, sensitive, may I say, intelligent hands. By them he can interpret his environment; by them he can execute the fancies of his brain. He can make things; he is a manufacturer. A great machine does not dispense with the power of the human hand, but only multiplies it.

Some one has said that the human hand has done as much for human progress as the human mind. The one plans and the other executes. Look at the industrial arts, adding everywhere to the physical comfort, convenience and the well being of man, sending their mighty product to the ends of the earth; yet everywhere beginning and ending with the hand of man. Even in the fine arts—architecture and painting and sculpture and music—how dependent are they all on the facile, ingenious, artistic hand. We talk about towns springing into being as if by magic, yet the wand is in the grasp of the same old wonder-worker—the human hand. We talk about getting a house ready-made from the planing mill, but if it is much of a house there will be several cunning

workmen to execute with skilled hands the plans of the architect.

Do you ask, What is a man worth who has hands? If they only are considered he is worth a great deal. Judge him by their product and how greatly is the world his debtor. They deserve training—manual training; they deserve remuneration, just returns for what they do.

But man is a *being with brains*, with the God-like endowment of reason. Shakespear says, "What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty!" And Dr. Watt says,

"Had I an arm to reach the skies,  
Or grasp the ocean in a span,  
I'd not be measured by my size,  
The mind's the standard of the man."

He has a mind, not like that of the brute, but capable of indefinite cultivation. There is no limit to the advances he may make if he apply himself. And in our land and time opportunities of education are within reach of all. Besides the open doors of the schools there are great possibilities of culture for those who for various reasons cannot enter them. With a meaning slightly different from that usually attached to the phrase we may say "He who runs may read."

What is the worth of a being with the *intellect* of man? With your eye on some captain of industry, or some great lawyer like Thomas B. Reed or Benjamin Harrison, or some expert physician, you mention some unusual income. But income is not the synonym for worth. He is worthy who can understand situations and weigh reasons and reach conclusions that are just; who does his own thinking and accepts no man's dogma or domineering; who is not a mere portion of a mass, but a thinking individual with a will of his own, not like dumb, driven

cattle, but a hero in the strife; who can choose and speak and vote and act in behalf of ideas that commend themselves to him as true and good and wise. This is real worth, whatever be the price it may command.

But hand and brain are not all that constitute man's worth. His life is not all earthly, but chiefly heavenly. He is destined to a life in the skies. He has an immortal soul, that will live on when earth fades from view. This is his real worth—in comparison with which all else is insignificant in value. In estimating this let us take counsel of the Lord in His word.

Matt. 16-26; Mark 8-37. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" A man is worth more than a world. He who sells himself for \$10,000 sells too cheap. He who barter his soul for fifty millions is cheated. If he should gain the whole world as the price of his soul he would be a loser.

Luke 12, 16-21. This is called the parable of the rich fool. He gave his soul to barns and stores, to meat and drink, to the pleasure of sense. He gave his soul for treasure, and lost his soul and the treasure too. When all seemed secure and prosperous the summons of death came and he went out into eternity bankrupt, because he was not rich toward God. Not many weeks ago Mr. Armour, the great millionaire of Chicago, passed away. He was no doubt a man of wonderful energy and did some good to the world while he was in it. But he died, and when he crossed the threshold of the other world he left all of this world behind him. What is his state now? Whither has he gone? We are not presuming enough to pronounce any judgment upon the man. He was philanthropic in character as men judge. But this we may say without any

presumption, that if he is enjoying salvation it is not because of his millions of money, but because he was rich in faith and therefore an heir of glory.

My brother, I have no desire to check your ambition to achieve something worthy for this world, but I ask you to remember that there is another world after this and that in the midst of your plans and purposes and hopes God may interfere—Oh how suddenly oftentimes—Oh how resistlessly, by the hand of death. If God should say, "This night thy soul is required," are you ready? Is your soul safe in the arms of Jesus? Have you some treasures laid up in heaven and awaiting your coming?

The Son of God has set a value on your soul by the ransom price He has paid for it. If worlds could have redeemed the lost soul He might have called them into being by His Almighty fiat. Read the first chapter of Hebrews if you would learn something of the glories of His divinity. It is expressly said of Him, "By whom also He made the worlds." But all this would have been too small a price. "We are redeemed, not with corruptible things, such as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ as of a lamb without blemish and without spot."

Not a world, nor worlds upon worlds, but the world's Creator, is the ransom of the soul of man. "He gave *Himself* for us that He might redeem us from all iniquity." "He came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give *His life* a ransom for many." Titus 2:14; Matt 20. Gal. 1:4.

II. What is a *young* man worth? He is worth all that any man is worth and something more. The conversion of a *young* man means not merely the salvation of a soul, but the salvation of a life. His soul is not any more valuable than that of one whose



hairs are white. God forbid that we should cease to labor and pray for those who have squandered their youth and early manhood in the service of sin. Neither let us despair of them as long as life lasts. Luke Shut was converted when he was 84 by the recollection of words heard when a boy from the lips of Doddridge. The text of the sermon was, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ let him be anathema maranatha, and when the preacher came to pronounce the benediction, with his hands raised he exclaimed, "How shall I bless them that love not the Lord Jesus Christ! How shall I bless whom the Lord hath not blessed." That impressive scene remained with the lad during all the years of a long life and was at last the means of life and salvation to his immortal soul. But sixty years and more were lost to the world by his long delay.

What a great thing for the world it was that Dwight L. Moody was converted when he was seventeen years old. For forty-five years he labored with tremendous energy and strong faith to bring other men to Christ. Dr. Pearson said at his funeral, "Do you know that with careful reckoning it has been estimated that he reached one hundred million people in the aggregate by his voice and pen since he first became a Christian?" Young men, your conversion and your consecration to God means much. An immense possibility of good stretches out before you. Not that you or any of us can be certain of the years to come, but the average of men's lives justifies the hope of future years and therefore of long service for you. Moreover, the young, warm blood in your veins and the power of endurance in the vigor of manhood give enthusiasm and force to the endeavors of youth. Years ago I heard Dr. Annan reply to Rev. Chas. A. Dickey,

then a young pastor, now Dr. Dickey, moderator of the Presbyterian church, and beginning to look somewhat venerable if his pictures fairly present him. He was shrinking from a duty imposed upon him and begging to be excused. Dr. Annan opposed the request and summarized his answer in a Latin phrase that keeps coming back to me—" *Juniores ad labores!*" — Juniors for labors. Old men are better guides; young men are mightier for work.

What is a young man worth? Ask the pastor of any church. He will probably tell you of some young man who is always ready and enthusiastic and reliable, and upon whom he can depend for any kind of service to the Lord that the situation may demand. For church work the young man who is fully surrendered to the Lord is of inestimable value. In every part of the work his zeal enkindles others. The praying Samuels and the heroic Davids and the useful Timothies are the strength and glory of the churches. Here let every Christian young man expend a good part of his teeming energy, for nowhere can he expect such spiritual returns for his labor as in the society which the Lord Himself established for the edification of believers and advance upon the world. The work of a young man may tell with especial power upon those of his own age and sex. Young men can find young men and, like Andrew and Peter, bring them to Jesus. Here lies the value in any city of an organization such as the Young Men's Christian association. It focuses effort upon their own class. It puts them to work in behalf of those whose dangers and temptations and subterfuges they know about from their own experience and observation and to whom they can be helpful in their struggle for deliverance. They

can throw out the lifeline to their fellows with earnestness and success because they have themselves experienced the joy of rescue. They can appeal with fitness and power, "Come with us and we will do you good," "He that winneth souls is wise," or, reversing Solomon's thought, we may say it takes wisdom to win souls. And he is the wisest leader in a campaign for souls who is able to enlist the young men and make them fishermen for their fellows.

What is a young man worth? Ask the apostles of reform. The Young Men's Temperance Club is not only a great bulwark of personal safety but a great engine of aggression. They fire each other with zeal and hope. They attach themselves with warmth and firmness to the cause that commends itself to their consciences. They are yet unspoiled by greed and self-seeking and consideration of personal consequences and give their whole hearts to the promotion of the cause they love. It is a hopeful sign for any cause where the young men—and especially intelligent, thoughtful young men,—begin to rally to its standard.

III. I have now asked two questions, What is a man worth? What is a *young* man worth? May I ask and briefly answer a third: What makes one young man worth more than another? Worth more to the church, to every noble cause, to the Nation, to society? I might answer in one word and say, character. We might include in this, honor and fidelity and purity and high purpose and faith in God.

I John 2, 13:14. The aged John addresses the young men of his time: "I write unto you young men, because you have overcome the wicked one." That is the need of the world, men who are overcoming the wicked one. Alas! how many yield themselves to

his dominion with scarcely a struggle to escape. How many are the snares he lays for their feet. Even yet in this twentieth Christian century "the world lieth in wickedness." "The lust of the flesh and the lust of the eye and the pride of life" are still here. The saloon and the brothel and the gambling den are here. The wine glass and the ball room and the unclean theatre are here. The young man must learn to be in the world and not of it; to overcome the seductions and allurements of a wicked world, to stand aloof from everything that is against Jesus Christ and His kingdom of righteousness. John repeats the lesson with some very important additions and suggestions. Young men, listen! "I have written unto you, young men, because you are strong and His word abideth in you and ye have overcome the wicked one." The secret of their victory is the indwelling word of God. They are possessed by the truth as it is in Jesus. They are living upon the promises and guided by the precepts of the Divine word. Be strong, strong by faith in Jesus; strong in the Lord and in the power of His might; strong by the truth wrought into your very being, and you can live a charmed life even in a wicked world. Read your Bible, be regularly in your place in the house of God, put the truth you learn into immediate use, and you will grow stronger and stronger and stronger.

It is a saying of Pascal, "Man is the glory and scandal of the universe." He is made in the image of God and when by redeeming grace he walks worthy of His divine prototype he is the glory of the universe. But when he sells himself to the devil and follows lies, when he spurns his birthright and God's grace and wallows in the mire of sin, he is the scandal of the uni-

verse. Young men, have regard to yourselves. Aspire to be the glory of the world and not its scandal. Remember the dignity put upon you by your creation with God-like faculties. Remember how the Son of God left His place in glory to win you back from sin—to seek and save the lost. Remember the interminable stretches of existence that lie ahead of you in the world that comes after this. Remember all these things—your original dignity, your priceless ransom, your immortal destiny—and be worthy of yourself. Have respect to yourself enough to provide for your eternal well-being beyond the present; enough to break away from the slavery of the wicked one; enough to seek the fellowship of good men; enough to stand alone with God if need be. Do this and your worth will be recognized of God as well as men. The Supreme and Infallible Judge of All will say to you, “Well done!” and welcome you to a share in His joy. He will promote you to higher things, open before you larger possibilities, make you ruler over many things. He will give you the kingdom to which you are destined by nature and grace, saying: “Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.”

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#### Two Nations in One.

In a previous number of *THE HOLCAD* there was a short article on the subject above named in which a few facts of a comparative nature were given in regard to the people of our North and South.

The race concerning which we hope to say a few words now might be termed a third member and thus make “Three Nations in One.” Is it possible that a class of people, having been free and recognized as citizens of this government for practically

four decades, have not yet been assimilated by the great commonwealth in which they dwell? Such is indeed the case. America is said to be the greatest country in the world for taking under its care people of foreign nationality and making citizens of them in a few years; but there are peculiarities common to the Southern negro that, from all indications, may be there for years to come.

It is to be hoped that the motive for giving the following description will not be misunderstood by those who are so much interested in the education and uplifting of the poor freedman.

This narrative of how the typical Southern negro wins his lady is given, not to make sport of his condition and ideas, but that some who have not had an opportunity to see this man in his own home and element may know something of his estimation of gallantry and manner of gaining the affections of his friend.

This is applicable, you will bear in mind, not to the educated colored man of the South, but to those among whom little or no reading is done, and who gather their “big words” generally speaking from the white people and persist in using them whether they find a suitable place or not. All things considered, the colored man has a splendid memory. If he once understands a word it is seldom the case that it is forgotten; and as a rule he remembers its use, but often he puts together a lot of words that give a most ridiculous meaning if they give any at all.

We must remember that the homes of these people are small cabins, consisting usually of from one to three rooms. In these limited quarters all the way from two to twenty or more members of the family must be accommodated. Thus it is seen that



when that subject is discussed which requires one as speaker and one as audience the couple must stroll away from the cabin lest their story be no longer a secret.

This however does not seem to be the favorite place for the necessary inspiration. Perhaps there is not another race of people who enjoy social gatherings more than the colored man, and it is usually on such occasions that the contest takes place. The lady is dressed in her Sunday best, with bows of ribbon, etc., decorating her gown, arranged with about as much precision as the words of a good, old religious "mammy" who gave her experience in a religious meeting, saying: "Brederin, my 'sperience and 'termination is dat I is superstitious, perpendicler an sercumsperkum, an I want you to pray fur me." With a very pleasant expression she talks to some of her lady friends, all the time waving her fan, which also has decorations artistically arranged, and glancing frequently toward her admirers. Finally, some gallant youth sums up more courage than others, goes cautiously to her side, and, if they are in the house, he will say: "Lady, will you rest my hat?" If she takes his hat he immediately begins a conversation. And I would say just here that a colored boy will fight quicker for his hat than anything else he owns. Why this is I am not able to say, but if a colored boy wants a tussle, and that is something in which he delights, he can find his opponent easily, for he has merely to take his neighbor's hat. The conversation is along a general line, such as we would naturally expect on such an occasion. But presently another of the girl's admirers determines to see which she likes the better and so he approaches the couple addressing the lady in this manner—"Kind Miss (or lady) can I

set on the objec side ob ye?" which means to ask the privilege of taking a seat on the opposite side from the first gentleman. If the request is granted it is an acknowledgment on the part of the girl that she cares for each of the gentlemen but is undecided which is uppermost in her affection. The contest proper now begins. The other persons present immediately perceive the condition of affairs and gather around the trio to see what the outcome will be. Strange to say they have their conversations named. When the first boy sees the second coming he proceeds immediately to ask the lady for a certain kind of conversation. If he thinks he can talk best on subjects that would be suggested by his surrounding he asks for a "*Civil Compesetion.*" If he thinks he can discuss the topic at issue to the best advantage he asks for a Love "*Compesetion.*" Upon these and many other subjects they have memorized almost an endless number of questions and when it has been decided as to which topic will be used for a test the queries come in rapid succession. The second "gemmen" understands by the character of questions what the order of the day is and propounds his questions accordingly. To make a long story short, this questioning is continued until the lady decides which one is the better talker and thus more capable of entertaining her. She then returns the hat of the poorer talker and marches away with the one whom, by her actions, she has dubbed her knight.

The taunts of the bystanders frequently cause the defeated member of the trio to become so enraged that he desires another contest with his opponent in which the girl takes no active part; and so it is not an unusual thing for the entertainment to end in a quarrel and even a fight in which nearly



every man present will take part. The girl is of course very much excited and pleads with all to keep quiet. When the affair has been settled, if the successful talker has not been hurt, he walks home with the lady, and, although this is not always the final contest, it gives him a place in her affections that may at some future date be remembered to his credit.

Sometimes the entire proceedings are taken in the best of humor and the anxious crowd waiting to see who will be the next to fail, is in the highest spirits of merriment. When such is the case it is not an unusual sight to see the young men standing in line waiting their turn. If after having defeated several opponents the speaker's hat is returned to him, which means that he has lost the battle, he is very much humiliated and apt to grow angry—but in most instances the mirth of the onlookers seems to drive away the spirit of wrath and he in turn takes his place as an observer and joins in the fun.

When one has been successful in several competitive conversations he can go to the home of the lady who sat as judge, altho' it is perhaps only a one room cabin, far back among the hills or perchance along a southern stream where the flowers push out from the banks and cause a zig-zag flow of the crystal water, a life is there which in its simplicity and earnestness is only his.

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#### **In Times of Industrial Depression Should Municipalities Furnish Work for the Unemployed.**

Upon the authority of God's law I answer yes. Genesis 3d chapter, 19th verse: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread until thou return to the ground." 'Tis evident, then, that our existence depends upon labor. So we are created un-

der this law by the great Supreme Law-giver, entitled to an existence and possess the right to exist, also the right to labor to that end. The earth He gave to man, with its bounteous supply of all that he needs that he might enjoy life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

But how sadly changed the scene since that law was given. A few selfish, designing men at present have almost gained control of the laborer, by owning a greater portion of the earth, with its machinery of production, and the control of money, the medium of exchange, at the will of the few. Thousands are employed or turned adrift as it suits their interest to do either. The laborer must work and keep the mills running night and day at low wages. High rent he must pay for a hovel of a home to merely eat and sleep in, with doctors' bills to meet, and no assurance of steady employment, which keeps him poor with small hope of ever being able to see brighter days, except in the next world. Under these conditions what can the workingman do in times of industrial depression; one who is willing to obey the law that he and family may eat. God's law says, "Thou shalt not steal," the State law says, "Thou shalt not steal," and a number of States' law says, "Thou shalt not beg." I ask in the name of Heaven what shall the workingman, brought face to face with the above circumstances, do? Is he not a copartner in the wealth, production and organization of the municipalities of the nation? If this be true, has he not the right to ask and demand of the municipality to find him work? Is it not inconsistent to expect workingmen who, through enforced idleness, come to want to live up to the stringent laws of the State, which, if he disobey, he sees the jail, if he obeys,

starvation haunts his home? How ridiculous yet pathetic is the situation of the sons of toil. Farm life, the foundation of our subsistence, they know little about. In various ways the land slipped away from their forefathers, which makes this generation of industrials dependents for their bread and butter upon a few men who have combined their interests to shut off competition, making it more difficult for the workingman to have employment at remunerative wages. Employers organized, workmen mainly disorganized. Co-operation on one side, with fat purses; keen competition on the other side, with empty stomachs and lean pocketbooks. Most of the workers being uneducated, they seek for a leader. They finally find one or more who sympathize with them. A call is issued for a meeting. They attend and earnestly listen to the speaker. Reporters and spies are there in the interest of their former employers to catch at any shadow of language that might be construed to malign their good names. The speaker tells them they must organize in order to be able to stand up for their rights. The next day after the meeting an injunction is served on their leader, stating that he must leave the neighborhood or go to jail. And why is this? Because to advise the working people to consider their situation and compare it with their employers', who are living in luxury from their labor, is termed unlawful agitation. Vested interests, property rights, are given preference over the rights of those who obey God's law in earning their bread by the sweat of their face. Where shall the toilers look for friends in times of industrial depression? Jesus saw the wrongs committed and became the friend of the poor. Does the church emulate the life of Jesus in

this work? Are not the intelligent of every community somewhat to blame in not fixing on some permanent plan to provide for the willing laborer when out of employment? But instead we hear the words, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Society certainly should be a unit bearing each others' burdens. All are created from the same source, originally of the same parents. We are taught to pray "Our Father." He is everybody's father. Then it is conclusive that we are all sisters and brothers — one family. How can we consistently see a part of the same household in want whilst we have plenty and to spare?

Work, but not toil, is essential to produce honesty, happiness and a practical living of Christianity. Idleness breeds tramps, with its concomitant evils—murder, theft, forgery, poverty, filth, sickness, contagious diseases—from which we all suffer more or less for our careless indifference in not having a remedy for these social ills. Should we not feel condemned when we look the question squarely in the face? Let us remove the stigma cast upon us by a willingness to adopt some plan whereby the forced out of work can gain an honest living. Our Christianity calls us to this duty, for God intended that every man should have the opportunity to live by honest labor. I pray that the redeeming power of Jesus Christ's life and words may take hold first of the ministry, then the people, and rid us of selfishness, which, when freed from, would change us from money chasers to chasers after love for one another; then all would have work and no man lacking anything. God's law would be fulfilled, "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

THOMAS ASHMORE.

## Josiah Wilburs' Dilemma.

When a man dies he is supposed to be dead, and that is the end of it. But when Josiah Wilburs died he wasn't dead, nor was that the end of his earthly career. Josiah didn't know it then; in fact, never dreamed it, but there were surprises in store for him after he had ended his earthly career.

It wasn't a long funeral. Bachelors forty-five years old, are not given to such things. Then, too, Josiah had spoiled his chances by paying more attention to the elderly Miss Banks than was her share. The forty-nine other elderly ladies remembered that deal and forgot not to cut the deacon's funeral. Josiah wasn't really a deacon, but he played his cards trump and had a way of shuffling his feet on Sunday that raised him high among the country folk of Volant. Perhaps diamonds were the lead (Miss Banks had forty cool thousand in her own name), but the deacon played for hearts.

We wonder from our story, however. Suffice it to say that Josiah Wilburs had been "a-courtin' Miss Banks;" that his suit seemed to prosper; that, as the Volant Currier said, "he was cut off in his youth and was laid to rest, one more of the many who shall rise to glory when the day of the resurrection shall come." That was a nice thing for the editor of the Currier to do, for he and Josiah were not good friends. I suppose he was willing to forgive Josiah after he died.

There were some queer tales told, of course, about Miss Banks and Josiah. Old Mrs. Goodkins said, "You can't fool me. They'd a got married alright. Why, didn't I walk into Lydia Banks' house a couple of weeks ago, just as I always do, without knocking, and didn't they both blush when I walked right into the room. I guess I know." Even Mike Allen, who usually kept quiet,

or at least kept a civil tongue in his head, said they seemed to "sit purty close at meetin'."

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Now that we have the honorable Josiah buried, let us go back and take another tack. We will follow a different road and we will arrive at his graveside in a different manner. At all odds, spades are trumps this time.

It is dark and lonely in the cemetery of Volant. The ground over the grave of Josiah Wilburs is yet soft, the flowers have not yet faded. Silently, coming from among the gravestones, two dark figures stand beside the grave. Perhaps it is almost a half hour before one of them disappears and returns with a pick and spade. You have guessed now. They are grave robbers. "Plunk, plunk;" it is the sound of the falling clods; then at last the hollow "chuck" that tells that the coffin has been reached. Very devils they seem as they hasten to raise the box from its resting place. It takes but a few minutes to remove the coffin. The rough box is lowered again. The top is once more placed on it, and this time we hear the plain hollowness of the box as the earth is thrown back and the grave refilled.

Having arranged the flowers as before, the robbers now raise the coffin to their shoulders and, one at each end, they steal away through the darkness.

The next night, which was the third night, Miss Banks was weeping softly over a broken bit of ground which held nothing but a heavy pine box three feet by seven. Her beloved lay in the inner office of a young physician who had but recently moved to Volant. A jovial smile played upon his countenance.

You think, perhaps, it is a horrible tale

which I tell? Well, so it is, but I am not to blame and there's no accounting for tastes. If young Dr. Seymor wished his inner office so startlingly decorated it was none of my affairs; and, to be truthful, I must tell you all about it.

Just then the doctor was sitting in his outer office. Presently two gentlemen entered who seemed to have been expected.

"Well done," said Dr. Seymor; "I was afraid you would not get my letter and I would have to wait another day."

"And our other friend," replied one of the gentlemen, "is he here?"

"O yes," answered Dr. Seymor; "just now he is in the next room."

"You will attend to the heart massage, Jones," continued Dr. Seymor.

"Yes," replied the talker of the two.

"And you will manage the lung action, Taylor," Taylor nodded assent.

"After we get his heart moving and fresh air into his lungs I will inject some of the salt solution into his veins," continued Dr. Seymor. "If he had died a natural death we might not have so much chance; but, you know, he was only drowned. I have already pumped all the water out of his lungs."

They went to work at once. A hole was cut in the breast of the dead Josiah Wilburs. Slowly and cautiously Dr. Jones pressed the heart, which by the pressure of the blood re-filled itself. At the same time Dr. Taylor, with an air pump, puts the lungs moving in almost natural action. Dr. Seymor now injected the salt solution. The three doctors watched anxiously. Suddenly Josiah Wilburs opened his eyes. Dr. Jones removed his hand and the heart continued to beat of itself. Josiah struggled to rise, but the

other doctors held him quiet while Dr. Taylor removed the air pump.

Josiah's first words were, "Well, I'd like to know if you fellows intend to kill me?" The three doctors were so delighted that their eyes fairly danced. Here was fame in one night. "We mean no harm, I assure you," said Dr. Seymor. "Lie very quiet, if you will. You have been hurt and you have lost a good deal of blood. We are about to sew up the wound." It will be a couple of weeks before you can leave this room, as you must have the proper food and care."

It was the end of Josiah Wilburs' two weeks' visit with Dr. Seymor. Dr. Seymor had just confessed the whole thing to him. Josiah was finally beginning to comprehend.

"Well, I'll be blowed if I know whether to give you all the money I've got or to arrest you for a grave robber. There's Loyd—I mean"—the deacon flushed. "Well, Doctor, I'll tell you. Miss Banks and I were to have been married. I can never make her believe that I am not dead."

"Perhaps," suggested Dr. Seymor, "you can make her forget her old love and marry you yet in the belief that you are some one else."

It was the wrong thing to say. Josiah's eyes blazed. "You grave robber," he muttered.

"But," interrupted the Doctor, "you owe your life to me."

"That's so," and Josiah grasped his hand firmly in a hearty shake. Then he said, "Doctor, keep it quiet for two months, and it will be a square deal. We'll go to church together next Sunday night and you'll introduce me to Miss Banks yourself as Mr. Allen."



"Agreed," said the doctor. If the shock kills her we can bring her to life again."

But Josiah didn't mean the shock to kill her. He shaved off his moustache and whiskers, and even parted his hair in the middle. He didn't look at all like the same man, being much improved and appearing younger by at least ten years.

The two months passed all too quickly. The village people were remarking about Miss Banks and that new doctor's friend. Some people seemed to think that she had forgotten Josiah very easily. But it was not so, for that night Josiah told the doctor: "Doctor, I have lost. She told me kindly that she almost loved me. That I seemed a great deal like her friend Mr. Wilburs, who had so recently died, and to whom she was to have been married. She thinks she does not love me, only that I remind her of Josiah." The unfortunate Josiah Wilburs smiled a melancholy smile.

"Try one more card," urged the doctor. "Tell her all about it."

Had you been with Josiah that night you might have heard him say, "—and don't you remember, dearest, the time when old Mrs. Goodkins came in without knocking and I had just proposed." And later in the evening you might have heard Miss Banks say, "—and you look so much nicer and younger."

The three young doctors attended the wedding, which occurred the following week, and Josiah Wilburs, having now become a part owner of the cool forty thousand, rewarded them liberally before his honeymoon was over.

— EGBERT R. MORRISON.

Chicago and Cincinnati are fighting the prize fighters—in other words, knocking the knockers.

### God Save the King.

Recent events have created an interest in the source of the air which is used to the words of the national anthem of Great Britain, and also serves as the melody of that of "America." Various other lands have selected this air to use with their national anthems, and in consequence many conflicting accounts of the tune's origin have been given. It seems certain, however, that it belongs to England and it was borrowed from her by the lands that now use it. Some of the more authentic of the many theories on the source of the melody are given.

The air seems to possess an element that adapts it particularly to the expression of national or patriotic feeling, else it never would have been selected by so many people as the music by which to sing of their country and its aspirations. It was known in England at least as early as 1740, when Henry Carey sang it at a dinner given in honor of Admiral Vernon to celebrate the taking of Portobello. This was the first public hearing of the song and at that time Carey claimed to be the author of both the words and the music. Since that time the air has been chosen for use with the national hymns of Hanover, Brunswick, Prussia, Saxony, Weimar and Sweden. Until 1833 it was also the national air for Russia, which at that time adopted the air now in use. It is the air sung by the federal cantons in Switzerland, "Rufst Du Me in Vaterland," and the Germans also sing the music with great gusto to the words, "Heil Dir Im Siegelkranz," and less frequently to "Brause, Du Freiheitsgesang." It is, of course, familiar here as the air to "America." Von Weber introduced the air in his "Jubel" overture and also into the rarely heard cantata, "Siegund Kampf." Beethoven composed for the piano variations

on the air in C minor, which were published in 1804.

"God Save the King" seems to have been printed first, so far as authorities can discover, in the *Harmonica Anglisana* in about 1742 or 1743. Both words and music are somewhat different from those known to-day. The claims of Henry Carey to the authorship of words and music were substantiated by J. Christopher Smith, the amanuensis, and Dr. Henry Harrington. During the Scottish revolution of 1745 the song seems to have first assumed its national character. It was sung at the theaters as "loyal song or anthem." On September 16 of that year the Pretender was proclaimed king at Edenburg and "God Save the King" harmonized by Dr. Burney was sung at Convent Garden. Later Arne made an arrangement of it for use at Drury Lane, and both the words and music of the song were printed. Arne's version, printed in the *Gentleman Magazine* for October, 1785, was identical with the form now in use.

There have, of course, been many claimants to the air besides Henry Carey, and many persons have attributed it to other sources, although as the case stands to-day it looks as if Carey's claims were better than any body else's to the composition. There were undoubtedly previous airs that it resembles, as Sir George Grove, Chappel and other investigators have shown.

Henry Carey was a popular composer and singer of his time, appearing very frequently before royalty in the capacity of court soloist.—*Anon.*

Mr. Carnegie's monument of a hundred or more public libraries will be a hard one to beat. As a message from one poor boy to other poor boys its possibilities for good are unlimited.

## Holcades Mikrai.

Scattered through this department will be found fashion plates of the prevailing styles of hair worn by Westminster students as copied by the staff artist.

"My Ball?"

"Where is she?"

Subscribe for the HOLCAD.

Only four field goals for Geneva!

Newmeyer, '03, spent the 10th at his home.

Pay "Hercules" Hunt for your HOLCAD.

And she commanded McG—— to release her.

Miss Douglass received a visit from her father.

Miss McKee spent a few days at her home in Butler.

R. G. Deevers has resumed charge of the library.

The prevailing epidemics are la grippe and la mustache.

Frank and Tom Wright were in Sharon on the 11th.

Tom Pierce, of Sharpsville, attended the Geneva game.

C. E. Porter has re-entered college after a year's absence.

Miller, '02, spent Sabbath, the 17th, with his parents in Allegheny.

Roy Long, '98, of New Castle, was in town for the Allegheny game.

Miss Anna Reed, '01, was the guest of friends in Sharpsville February 3.

The Junior Chemistry class is so large that



This style is termed the "Napoleonic" and is said to have been that worn by Napoleon on the morning of the battle of Waterloo.

the Organic laboratory has to be used in addition to that of the Juniors.

Homer C. Drake, '00, law student in New Castle, was in town February 2d.

Zehner and Newberry spent Sabbath, the 17th, at their homes in Zelenople.

Yourd, '03, was at his home in Carnegie over Sabbath, the 10th of February.

Miss Mary Lea, '02, was called home February 12th by her mother's sickness.

Miss Elizabeth Neely, of Pittsburg, was the guest of her sister at the Hall for a week.

Rev. Elliott occupied the chapel pulpit January 27 in Dr. Ferguson's absence.

John McAleese, ex-'03, of Pittsburg, was in town during the week of January 21st.

Shaw is decidedly popular. He was escorted to the banquet by Schneider's band.

Snodgrass, '02, and Cole, '03, spent Sabbath, the 3d, at their homes in West Middlesex.

In the English and German recitation rooms the matting has been replaced by linoleum.

Geo. Smith, of Allegheny, at one time a student here, visited friends in town for a few days.

Miss Mayme Turner, '00, and Miss Newmeyer, of Wilkinsburg, were in town a few days.

During the month of January Rev. Veazey made several extended trips in the interest of the college.

The faculty have recently decided to accept the grade from Sharon high school for entrance here.

Miss Stambaugh, of Sharon, formerly a Westminster student, is the guest of Miss Ballou Gibson.

A recent number of the United Presbyterian contains a short history of Westminster by Dr. Ferguson.

Parks says there is no fun in mechanical drawing, because the girls are all at the other side of the room.

The '02 class pins have arrived. They are attractive in appearance and the class are well pleased with them.

The sixth performance of the lecture course was given by Elias Day, in the Second U. P. church Thursday, February 21st.

Instead of a sermon February 10th, Dr. Ferguson gave the address he delivered before the Y. M. C. A. in New Castle.

The Young Peoples' Society of the First U. P. church held a social at the home of Rev. J. D. Barr Tuesday evening, January 22.

The young people have taken advantage of the good sleighing and several parties were formed for more or less distant places.

Several couples took advantage of the sleighing, and on January 31st, attended a concert at Mercer given by the Fadettes, of Boston.

Wiley Byers, '04, has been seriously ill of acute Bright's disease. For a time his life was despaired of but at this writing he is greatly improved.

The Chrestomath society gave a social on the evening of Washington's birthday in Philo and Chrestomath halls. Light refreshments were served.



This mode is what is known as the "Queen's Own," and is being generally adopted as it is much admired by the ladies.

Miss Helen Martin, under the auspices of the Leagorean society, gave an elocution recital February 12th, in the chapel. A fairly large sum was realized.

Seventy-five people went on a special train to New Castle February 28th, to hear the Pittsburg Symphony orchestra, under the direction of Victor Herbert.

The Glee Club is contemplating trips to Pittsburg, Oil City, Franklin, Mercer and other places. They will give a concert in New Wilmington, Saturday, March 2nd.



Bryan's claim to distinction is based upon the fact that he originated this style, which has been named in his honor "The Bryan."

A chalk talk on the missionary work in Egypt was given in the Second U. P. church Monday evening, February 18th, by Rev. J. O. Ashenhurst, lately returned from Egypt.

Why do women leave their hats on when at a performance that is free? Does "Binno" take the tooth-pick out of his mouth when he eats?

Will McG— have to eat his shirt?

The new electric light plant was put in operation January 16th. The street lights are a marked improvement over the oil lamps. Special rates will be given to students.

A small boy in the New Wilmington public schools, on being asked to name the three greatest men, is said to have replied, "Moses, George Washington and Professor Barnes."

Prof. Mc. (in Cicero)—"For to-morrow you may take the sixth and seventh chapters" (eighty lines). Fifteen minutes later,

leading chapel exercises—"Much study is a weariness of the flesh."

The lecture by Rev. R. S. MacArthur on "The Empire of the Czar" was heard by a large audience. The lecture, while treating the subject only in a general way, showed the results of much study and research.

Required services the evening of the 17th were held in the Neshannock church. Dr. Humble, Superintendent of Sabbath school work among the mountaineers, delivered an address on the work done in that region.

Prof. McLaughry was compelled to give up charge of her classes Jan. 31st. Since then she has been seriously ill at her home in New Castle. She is improving but it will be some time before she will resume her work as instructor.

What is the reason when we win a good game like that from Geneva a report is not made to the Pittsburg papers? They are giving Geneva the credit of not having been beaten this year. Some system ought to be followed in reporting the games.

Miss Elma Chamberlain, '01, was injured by an explosion in the laboratory, January 31th. Drs. Elliott and Marshall, of Sharon, were in attendance. The injuries were not of a serious nature, and Miss Chamberlain was confined to her room but a few days.

The college authorities have declined the invitation to send a delegation of students to Washington to take part in the parade at the President's inauguration. The reasons given are interference with the regular work and the heavy expense connected with the trip.

"Baldie" went to see her at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. At 3:02 there was a ring at the door bell and "Ken" was ushered in. Surprise and consternation overspread the



features of both, but "Baldie" nobly came to the rescue with, "Sit down, Ken; 'Spindle' will be here in a few minutes."

The following officers will serve the Oratorical Association during the coming year: President, J. H. Grier, '02; vice president, J. H. Moore, '02; treasurer, A. R. Hunt, '02; J. M. Cameron, '01, was elected delegate to the meeting of the Intercollegiate Association held in Pittsburg. The date of the preliminary contest has been set for March 21st.

The Senior class has made the following disposition of class day performances: Prophecy, Miss Elma Chamberlain, East Palestine, O; Eulogy, Miss Mary Neely, Pittsburg; Poem, J. M. Cameron, Pittsburg; Confession, W. B. McCrory, Pittsburg; Donor, S. Wilson McGinness, Pittsburg; M. D. McKim, of Rankin, Pa., was elected to deliver the "Pipe of Peace" oration.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. F—t—n. To recover your regard for your ancestors advertise in New Wilmington's leading dailies.

Mrs. Nation—No, we could not advise you to come. Business is dull in your line here at the present writing.

Mrs. L—y—We cannot give you the information you desire concerning the engagement of E. C. and H. J. We rather think you are mistaken about it.

Mr. L—ng—We believe you are right in your presumption that the banquets are the cause of so many new cases. Yes; we will offer a prize to the fair one who first bewitches you.

Miss B—r—You are not alone. Several of the young ladies have conflicting studies at the present time. We dare not advise you in the matter.

Mr. S——. We do not know when your turn comes next. K—— has spoken for the Fourth of July.

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Below we print in part the opinion handed down by Judge E. Lowry in answer to the petition of Craig, McCrory, Hunt, Russell, McCandless, et al., et al., praying that a permanent injunction might issue to them, restraining one Zuver from exercising certain rights alleged to be vested elsewhere. "In re petition of \* \* \* citizens of this Commonwealth, setting forth that certain of their inalienable rights are being usurped by one Zuver; that, in consequence they have suffered, and do still suffer, great loss, mental agony and inconvenience, and that their only remedy lies in a permanent injunction \* \*

\* \* \* Further, That the injuries at the hands of the said Zuver are premeditated and are being daily increased by his continual" \* \* \*

[Here follows an exhaustive review of the case, which lack of space forbids us printing. \* \* \* [In continuance.] "Admitting the above mentioned statements to be true, and it is the opinion of this court that they are true, we shall refuse to entertain any proceedings in injunction.

"The point raised by the defendant Zuver that possession is nine-tenths of the law, we cannot affirm, and cite his counsel to the case of Miller vs. McCalmont, May term, 1898.



We now present the "Soeratie" which is affected by all admirers of "Soeratie Induction" as propounded by Plato

"Therefore, in view of the reasons hereinabove set forth, the rights of the said Zuver, in our judgment, are no Barr."

We hope that the above opinion of Judge Lowry will end this complicated, hotly contested case, though there is some little talk of an appeal.

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## Alumni Notes.

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H. C. Drake, '00, alias "Shadow," was in town recently.

George Chapin, a former student, is attending business college in New Castle, Pa.

The Mount Washington congregation, Robert H. Hood, '81, pastor, has, through a united and earnest effort, just succeeded in lifting the last of their parsonage indebtedness of about \$1,800.

Dr. J. Q. A. McDowell, '78, of New Castle, assisted the pastor at Beaver, Rev. W. H. Fulton, '94, in preparatory services for communion. Sixteen persons were received into the fellowship of the church. The congregation recently gave the pastor \$100 for the purpose of fitting up his study.

The communion held by the Corapolis congregation recently was most enjoyable. Eleven persons were received into the membership, six on profession of faith. Rev. C. D. Fulton, '94, was assisted in preparatory services by Rev. E. C. Little, of Third Washington, and Dr. W. H. McMillan, of Allegheny.

Prof. Margaret McLaughry, '87, is sick at the home of her sister, Dr. Elizabeth McLaughry, '87, in New Castle. Miss McLaughry is suffering from an attack of nervous prostration, and it is feared will be unable to resume her college work for some

time. We all miss her and hope that she may speedily recover.

On Thursday evening, January 31st, Rev. George W. Robinson, '84, was installed pastor of the First church, Allegheny. Dr. W. S. Harper preached the sermon and propounded the constitutional questions; Dr. A. G. Wallace addressed the pastor and Dr. Thomas Park the people. A good congregation was present to welcome their new pastor. The pulpit has not really been vacant, as Mr. Robinson was, immediately on his father's death, invited to continue to supply the pulpit. He has commanded the enthusiastic support of the congregation.

The many friends of Reuben E. Stewart, of the class of '85, will be glad to learn that he has been highly honored by the governor of Nebraska, in being appointed the superintendent of the institution for the deaf of that State, which is located in Omaha. Mr. Stewart is a brother of Rev. Robert Stewart, D. D., the foreign missionary, whose children reside in our town. Mr. Stewart is well qualified for the position for which he has been chosen, having been seven years a professor in this institution, and also having taught two years in a similar institution in the State of Iowa. He took charge of this new position the first of February, 1901. His great regret is, that she who was his loving and devoted wife, Huldah E. Campbell, is not now living to enjoy this honor and prosperity with himself.

In his sketch of the history of Wesminster college, Dr. Ferguson says, in part: Nearly thirteen hundred have received degrees, and twice as many more have taken partial courses. In several churches and in many countries they serve God in the ministry. They are found in Egypt and India,

in China, Siam, Persia. In all parts of our own country they occupy positions of importance—in education, in business, in law and medicine. They are judges and bankers and editors—men of influence. Especially are they found in the ranks of the ministry and laity of the United Presbyterian church, which established it to provide educated young men for her ministry and educated men and women for her service in the churches. Four of them are professors in our theological seminaries; fifteen are engaged in teaching in the denominational schools and colleges; sixteen are missionaries in foreign lands, and nearly one-fourth of the ministry of the Church were educated in Westminster college. Drop down into almost any center of the United Presbyterian influence and you will be sure to find some of her sons and daughters, pastors and pastor's wives. If we begin at Jerusalem, there are McNaugher, and Wilson, and Robinson, and Swearingen, and Witherspoon, and MacDonald in Allegheny, and Littell, Russell, McClurkin, Wallace, Hood, Sands, McMurray, and Edgar in Pittsburg, and in both these cities a great host of men and women of the laity of the churches. Or if you locate Jerusalem a little farther west, you will find in Xenia, Irons, and McClure and Kyle—may we not lay claim to a share in the honor of producing him though Monmouth is his *alma mater*, and McMichael looms up near by. Or if Chicago lay claim to the center of our United Presbyterian universe, have we not here also honorable representatives in Duff, and Owens, and Millian? Or if you turn eastward and rest in Philadelphia, you will find Fitzgerald, and Webster, and Anderson, and Crowe; or if you make the great metropolis of the Atlantic your place of effort,

you can get encouragement from Reed, and Wallace, and Parker, and Barr; or if you set down under the shadow of Harvard, you may be shielded from heresy by the ministry of an Alexander. Or if you are taking your son or daughter to Monmouth, or Tarkio, or Cooper, you may inquire of Professors Swan and Adair, or Miss Russell, or President Spencer, who can tell you of the scenery of the Neshannock and of the classic life of the village near by.

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## Music and Art.

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Genius is the power of revealing God to the human soul.

Miss Pillow has just finished a richly colored water color of "crysanthemums," and Miss Cook's dainty study in "Arbutus" is much admired.

The last month closed the career of Verdi, the greatest Liszt Italian composer of this and the last generation. The name of Guiseppe Verdi will stand for centuries.

An interesting piece is given in the *Woman's Home Companion* for January, concerning the girl's art schools in New York. It mentions the different schools and their advantages and requirements.

The Glee Club provided music for the orations January 19th. The following numbers were given: "Our Mother Fair, Westminster;" "The Three Glasses," Fischer, and "Benedictine Domine Salvani Fac," Gounod.

Among the number of dainty pieces of china already completed by the art students this term are a fruit dish finished in blackberries and a jardiniere with anemone decoration belonging to Miss Ferguson. Miss

McKinley is at work on a tall vase with figure decoration. Miss Hodgen's own work is represented by a jardiniere of unique shape beautifully decorated with chrysanthemums.

The February *Review of Reviews* contains an article concerning the decorative sculpture to be used at the Pan American exposition. The use of allegorical sculpture for the adornment of buildings and grounds will be on a more extensive scale than at any previous exposition. The sculpture for the Temple of Music is among the most pleasing of the collection. There is little doubt but that these creations will win the distinction of being the greatest achievements of the kind that the age has ever seen.

The ever-popular Temple Quartette gave a concert in the Second Church on the evening of February 2d. The Quartette has been here twice before and still maintains its high standard of merit. The appreciation of the audience was evinced by the number of encores demanded, to which the company courteously responded. The following program was rendered:

March—"Comrades in Arms,"	- - - Adam.
Temple Quartette.	
Recitation—"A Soldier's Dog,"	Phelps-Ward.
Miss Burnett.	
Song—"Winona,"	- - - J. C. Bartlett.
Mr. Bullock.	
Part Song—"Sunset,"	- - - Van de Water.
Temple Quartette.	
Song "The Bandolero,"	- - - Stuart.
Mr. Willard.	
Recitation. - - -	- - - Selected.
Miss Burnett.	
Song—"Till Death,"	- - - Mascheroni.
Mr. Bruce.	
Extravaganza—"Operatique,"	- - - Genee.
Temple Quartette.	
Recitation—"Story of Patsey,"	- - - Wiggins.
Miss Burnett.	
Quartette—"Abide With Me,"	- - - Potter.
Written for the Temple Quartette.	

On the night of February 15th the Sopho-

more class banqueted the Senior class. The guests were received in Philo Hall, which was artistically decorated with the orange and black, the colors of '01. Unique hand-painted conversation cards were distributed and held sway until 12 o'clock, when Toastmaster Briceland marshaled his forces and led the way to Adelphic Hall, where the dinner was served, and where the colors of '03 prevailed. Between the several courses toasts were responded to as follows: "The Seniors," P. H. Yourd, '03; "The Juniors," T. A. Sampson, '01; "Our Alma Mater," F. S. Thompson, '03; "The Ladies," E. C. McCown, '01. After the menu had been thoroughly discussed the assemblage returned to Philo Hall, where a novelty in the amusement line awaited them in the dressing of pipes. The prize for the most artistically decorated pipe was awarded to Miss Miller. The Cascade Orchestra, of New Castle, furnished the music. There was had an evening of rare enjoyment, the appointments were perfect and the management could not be surpassed.

A concert was given on February 5 by the Chorus Class, assisted by Miss Acheson, reader, Miss Anna Reed, pianist, the Glee Club, and Mr. Robinson, violinist. The class, directed by Prof. Peterson, sang three numbers, all of which gave evidence of careful training and diligent practice. Miss Acheson's readings, given in her own pleasing style, added much to the evening's program. This was Mr. Robinson's first appearance before a New Wilmington audience, but the skill and finish with which he executed his numbers won the hearty applause of his hearers, and should he ever return he is sure of a warm welcome. The program given is:



- "March of the Men of Harlech," Arr. by Barnby.  
Chorus Class.
- "Mazurka Characteristic," op. 3, - Wieniawski.  
Mr. Robinson.
- "The Going of the White Swan," Gilbert Parker.  
Miss Acheson.
- "Callirhoe," (Air de Ballet) - Chaminade.  
Miss Reed.
- "Bridal Chorus," (Lohengrin) - Wagner.  
Chorus Class.
- "Behind a Curtain," - Mrs. Burton Harrison.  
Miss Acheson.
- "Winter Song," - - - Bullard.  
Glee Club.
- "Menuetto," from Mozart's sixth symphony,  
- - - Arr. by Ernest  
Mr. Robinson.
- "Estudiantina," - - - Lacome.  
Chorus Class.

## Athletics.

The Inter-Collegiate League basket ball championship, unless the unexpected occurs, will go to Allegheny this year, and the honor will be a merited one. Her team has played a strong, consistent game all season, and developed a degree of finish in both individual and ensemble play that easily gives it inter-collegiate pre-eminence. Westminster, though vanquished, extends congratulations to her rival ally upon her splendid and successful record.

\* \* \* \* \*

The extent to which local conditions influence the result of a game in basket ball renders the outcome of a season such an uncertain quantity that some legislation providing for floors of uniform size, shape and surroundings seems imperative. A team accustomed to a large practice floor is seriously handicapped by cramped space, and practice on a small floor, with enclosed bounds practically unfits the team for a game on a large floor. The difficulty of securing uniformity in the matter of gymnasium floors is a serious obstacle in the way of making basket ball a permanent branch of college sport. In football and baseball the case is different. There is the "regulation" field which never varies, and the advantage or disadvantage arising from local conditions and environment is reduced to a minimum.

\* \* \* \* \*

That Washington and Jefferson college will not,

according to published statements, be represented by a nine on the diamond this year, comes with little surprise to those acquainted with her athletic policy. The practice of paying men for athletic services, "giving them inducements," as the phrase goes, is, aside from considerations of common athletic honesty, subversive of the very end it is mistakenly supposed to promote. Victory at all cost, and the very doubtful advantage of vulgar "advertising" seem to be the goals of athletic ambition in some of our Western Pennsylvania colleges. A movement toward clean athletics or at least a moderate degree of intelligent supervision on the part of the W. & J. faculty would be welcomed by all who have at heart the welfare of college sport.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lafayette, too, is paying the penalty of her "pre-meditated carelessness" last year in the matter of the personnel of her teams. Both Yale and Princeton have refused to continue athletic relations with her, and it is said that the University of Pennsylvania will leave Lafayette out of her schedule. This is wholesome ostracism, and its effect will be felt. The prompt action of Pennsylvania's athletic committee in dealing with an irresponsible basketball management, which allowed two professional players to take part in a certain game under Pennsylvania's name and colors, is to be commended.

\* \* \* \* \*

The announcement that the redoubtable D. C. & A. C. of Pittsburg will not again purchase and exhibit a pyrotechnic display of football "stars" is, we trust, significant of the failure of professional football. To be sure, one of our colleges will be forced to find a new field for notoriety and incidental revenue, but the interest, of true sport will not suffer.

\* \* \* \* \*

Track prospects, at a distance of three months, are bright. Of last year's team Smith, Sloss and Chambers were graduated, all of whom won points in the inter-collegiate meet at Washington, Smith easily winning the pole vault with inches to spare. The other members of the 1900 team are all in college, and, with the Freshman material, will make a team fully up to last year's standard.

\* \* \* \* \*

Of last year's nine only one man, Chambers, was

lost by graduation. All the rest returned to college in September, and Westminster will open the season with a veteran team. With one exception every candidate for the nine has been continuously in college for the last four years, and this exception is a man who has been continuously in college for the past three years. The tentative make-up of the team, following last year's personnel will be pitchers, McKim, Cameron and Volton; catcher, Kuhn; first base, Breaden; second base, Porter; third base, Edmundson; short stop, Volton; right field, McKim or Cameron; left field, Grier; middle field.

C. A. C. and Homestead have canceled the games on their floor. This cut the boys out of a trip, but Manager Donaldson is trying his best to arrange some other games in the vicinity of Pittsburgh.

Up to February 16th the teams in the Inter-Collegiate race were a tie. Allegheny had lost to Geneva at Beaver Falls; Westminster to Allegheny at Meadville, and Geneva to Westminster at New Wilmington. But Allegheny, by her victory on the above mentioned date, now assumes the lead, leaving Westminster and Geneva fighting for second place.

The Seniors won from the Juniors Saturday night, February 9th. It was rather a rough game, but full of good humor. The feature of the game was the number of easy chances that were missed. Score, 20 to 4. Line up:

SENIORS.		JUNIORS.	
McKim.....	Forward.....	Donaldson	
Kuhn.....	Forward.....	Wright, C.	
Lake.....	Center.....	Wright, F.	
Edmundson.....	Guard.....	Neville	
Porter.....	Guard.....	Deevers	

The C. A. C. team of Braddock met defeat here Saturday, January 26th. They were smaller than our boys, but were plucky. During the whole game they were right there. The game was rough, but they made no complaint. Moore was the star of the game. Line up:

C. A. C.		WESTMINSTER.	
Quackenbill .....	Forward.....	Moore	
Rosenbloom.....	Forward.....	Kuhn	
Hawthorn.....	Center.....	Wright	
Mulholland.....	Guard.....	Kennedy	
Dowling.....	Guard.....	Deevers	

One thing that is not at all commendable, is the

hissing which has taken place at several games on our own floor. A person that hasn't enough backbone to stand things going the wrong way once in a while should get off the earth. There is no place for him in this world. The majority that have done the hissing don't know the first principles of the game; yet, when a foul is called on our boys they hoot and hiss as though they were the most competent judges. But when a foul is called on the other team they applaud the umpire that but a moment before they had jeered. In the first place there is no manliness in it, and in the second it gives the school a bad name.

On Monday, February 18th, Allegheny defeated Westminster at New Wilmington in a one-sided game. From the start Allegheny began to score. Their first point was made on a foul. Then they scored a goal after this. Our boys seemed to lose all confidence. Wright threw a goal from field and Kuhn one from a foul. Score, first half, Allegheny 18, Westminster 3. The second half started out a little brighter for our boys, but the finish was like that of the first. Lampe, for Allegheny, succeeded only once in getting the ball from the center. All the Allegheny men played good ball. Toward the end of the second half Frazier's shoulder blade was dislocated. The game was rough from start to finish. Gardner, of Grove City, and Swengle, of Warren, were the officials. Gardner has officiated in several games here. He is becoming well liked. His decisions are impartial and satisfactory to all.

The first game of the Inter-Collegiate series at home was played with Geneva. Last year Geneva won both games from us. This year we succeeded in taking the home game by a score of 30 to 14. During the first half the game was exciting, the score varying but few points. In the second half Westminster piled up too many points to make things so interesting. The game was noted for fouls, there being about thirty in all. The physical director of the New Castle Y. M. C. A. refereed. He was most exacting but fair in his decisions. Gardner, of Grove City, umpired. There was no wrangling whatever. It was a game such as spectators like to witness. Porter played his first game at guard and covered himself with glory. His man did not get a goal. Geneva's center threw ten points from fouls. Line up:

GENEVA.	WESTMINSTER.
George.....	Forward.....Kuhn
Thompson.....	Forward.....Moore
Patterson.....	Center.....Wright
Leach.....	Guard.....Kennedy
Elliott.....	Guard.....Porter, S.

On January 30th our boys were disastrously defeated at Meadville by the Allegheny College team, 50 to 18. They were at a disadvantage on account of the big floor. The following is a clipping from the Allegheny Campus:

"Westminster's men are clean players and are excellent shooters, excelling most in long throws. Few open shots were missed by them, but it seemed that Allegheny ran them off their feet. At the very beginning of the game Allegheny took the lead and kept their distance throughout both halves. Five goals were made before the visitors scored and when they did score during the game it was by way of making a little variation in breaking up the local's runs. The only time in the game when Westminster really showed her strength was at the end of the first half, when they rolled in four goals, one after the other. Kuhn, Kennedy and Wright were the principal actors. The score of the first half was 22 to 16. In the second half Westminster scored only one goal, which was made by Deevers, a guard. On the other hand, Allegheny continued to gain in the race, and, by clever passing and good team work, ran the score up to fifty. The general playing, though rough at times, was very much above the average. It was fast and fierce from start to finish and was such as is especially pleasing to the spectators. Many of the plays were even sensational." Line up:

ALLEGHENY.	WESTMINSTER.
Taylor.....	Forward.....Moore
Williams.....	Forward.....Kuhn
Lampe.....	Center.....Wright
Frazier.....	Guard.....Deevers
Wolsoncroft.....	Guard.....Kennedy

Photographs have been made with light from the planet Venus, instead of from the sun, showing that planet rays, although weaker, are of the same nature as are those of the great luminary.

Mrs. Gabbs—"So, your son is in college?" Mrs. Malaprop—"Oh, my yes—he's been there two years. He's in what they call the 'Sycamore' class now."

## Exchanges.

Oh, the size of the sighs a fond lover sighs,  
When some flirt casts him off for a better,  
Can never size up with the size of the sighs  
Of the poor luckless one who may get her.

Politeness is an easy virtue, costs little, and has great purchasing power. — [Ex.]

Professor—"Name the bones forming the skull."  
Student—"I forget them for the moment, but I have them all in my head."

Mike—"If wan of us gets there late and the other isn't there, how will he know if the other wan has been there and gone on, if he hadn't come yet?"

Jim—"We'll aisy fix that. If O'i get there first O'll make a chalk mark on the side walk; and if you get there first you will rub it out."

"Hello! is this Dr. Buggs? Good morning, doctor. I want to ask you what to do with my wife. She is still a little feverish." "Yes, if I were you I would (buz-z-z, bout, wh-r-r, bang), see if her ribs are all right; and if they are cracked, replace them, recover her and give her two coats of paint, and then leave her out on the river over night, and if she still persists in getting full—" "What's that?" "Oh, hello! This is central. Your line got crossed with Robinson's boat house."—Ex.

A suburban editor has been inspired, after looking over the list of his delinquent subscribers, to compose the following:

"How dear to our heart is the old silver dollar,  
When some kind subscriber presents it to view;  
The liberty head, without necktie or collar,  
And all the strange things which to us seem so new;  
The wide spreading eagle, the arrows below it,  
The stars and the words with the strange things they tell;

The coin of our fathers, we're glad that we know it,

For some time or other 'twill come in right well;  
The spread-eagle dollar, the star-spangled dollar,  
The old silver dollar we all love so well."

Breathes there a man with soul so dead  
Who never to himself hath said,  
As he stubbed his toe against the bed,

— — — ! — — — — ! ! — — — — ! ! !



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# THE HOLCAD.

VOL. XXI.

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No. 7.

## THE HOLCAD, NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

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### Publishers' Notice.

THE HOLCAD is a monthly of ten issues a year, published by the undergraduates of Westminster College.

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No anonymous communications will be noticed.

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OWING to the sudden suspension of college at the beginning of a new HOLCAD year it was thought best to omit the March number. We shall endeavor to make up for its absence by enlarging the commencement number.

WITH this issue begins a new HOLCAD year. The old staff have withdrawn from the sanctum after a very creditable year's work. We hesitate to bid them farewell, desiring them to keep in touch with us still as regular contributors. As a new

staff we enter upon our duties with trepidation, yet determine to increase, if possible, the interest of our subscribers in the HOLCAD, and to make the paper represent more truly the efforts of Westminster undergraduates. To accomplish this we must have the aid of the students. They must be prepared to assist us and must feel that the responsibility of having a representative paper rests largely on themselves. Do not hesitate to submit any production of your own or to call attention to the work of your friends who are too modest to speak for themselves. There is a drop-box on the reading room door for the reception of HOLCAD news, and any articles found therein will receive careful consideration.

WE have entered upon the third term of the college year, and for many of us it will be the last at Westminster. At the close of this session the class of 1901 will be with us no longer. 1901 has been prominent in all phases of our college life, and its graduation will deprive us of both literary and athletic men of note. We regret to see them go, yet joy is mingled with our sorrow, for soon each undergraduate will be a step nearer the coveted goal. 1901, we wish you success in your closing term's work, and may nothing occur to mar the pleasure of your last days at Westminster.

THE Inter-collegiate Oratorical contest will take place this year at Geneva. In the two previous years Westminster, through her representatives, has made an enviable record. Our present orator will carry with him the best wishes of the whole college, and we feel confident that the high standard hitherto maintained will not be lowered.

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FEW understand human nature better than does that genial and kindly soul, Elbert Hubbard. During his career as laborer, teacher and lecturer, he has associated both with the cultured and the ignorant. He has sympathized with the lowly and with those whom the unthinking call utterly debased. His efforts to bring forth the good that lies dormant in the latter have seldom met with disappointment. His doctrine is: Reform men by your sympathy and then judge them by their present and not by their past. Should each strive for this principle as Hubbard has done, not only would every individual be happier but the good in the world would be greatly increased.

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## Literary Department.

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### The Man.

"God, man, duty." These were the last words of Horace Mann. They are the dying bequest of one of God's greatest of mankind left by a man who had thought deep and long only to leave to the world this problem which can never here be solved, but on the other hand, carries with it the eternal mandate, ACT.

We must consider such problems or pass by as the imbecile, who on opening his eyes succumbs to the bright light of truth and

dies in swaddling clothes. But this striving, striving with the terribly comprehensive knowledge, that all we can know is that we can know nothing here below, is the divine principle upon which eternity is founded, and man is the object of this divine manipulation of time. Oh, divine hope of the soul! Oh, man, who art a little lower than the angels!

As we turn to the consideration of man, we must consider him in relation to his two extremes, God and duty. It is impossible to separate man from God, and just as impossible to separate either God or man from duty. Man is a mean between God and duty. He is a principal of power in the glory of the Creator of heaven and earth. If you will admit that man is an entity, you must admit his "whence" and "whither."

The man is not the flesh and blood; for those are they which once were dust, and the earth must claim its own, and pass away with time. We are that which was born thousands of years ago; and it pleased God at one time to plant in these earthen vessels that which we know as the man; and only the fruits, which are the plant in perfect potent form, can reach heaven again. Just as the plant grows, so grows man as he puts downward his roots of thought, study, and research deep into the earth, absorbing material things; and spreads his foliage and blossom of prayer and praise in the beautiful sunshine of truth, drinking in the power which can oxidize and appropriate in the man something of wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness and truth.

God is in heaven, man on earth. The shortest distance between two points lies in a straight line. Then for power to become men in every sense of the word we must not let the earth get between us and the true source of power.

As the earth is a sphere, and the angle of incident equals the angle of reflection, the nearer we come to a position just beneath the Sun of Righteousness, the smaller will be the angle, and the greater the accumulation of energy. Then tropical luxuriance of growth must follow.

The soul grows only under these conditions whether it be in the log cabin of Illinois or at the knee of a grandmother Lois.

Let us turn to consider the other side of man and back in the latter part of the 50s we see developing in New York State, fed by constant devotion, study and prayer, an influence which has emancipated four and one-half millions of human beings from slavery, and welded together the most powerful of nations in an inseparable union; which has freed the Cubans from tyranny, and is marching on in the hearts of his countrymen to the civilization and emancipation of China from the superstitious "Ism" of the Orient. This influence is the man

Who set the tide  
That never died  
Till slavery was put down;  
For on our sod  
He wrote in blood  
The name of "Old John Brown."

What shall we say of the man David Livingston; that influence which could light up the Dark Continent so the simple hearted natives could look out and up to a living God, and so the outer world could look in and behold? What we see effected in Africa to-day is that same light shining more and more unto the perfect day when the Girdle Empire shall have fed the flame into the beautiful light of Africa. England here is only the exponent of the man.

What shall we say of the girl of Lorraine, the "Maid of Arc?" She never gained her power from colleges, but in the beautiful

white light of truth; in devotion to God and love for her country, France, from roots deep sunk in the affairs of war at the crossing of those two trunk arteries of the military power of Western Europe at Domremy, became the development which, though she drank not from the cup of rest she secured for France, drove the invaders from her beloved land and made it free indeed.

We see this plainly exemplified in Admiral Farragut, who could say, "I am going into Mobile Bay in the morning if God is my leader, and I hope He is." He became a nucleus for a portion of destiny to cluster round. It was his last great battle but "his soul is marching on;" and we see it manifest itself again in one who was then a young officer under his command, and to-day is known as "Admiral Dewey, the King of the Seas."

Young man, young woman, the question that comes to us is this. Are we the highest development it is possible for us to be? If so, eternity only can measure our influence and our existence. But should the dark day of blight dawn in our lives, let its shades be dispelled, or we must die like an Arnold whose death is renewed day by day by those who would survive. 'Tis true we all bear the marks of sin; but

If it is the mark of conflict won,  
'Tis well.  
If it is the mark of Satan's own  
'Tis hell.

Oh that our souls would only rouse and live till they would start some great influence for eternity! But if the soul hath never stirred and thrilled till it fain would leap these earthly bounds and return to God, which is its home, it is no part of that glory.

We can be the exponent of the unknown glory of heaven, and as character is our highest development, it must be for God's glory

and our own good that we become men in the highest sense. Then others will see the man in us and add to glory by our exaltation.

Methinks I hear to-day in the great mart of time something like this :

"A man is offered now for sale  
With character that can prevail  
Beyond both time and hell. Who'll buy?"  
And from the crowd there comes a cry  
Of honor bid for such a man.  
"With honor bid, who bids again?"  
Now honor, riches, fame I hear  
Bid for a man with character.  
Above the world and all its crowd,  
And riding on a mighty cloud,  
A voice bursts forth, as thunder driv'n,  
With, "Honor, riches, fame and heav'n."  
The crier sees the bidding done,  
"Going going—once—twice—gone.  
That what the world and heav'n will pay  
For men of character to-day.

W. T. McCANDLESS, O2.

#### "Two Flags."

Life is a crowded moment of ever changing struggle ; anarchy struggles against government ; crime against law ; beast against man ; wrong against right. Nature preserves a fossilized record of their struggles in her rocky archives, telling a history of ceaseless war through all ages past—a history of an army under its emblem of white entrenched against the maddening rushes of an army under its emblem of black—a history of Malice fighting Charity.

The beginning of the strife is the beginning of the world. Malice stands for a moment, breathless, before the calm and serene countenance of Charity—just as did the Roman soldiers stand hesitating when they gazed at that face by the gate of Gethsemane—then begins the unending cry of battle and clash of arms that have sent their echoes to reverberate down the centuries to

encourage and inspire the followers of the two standards to-day.

Man was created perfect, the image of his creator. His soul, implanted by the hand of Him whose power raises and lowers the flags of the world, rests secure beneath the canopy of heaven—an all perfect flag of blue. Beneath such a flag as a symbol of his soul, man would be all powerful. But Destiny has allotted to man a different standard. Into the garden of bliss the ensnaring temptations of the serpent had come to cause that soul, before so rich in its divine blue and so beautiful in its light of daily sun, to fade into clouds of white and to hide its sun behind the misty haze.

The repeated temptations of the serpent had caused the downfall ; man must lower his blue standard of spotless innocence and raise in its stead the flag of white, a symbol of Christian Endeavor and earnest striving for the light which can be but dimly seen by the imperfect eyes of a clouded soul. The serpent must take for his standard a symbol of the dark curse that fell upon him and fight under his true color—the somber black.

All the world now stands, and forever shall stand, arrayed beneath the hostile banners, white and black. The great arena is the earth ! Cain, the black flag of his soul depicted on his scowling countenance, slays his brother Abel and marks the first great victory for the flag of black. The followers of the black grow bolder ! The Pharaoh of Egypt has taken the standard of Cain for a shield and keeps millions of human beings in abject slavery. Strength gathers strength ! The Roman Cæsar has conquered half the earth and demands tribute from the conquered. Nay ! yet more faithful to his standard ! The conquests of war has placed in his



hands thousands of captives who must writhe in the chains of slavery and go down to death as link after link is made firmer by their own welding! The fetters of Roman law have shackled them hand and foot and history first records a valiant man dying many deaths before he dies! All Rome rejoices! Festivities are instituted, and amid the groans and agony of the dying warriors in the arena arises the message of the mighty Cæsar himself: "I came, I saw, I conquered!" The black flag of perfidy waves, the standard of the world!

Progress is a history of revolution. Armies face armies on the field of battle and progress must await the defeat of the despot. The law stands bold for the "divine right" of kings, but men of advanced ideas are already preparing the way for "equal rights" to all. The Pope has commanded the restriction of the Bible and sovereign subjects can not know the sacred truth of equality. Feudalism, wherein the peasant holds his life beneath that of his feudal lord, is the height of social government, and knights of chivalry, who boast themselves the protectors of the weak, regard the lower classes with indifference and contempt. Robber knights and black fleets of pirates, made up of noblemen, scouring the paths of commerce, plunder goods off the plebeian merchants whom, they feel, have no rights which royalty need respect. Events crowd events until the black flag of crime floats—we blush to say it—from the staff of the Roman Vatican, the seat of holy doctrine, over all Europe. But corruption has gone its course! A hand firmer than the Papal See's grasps the rope that holds that flag to its place and slowly but surely it is lowering! As the hated standard descends like a mighty cloud, all Europe stands breathless awaiting a coming storm!

The Pope grows alarmed! The instigator of the trouble is summoned to the Diet of Worms and asked to recant! No! The storm has been brewing too long! The heavens are lit by the burning of a Papal bull! The reformer thunders the opening notes of reformation: "Here I stand, Martin Luther; I cannot do otherwise; God help me." The storm breaks with all its fury!

For three hundred years the Bible truth, "all men are created equal," is instilled in the minds of the people, and kings dispute it on the battle fields. Europe is the battle ground of reformation, but the flag of black yet waves the victor. Men seek new homes in that new land, America, where the tyrant's hand cannot reach them. Here King George III gives them a government of growth but withholds from them the sacred right of representation. Increased oppression forces that people to rise in a rebellion that is to end in the humiliating defeat of the royal arms at Yorktown.

"The crimes and frauds of Tyranny shall fail;  
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale."

A government is founded on those lonely shores upon the sacred truth of equality that is finally to become the champion of civilization. But, although Washington does forever haul from its lofty station the black flag of tyranny in America, he fails to see the equal necessity of raising in its place a symbol of his own doctrine. Thousands of negroes are kept in servitude, deprived of the blessings of liberty which form the keystone of our government arch.

The rights of the negro are ably defended and as ably opposed in the American congress. Temporary conciliation delay the inevitable rebellion, but "right" is pitted against "wrong," and "wrong" must fall. There can now be no faltering. A man

stands at the helm of the ship of state. He sat by his cabin fireside until his country called him to carry the ship of state over the troublous waters of popular commotion, and he rises to obey the summons. He calls volunteers to his aid and turns to the people to outline his policy. The waters splash madly against the hulk; the deck is flooded by overtowering waves, but he stands fearlessly at the wheel and in a voice loud and firm are heard the words: "With malice toward none; with charity for all."

Diplomatic agencies failing, the North and South resort to arms to decide the supremacy of right and wrong. Four long years of terrible bloodshed are consumed, during which fortune, like a tree in the wind, wavered from side to side. But the end is near; wrong is besieged. "Unconditional surrender" is demanded by the valiant leader of the "White." The two armies stand motionless awaiting with bated breath the important reply. All eyes are fixed on the tent wherein the decision is being made. A rider, issuing from the tent, rides rapidly towards the enemy. He passes the lines unchallenged, for he holds, fluttering in the breeze, a flag of white. The war is over; the negro a human being. The people join in one grand hymn. The American republic must live. Popular commotion and partisan fury may dash their mad waves against it but they shall roll back shattered, spent. Persecution shall not shake it, fanaticism disturb it nor revolution change it, but it shall stand towering sublime like the last mountain in the deluge while the earth rocks at its feet and the thunders peal above its head—majestic, immutable.

The black flag, waving undaunted, has been torn from its high place. Men have ceased to be allured by the siren bird—have

ceased to be transformed into beasts under the somber black. But yet it waves, and shall wave until the hostile banners have gathered their followers on different sides of the impassable gulf. The battle is not yet over, for so long as the world shall stand so long shall the followers of the black assail those of the white. In one hands is left the defence.

Law is a flag staff that holds a hostile standard on both ends. Its middle rests on a fulcrum—questions of government. We are the power that moves the lever by means of the fulcrum and raise one standard and lower the other.

We must raise the white, for black would bring oppression. There can be no balance, else would black be on an equality with white, and render void the prophecy: "The righteous shall prevail."

The flag of the victorious has been hid from our view by the smoke of battle, but as the mist rises the white is seen to have mounted the topmost pinnacle of honor; it waves majestic from inaccessible height; it floats serene, unrent, unstained, unconquered.

G. F. ZEHNER, '02.

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#### The Stranger Within Our Gates.

"Strangers Welcome," is the inscription engraved o'er the gate of our nation.

Washed for these many years by the tide which slowly yet steadily threatens our land, this inscription is gradually wearing away. A barrier must be erected which will protect our gates against the flow of this tide.

What shall the barrier be? Shall we close the gates on some while to others they stand open, or shall we lock the gates and allow no strangers to enter?

The immigrant, on his arrival, is a citizen of no State or Territory. If he comes in

order to better himself as a man, to live and die here, and to become a devoted and loyal citizen, we should receive him with a hearty welcome, from whatever land he may come. Not only is he entitled to complete protection, but the title of American will be conferred upon him, a title which must always exalt the just pride of patriotism.

There is however one immigrant flung, as it were, upon our shores without choice or provision. Driven in many instances by grinding poverty, he comes with the intention of returning with his wealth to the land of his birth. This immigrant should not be permitted to set foot upon American soil.

On the evening of that perilous battle when Washington said, "Put none but Americans on guard to-night," his own body guard was composed of men who had been rocked in the cradle of German liberty. Washington referred, not to the nationality of his men, but by that command he included under Americans, all those who acknowledge supreme allegiance to the government of the United States, who believe in our institutions, and reverence our flag.

In the early days of settlement, feeling our loneliness in this vast tract of wilderness, we threw wide open our gates, inviting the good, industrious, intelligent, oppressed, and distressed of all nations, to come and make their home with us, only requiring them to support and defend the constitution of the United States.

Europe alone answered to the invitation with eight thousand a year for thirty years after our birth as a nation. These, however, anxious concerning the welfare of our country, a country which they hoped to call their home, assimilated themselves to our government and helped to advance our prosperity.

But as our country continued to grow and prosper, the character and motive of the immigrant changed. And to-day the tide which bears to us loyal citizens, is washing upon our shores the outcasts of all Europe, which must sooner or later degrade the morals of our population.

Two reasons may be given for the difference existing between the immigration of the present time and that of the past.

First, the ocean steamship service is now such as to reduce the energy, intelligence and means required for immigration, a result that is tending to bring to us no longer the alert and enterprising, but rather the unlucky, the thriftless and the worthless.

Second, the immigration is drawn from Southern and Eastern Europe, where the people have the least possible adaptation to our political institutions, and have remained on the lowest plane of industrial life.

Do not the steamships coming up New York Bay, packed with human beings in all garbs, bearing the impress of all lands, and speaking all tongues, serve as an object lesson which ought not to be ignored?

Not only is the American's character degraded, but he is underbid and driven from his employment by a competition which is cheaper; because the foreigner can live in comfort on what would scarcely keep an American alive.

We have shut out the cheap foreign glass pane, tin sheet, and steel rail, but the cheaper foreign worker underbids American labor in the home market that we boast was made for home alone.

The best example of this cheap competition was the construction of the Central Pacific Railroad. We ask, "Why were Chinese employed?" The answer comes,

" Their work was cheaper." Was there not in this, reason strong enough for the discouraging attitude of our own laborers?

The American shrank from the competition thrust upon him. He was unwilling to engage in daily labor with this ignorant and degraded element, the Chinese.

From England, Ireland, Germany and Scotland have come immigrants whom we respect and rightly call Americans, men who have not been drawn with the hope of ease and comfort without labor; but men who have worked hand in hand with the American, and have sworn allegiance to our government.

But from the same vessel which bears these immigrants to us steps the Italian, the Hun, and the Pole. They have read of the Eden of the American workingman, and have hastened thither. But they linger where they land, until like a piece of human machinery, with a number instead of a name, they are consigned in a freight car to some great corporation.

Even worse than our feeling toward these is that toward the Chinese. Their strongest passion being the love of gold, they never intend to become citizens of our country. But the vessel which carries them back also carries away our money, and the only recompense we receive for their protection is their vices. But where are we going to draw the line which separates the good from the bad. One of the greatest evils of our country, anarchy, may be attributed to this lower class of foreigners. Strangers within our country, they work in secret among the lower classes of people for the overthrow of our government, religion and education.

But anarchy stands not alone among the evils of immigration. Such evils as pauperism, political corruption and immorality can-

not be safely overlooked. They have grown up gradually in the midst of us, and now confronts us like a great giant. How shall this giant be conquered?

Around our custom houses we have constructed walls of adamant, while our immigrant depots are protected against this great tide by a few delicate cobwebs.

Our nation is young and strong, and we must have some restrictions which will bar this worthless and degrading element from our borders.

What we need is an aroused united public sentiment so loudly knocking at the doors of our legislative halls that our lawmakers must listen to the call.

Then will the cobwebs protecting our gates be made a net work of iron. Then shall we have America for America's loyal citizen, whatever may be the land of his birth. And the inscription o'er our gates shall read, " Strangers, for America, Welcome."

MARY LEA, O2.

#### The Student's Soliloquy.

To skip or not to skip—that is the question;  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The flunks and worries of unstudied lessons,  
Or to take leave of all that scene of troubles,  
And by avoiding end them? To skip—to loaf—  
No more; and by that loafing say we end  
The heart ache and the thousand natural shocks  
That class is heir to—'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished. To skip—to loaf—  
To loaf! perchance demerits! there's the rub;  
For in that rest of bliss what reports may come  
When we have shuffled of this college coil,  
Must give us pause; there's the respect  
That makes hard boning here of so long life;  
For who would bear the whips and scorns of  
school,  
The students' grins, the learned's heartless  
snubs,  
The pangs of dispriz'd wit, the bell's delay,  
Th' elusiveness of syntax, and the spurns



That patient student of professor takes,  
When he himself might his departure take  
With a fair maiden? Who would school books  
bear,

To sigh and sweat under a weary load,  
But that the dread of something at term's end,  
The undiscovered honor, (which once tried  
Few students 'ere survive) puzzles the will  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have  
Than fly to others that we know naught of.

— '03.

## Holcades Mikrai.

'Tis an ill wind that blows no one good.

A. M. Wilson, '94, was in town April 8th.

Miss Cook—"Say, there! Hold her back,  
don't hold her arm."

Misses Cook and Lea have returned to  
their old stations.

Mr. Gardner Robertson, '95, was in town  
a few days last week.

Prof. Dorris fully approves of the senti-  
ment that "man" embraces "woman."

Miss Mehard is at Hope Mission this term.  
For further particulars ask most any one.

Miss Barr returned to her home Wednes-  
day, April 3d. She is still steadily improv-  
ing.

A kiss has been defined as nothing divided  
by two. Would you prefer long or short  
division?

Spring is certainly here and just as cer-  
tainly do we, the new HOLCAD staff, blossom  
forth fresh and green.

It may be early for summer resorting, yet  
there is a girl at the Hall Given to being near  
the Lake almost daily.

Mr. Patterson, reading in German, "Er  
geht in die Schule damit—damit—I don't  
know that next word."

Miss Pierce will not be in college during  
the remainder of the year, but expects to go  
abroad with her parents.

"Deg" neglects the Hall work this term,  
for "She" has left the Hall and is rooming  
at her aunt's, Mrs. McElree's.

Jim Nelson says the last Y. W. and Y.  
M. C. A. reception was the very best he has  
ever attended. (Impenetrable joke.)

Miss Newmeyer's "perishable" Easter  
roses arrived safely on the evening train—  
8:00 p. m. the night of Good Friday.

Popular airs of bygone days are again in  
favor at Westminster. A great favorite at  
the Hall is, "Dorris, Dorris, How I Love  
You."

The new light on the Hall porch does not  
meet with the approbation of McGinness.  
Would a committee please see to having it  
removed?

Ken—"This 'Order of Buffaloes' only  
shows that the fools are not all dead yet."  
Husky Pete—"Yes? How much did it cost  
you to join?"

Echoes from last term are still resounding.  
It is even said that Miss Hanna remarked,  
"Miss Brickel, can you explain the phenom-  
enon of dikes?"

Miss Turner, at midnight, shrieking, "I  
doubt it!" Miss Woods, across the hall, in  
sympathy, "They're yours," but Miss Lea  
smilingly sleeps on.

Alexander's definition for hugging in  
basket ball is: "Hugging consists in putting  
the arm around and pressing it close to the  
body." An axiom.

Miss McLaughry is at present at the  
Markleton Sanitarium, and will not return  
to school this term. Mr. Dorris is very de-  
sirably filling her place.

We are told that in immediate juxtaposition to Reed Veazey's name Miss Brown's class roll carries that of Miss Mercer. This is given to us as a joke. Can you explain the connection?

Several new students are among us this term. Ida M. Scholl, Greenville; Howard Hazlett, Tarentum; John McC. Price, Allegheny; Florence J. Barr, Mars; J. A. Stranahan, Mercer; G. M. Dunkle.

Matthews was inquiring once: "If two equivalent circles should collide diametrically, what effect would this catastrophe have on a crystalized megalasaneins hanging by its tail from a homeogeneous rafter?"

Doctor raised the following question before a dull class in Pol. Econ.: "Now, what is that thing that goes in front of the car to protect the people on the tracks?" and Parisen answered, "The motorman."

Miss Pillow seemed greatly excited and anxious to know "What were we doing," when she found spectators were on the porch on Friday night, April 12th; but afterwards explained "she only wanted to know how she was looking."

McGinness was speaking of the utility of various metres in connection with his intention to pose as a poet. D. Josephus Boyd McKenzie Witherspoon chinned in, "You can't always tell by the metre how much gas is in it."

"Bino" and "Bruce," the B. & B. of the school, are to finish this year. The next few years their faculties will be directed to the acquirement of degrees as "Doctors of Medicine," and after that they will take life easy.

"Don't throw stones at the pears which may be found under the trees." "When

out driving don't speak too loud, for the horses carry tales." "Never speak of love while walking through a cornfield. Remember the stalks have ears."

The most perverse members of bachelordom have at last been lost in the vortex. Cochran, on the first bright day of spring, in a single half hour, encircled the campus twice with "just one girl," and Cameron was seen the same day walking with—a purpose.

Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell" has drawn forth a fervid expression from "Maj. Gen. Gamble, (care of his mother)." His translation of one portion was, "Farmer, into thy hands I commend my wife." Well, there is only one class of beings that can beat wives. That's husbands.

Among the music students Amy Annette Seidle and Mary Seidle, Worth, Pa.; Anna Adair Houston, New Wilmington; Susan Miller, Stewart Station, and Nettie L. Alexander, New Wilmington, are new comers. Jessie E. Fisher and Holland Hunter Donaldson are "renewed."

Jim Grier, too, has spoken. He thinks that if a man (as the chemists say) is decreased to about four-fifteenths of his normal weight by thorough drying, by the time the Junior chemistry class has stood two terms of Prof. Freeman's "roasts," there will be an exceeding great reduction of avoirdupois."

Ben Allison watched a cent being dissolved in nitric acid and then remarked: "It went in a good cent, bad scents came off, no cent was left, and it was not a very sensible deed." Then Boyd spake: "It should have been sent away, for without the consent of the neighbors it might have incensed them and they would resent it."

One momentous day we stood at the lower campus corner. Far down the main street our attentive ears caught the sudden sound of gentle tapping. Slowly the sound became louder—then louder still—louder than “the noise of many waters” drowning out Curry’s “curses, not loud but deep”—louder than the heavy strokes of his mighty battle—or upon strong and sturdy timbers—louder, till the thunder of Mick’s footsteps rolled by, echoed by the tread of Mary’s “stately steppings.” There were two beings “running with patience the race that was set before them,” panting as if theirs were “two hearts that beat as one.” The campus is reached and passed, the floor of the hall is spurned by flying feet, and to carry out a preconceived plan of action, McBride glides with giant strides into the German room, while Miss Lea ascends to (possibly) secure her book, (simultaneously) to recover her breath, and (really) to uphold the proprieties of the occasion. Continued in the next.

Again our attention is called to footsteps which were stepped in the days of late. The scene—the driveway to the Hall. Dramatis personæ—a graduate of our Alma Mater. The footsteps sound like the falling of dew shaken from a tree’s green leaves—light but hasty. Anxiety, horror, fear—are written upon the gentle face. With backward glance she speeds up the gravel path, each look borrowing more dread for the agonized countenance. Tripping, recovering, stumbling, recovering again, she reaches the longed-for goal and falls fainting into waiting arms—while the cow passes peaceably, quietly, unobserving on along the road below. This may not be a very high standard for graduates to set to us humbler mortals, yet the lady is not a coward. If you ask Miss Bes-

sie Stuart, ’99, for additional facts, the story may be filled out. Miss Stuart saw the whole affair.

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## Alumni Notes.

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J. A. Chambers, ’00, is teaching at Indiana State Normal.

At a meeting of Mercer Presbytery recently J. M. Ferguson, ’97, was licensed to preach.

F. B. Shoemaker, ’00, is teaching in Hookstown, Pa. He visited New Wilmington March 11.

H. R. Miller, ’99, and Gardner Robertson, ’95, of Allegheny, visited friends in the village last week.

The Rev. D. W. Berry, ’93, of Mars, conducted the devotional exercises on the opening day of this term.

Miss Sara Pearl Andrews, ex-’00, graduates this year from Maryville college, Tenn., and intends teaching next year.

A. M. Wilson, ’94, Batavia, N. Y., visited friends in New Wilmington April 8th. He is in the employ of the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R.

Thos. R. Jones, ’98, who until recently has been with the spruce Mining Co., at Eveleth, Minn., was in town for a few days during March.

W. E. Brooks, ’00, a short time since returned from Colorado to his home in Philadelphia. He expects to attend Princeton Seminary next year.

Miss Lyda Imbrie, ’00, is the author of an article in the United Presbyterian of April 12 dealing with the problem of “Reformatory Prisons for Women.”

Miss Margaret McLaughry, '74, who by reason of ill health, was obliged to give up her work as a member of the faculty, is at present at the Markleton Sanitarium, and encouraging reports of her continued improvement reaches us.

The Hon. George F. Arrel, of Youngstown, declined the tender of the office of attorney general in President McKinley's cabinet, subsequently accepted by P. C. Knox, Esq., of Pittsburg.

L. K. Peacock, '98, now a senior in Allegheny Theological Seminary, has accepted the call unanimously extended him by the congregation of Puckety and Shearersburg, located in Kiskiminetas presbytery.

The Rev. J. B. McClelland, D. D., '78, Professor of Greek in Grove City college, has been obliged by illness to give up the greater part of his work this term and seek rest and recuperation in the Mercer Sanitarium. We trust we may soon have the pleasure of noting his complete restoration to health.

W. W. Campbell, '91, director of music in Trinity University, Tehuacana, Texas, recently published in the Trinitarian an article on the subject of music which has attracted some considerable attention. He expects to be with his father in New Wilmington during commencement time.

Miss Lottie Byers, '88, of Pulaski, died at her home in that village, on March 26th. For a number of years she had taught in the schools of Homestead, but was recently obliged by illness to give up her chosen work. Miss Byers was a young woman of sterling worth, beloved by all who knew her, and her death is mourned by a wide circle of friends and acquaintances. She was a sister of O. A. Byers, '86, of Seattle, Wash., Miss

Carrie Byers, '90, of Homestead, and D. H. G. Byers, '95, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Washington.

In the death of Dr. Ralph Erskine Johnston, '89, the tragic details of which are familiar to our readers through publication in the city papers, the college is called upon to mourn the untimely death of a graduate of great promise. Dr. Johnston, after completing his professional studies with high honor, was appointed to the responsible position of resident physician in the State asylum for the insane at Danville, and while pursuing his duties there met his death at the hands of an insane patient. The sympathy of Westminster is extended to the parents and family of the deceased.

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## Music and Art.

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Photographers will soon be here.

Hattie Cook is again back at her place in the art studio.

Art is the expression of man's joy in his work.—*Elbert Hubbard.*

Laura Turner is devoting her time this term to the special arts. Ask Laura which she likes the best.

The latest songs and the most popular at the Hall are, "I'am Going to Get Married, Mamma, Mamma," and "He's Just Like All the Men." For copies of the same apply at music rooms, second floor, Ladies' Hall.

After class rush on Monday morning, April 8th, the art room somewhat resembled the ruins of a fire. But by some mistake of the Sophomores, some fine china belonging to Miss Hodgens was found buried under debris uninjured.



The death of Mr. John Stainer, Mus. Doc., occurred recently. Mr. Stainer was a shining example of the excellent foundation of musical knowledge, derived from the duties of a clever chorister. He was an admirable and efficient musician in all branches, but his great excellence resided in his organ playing and accompaniments. The music of the Crucifixion, now under study in the chorus class, is one of his compositions.

The lecture course for this year closed Thursday evening, April 8th, with a lecture entitled, "The Work of the Roycrofters," by Elbert Hubbard. The lecturer placed before his audience so vivid a picture of his work in the little town of East Aurora, N. Y., that every one present left with the desire to visit him and learn more of the work. Even though we do not altogether agree with the lecturer's opinions on certain questions, yet we cannot help admiring him. It is not only the lecture, but the man himself that wins for Mr. Hubbard the admiration of his audience. The lecture committee could certainly have prepared no better feast for the close of the course.

The preliminary contest was held in the college chapel on Tuesday evening, April 9th, at eight o'clock. The contestants on the program numbered six, but by the illness of one of the number, James Briceland, but five delivered their orations. Each oration was stamped with the mark of thorough preparation and the manner of delivery revealed to the audience the true spirit of the orator. First place was awarded to W. Bruce McCrory, '01, with Earl D. Miller, '02, holding second place. Following was the program:

- First Oration, - The Hero's March of Triumph.  
James Briceland.  
Second Oration, - The Divine in the Human.  
Harry C. Hildebrand.  
Third Oration, - - The Light that Failed.  
W. Bruce McCrory.  
Piano Solo, - - - By Miss Mary Ferguson.  
Fourth Oration, - - - Ourselves or Others.  
Earl D. Miller.  
Fifth Oration, - - - - The Battle Royal.  
Scott Thompson.  
Sixth Oration, - - - - Liberty the Ideal.  
Gilbert F. Zehner.  
Vocal Solo, - - - - Prof. Peterson  
Decision of Judges.  
Judges—Rev. S. W. McKelvey, Mercer; Rev  
S. A. Kirkbride, Leesburg; A. S. Miller, Esq.  
Pittsburg.

The College Glee and Mandolin clubs, assisted by Miss Acheson, gave a concert Monday evening, March 5, 1901, in Orr's Opera House, Mercer. Miss Acheson's selections were given in her usual charming manner. Prof. Peterson was unable to render his selection because of a severe cold. The program was as follows:

## PART I.

- (a) Our Mother Fair, Westminster.  
(b) Kuecken, - - - - Lizette.  
Le Barge, - - - - Entr'acte.  
Macy, - - - - The Water Mill.  
Richard Harding Davis, "Her First Appearance."  
Miss Acheson.

Macy. Simple Simon.

Scene 1. His name.

- " 2. Simon's March and his meeting with the  
crafty vender of pies.  
" 3. Simon's cheeky and hopeless request.  
" 4. The pie-man's prompt and startling  
question.  
" 5. Simon's humiliating confession.

Remarks suggested by the foregoing tale.

## PART II

- Hatton, - - - - Bugle Song.  
Korbay, - - - - Two Hungarian Melodies.  
(a) "Far and High the Cranes Give Cry."  
(b) "Shepherd, See thy Horse's Foaming Mane."  
Mr. Peterson.

Fischer, - - - - The Three Glasses.  
 Mrs. Burton Harrison, - "Behind a Curtain."  
                                 Miss Acheson.  
 (a) Schumann, - - - - "O, Sonnenschein."  
 (b) Bullard, - - - - Winter Song.  
 MacClurg, - - - - Brewster Waltzes.  
 Witt, - - - - Evening Hymn.  
 Gounod (Benediction) "Domine, Salvam Fac."

## Athletics.

In the issue of the HOLCAD for January attention was directed to a conference on inter-collegiate athletics proposed by the authorities of West Virginia University with a view to the adoption of measures designed to bring about the same general conditions in the colleges in the southern section of our local athletic constituency that obtain in the colleges of the Inter-collegiate League. Accordingly on March 23d, on the initiative of the institution mentioned, the conference met in Allegheny. The league colleges were invited to attend and report their experience in the securing and maintaining of "clean athletics." Westminster was represented by W. B. McCrory, '01. The rules of eligibility to athletic teams, as required by the University of Minnesota, were, with some modifications, adopted, and provision made for the referring of these rules to the athletic committees of the various institutions in question. The colleges represented were, Allegheny, Geneva and Westminster of the Inter-collegiate League, Washington and Jefferson, Bethany, Western University of Pennsylvania and West Virginia University. We trust, now that our sister colleges have awakened to the necessity for athletic reform, that they will have the courage to carry out the work thus begun, and that the deplorable "muckerism" that has so long

marred college sport will be finally and forever banished from track, field and floor.

\* \* \* \* \*

In view of the above, the sincerity of one of the above colleges referred to is seriously called into question by the following clipping from a recent Pittsburg paper:

"Fred Moore, a young ball player of New Castle, will go to Washington this week where he will join the W. and J. college team. Moore is a good pitcher and will do the heavy work for the collegians this spring."

And by the following:

"Charley Gibson left for Washington this week where he will enter school and catch for the ball team."—*Mercer Dispatch*.

So the old order remaineth. With the two specially employed men and the two "graduates" to "strengthen" her Glee Club, and a "star" orator who could easily be discovered in or around Pittsburg, and "induced," is there any reason why the college in question should not make a glorious record this spring in every field of academic activity?

\* \* \* \* \*

It has been decided by the track team to decline the invitation to a meet at Washington under the auspices of the Washington and Jefferson Athletic association and to invite the colleges of the Inter-collegiate League to hold the league meet this spring in New Wilmington. For the past five years, (except in 1899, when the games at Pittsburg were prevented by rain), Westminster has been second place and has been Washington and Jefferson's foremost rival. Last year the points were W. & J. 63, Westminster 57.

\* \* \* \* \*

Upon receipt of the letter from Mana-

ger McCague declining the invitation, a rather amusing communication appeared in the *Pittsburg Times*. Apparently statements had been sent for publication by two different correspondents, and the editor had combined them. One of these statements was a dignified presentation of the case, setting forth *inter alia* that "Westminster, together with nearly all the colleges in the western end of the State, was invited some time ago to participate in the annual event here, and it was confidently expected that the Westminster team would accept as usual this year. The announcement of their refusal was received with great disappointment. Westminster has always been the most prominent competitor of W. & J., and the withdrawal of the team of that college will detract materially from the interest of the meet." The second part of the item, after speaking of the widely sent invitations, went on to indicate the impossibility of holding the meet without Westminster, and concluded by saying: "The only college besides W. & J. that has ever made any kind of a showing in the annual meet is W. U. P., and Manager Evans will attempt to arrange a dual meet and bar all colleges."

The action of the athletic association in declining the invitation to a field meet at Washington is commendable. This being an invitation meet W. & J. has all the advantages and the other contestants have the disadvantages. Our track team last year would have won had they been able to enter as many men as their opponents. The inter-class meet should serve as a good substitute for the regular preliminary meet, and our track team should be as strong as that of last year.

At Braddock, on Friday evening, March 8th, our basket ball team met defeat at the

hands of C. A. C. Westminster defeated the same team earlier in the season in the home gymnasium. The score was very close until near the end of the game, when C. A. C. introduced some team work which added to their score, thus winning the game. The score was 28 to 38. The line-up and officials were :

C. A. C.	WESTMINSTER.
Hinderer.....	R. F.....Kuhn.
Rosenbloom.....	L. F.....Moore.
Dowling.....	C.....Wright
Morrison.....	R. G.....Kennedy.
Mulholland.....	L. G.....Porter.
Referee—Cartwright    Umpire—Degelman.	

On Saturday evening, March 9th, our team was again defeated by the crack H. L. A. C. team at Homestead. In the first half the playing of Westminster was mediocre. But in the second half the boys all played the game as it should be played. Brilliant shooting by Wright was the feature of the game. Homestead had taken such a lead in the first half that they could not be overtaken, but they were shown up in the second, Westminster scoring 17 points to Homestead 8. The final score was 21 to 28. We were well treated by the Homestead team and also by the management, but the actions of Homestead in connection with the D. C. & A. C. championship series cannot be approved. The importing of professionals and the cancellation of dates when defeat is imminent does much to kill amateur sports, and cannot be sanctioned by the sportsmanlike supporters of basket ball.

The last game of the inter-collegiate series was played at Beaver Falls between Geneva and Westminster. The game was won by Geneva by a score of 24 to 14. This decides the championship with Allegheny at one end of the list and Westminster the other. We are at the wrong end, but the baseball season

s just here, and we may make the boast that we will not take a back seat for any team in this end of the State. In the Geneva game the principal actors for Westminster were Kennedy and Wright. The score and line-up follow :

WESTMINSTER.		GENEVA.	
B. Elliott.....	F.....	Edgar.	
Moore.....	F.....	Thompson.	
Wright.....	C.....	Patterson.	
Kennedy.....	G.....	Leach.	
Kuhn.....	G.....	Elliott.	

Goals from field, B. Elliott 2, Wright 2, Kennedy, Edgar 3, Thompson 2, Patterson 3, Leech Elliot. Goals from fouls — Moore 3, Porter 1, Thompson 4. Final score, Westminster 14, Geneva 24.

The last basket ball game of the season was played on Saturday night, April 6, by the Freshmen and Sophomores. The first half was well played by both teams and was exceptionally free from fouls, the half ending 8 to 4 in favor of the Freshman team. The second half was roughly played and was a walkover for the Freshmen, the Sophomores failing to get any field goals. Final score, Freshmen 20, Sophomores 5. The line up was as follows:

FRESHMEN.		SOPHOMORES.	
Moore.....	F.....	Degelman.	
Christy.....	F.....	Houston.	
Zuever .....	C.....	R. Veazey.	
Stewart.....	G.....	R. Kennedy.	
T. Kennedy.....	G.....	R. Work.	

Field goals, Moore 2, Christy 4, Zuver, Stewart, T. Kennedy and R. Kennedy 2. Goals from fouls, Moore 2, Houston 1.

The baseball team has begun practice and the first scheduled game is on May 4th, with W. & J. The positions will all be filled by experienced players, and the team should be the strongest we have put out for a long time. The rooters will soon be on the side lines. Let them root for all they are worth, and root all the time, but do it with a good

spirit. There are two kinds of rooting. Let Westminster have the right kind.

The following base ball schedule has been arranged:

Saturday, May 4, W. & J., at New Wilmington.  
 Wednesday, May 8, Waynesburg at New Wilmington.  
 Saturday, May 11, Geneva at Beaver Falls.  
 Saturday, May 18, Geneva at New Wilmington.  
 Tuesday, May 21, Bethany at New Wilmington.  
 Thursday, May 30, Johnstown (2) at Johnstown.  
 Friday, May 31, Indiana State Normal at Indiana.  
 Saturday, June 1, Homestead at Homestead.  
 Monday, June 3, W. & J. at Washington.  
 Tuesday, June 4, Waynesburg at Waynesburg.  
 Wednesday, June 12, State College at Bellefonte.  
 Monday, June 17, Homestead at New Wilmington.

Games are being arranged with Allegheny college and Slippery Rock normal.

#### Worth Knowing.

England spends about \$600,000 a year in the purchase of canary birds.

The proportion of divorces to marriages in Rhode Island is about 1 to 8.

About one-sixteenth of the paper output of the world is converted into books.

Alaska has only .11 of an inhabitant to the square mile.

In 1790 Pennsylvania had a colored population of 10,274.

The United States buys matches from Germany and Sweden.

California could be cut up into three States about the size of New York.

In density of population Arizona has 1.09 inhabitants to the square mile.

Virginia had the largest population of any of the states at the first census in 1790.

The outdoor sporting tastes of the Emperor of Japan range from lawn tennis to football.



## Exchanges.

### The Poet's Soul.

Within his soul are singing birds,  
And diamond thoughts and golden words,  
Mountains, meadows, lowing herds,  
Within his soul.

And joy and sorrow, darkness, light,  
Sunshine and shadow, day and night,  
Hatred of wrong and love of right;

And one eternal, constant prayer,  
A hunger and a thirst are there,  
For deathless deeds to do, to dare—  
Within his soul.

The words of a man's mouth tell no more  
of the meditations of his heart than the voice  
of a dinner bell tells the quality of the dinner.

"Don't trouble to open your mouth any wider," said the dentist to his patient. "I intend to stand on the outside and draw your tooth."—*Ex.*

At Bowdoin there is no compulsory chapel attendance, but a record is kept and forwarded to the parents, in this way making the parents responsible.

No man knows any one, except himself, whom he judges fit to set free from the coercion of laws and to be abandoned entirely to his own choice.—*Johnson.*

The train it is a wicked thing,  
The engine smokes all day,  
And drags along the chew chew cars  
And tanks up by the way.

The teacher of a Sabbath school class approached one little fellow who was present for the first time and inquired his name, for the purpose of placing it on the roll. "Well," said the youngster, "they they call me Jimmie for short, but my maiden name is James." *Boston Christian Register.*

### Call Ye Not Common.

A sculptor searching for a picce of stone  
Whereon to carve an image of his mind,  
Saw—cast aside, by every one despised—  
A block of common marble. Half inclined

To pass it by, he took a second thought;  
And chiseled it, until there stood in view,  
As if by hand far more than human wrought  
A noble statue, form and feature true.

In every human soul God has designed  
An holy image fashioned from his own.  
It but awaits the touch of love divine;  
Each soul is something more than "common  
stone." C. O. R. —*Ex.*

"The latest law in Physics: The deportment of the pupil varies directly as the distance from the teacher's desk."

A night of fretful passion may consume  
All that thou hast of beauty's gentle bloom;  
And one distemper'd hour of sordid fear  
Print on thy brow the wrinkles of a year.

"I am not much of a mathematician," said a cigarette, "but I can add to a man's nervous troubles; I can subtract from his physical energy; I can multiply his aches and pains and I can divide his mental powers; I can take interest from his work and discount his chance of success.

The bald headed man in his family pew,  
Leaned back on the cushion and slumbered,  
And he dreamed that the preacher these words had proclaimed:

"The hairs of your head are all numbered!"

The bald headed man now woke with a start  
From his weekly devotional slumbers,  
Then he sank to his knees and fervently prayed  
"O, Lord send me down the back numbers."

—*Ex.*

In an examination the students were required to give the principal parts of "to skate." One of them did it as follows: "Skate, slippere, falleri, bumptum." The professor marked his paper: "Fail, failere, flunxi, suspensum."—*Lombard Review.*

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# THE HOLCAD.

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## THE HOLCAD, NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

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BE gentle and keep your voice low.—[FRA EMBERTUS.

THE season for contests is fast approaching. There will be more or less rivalry between opposing factions. Our enthusiasm may lead us to forget ourselves in our anxiety as to the result. If we be contestants let us strain every reasonable effort to win, always remembering, however, that to lose honestly is better than to win through dishonesty. As winners let us celebrate the victory by every honorable method, but whether

winners or losers, let us remember that we are gentlemen and conduct ourselves accordingly.

MANY dailies make little or no effort to engage competent correspondents. Startling specials fill the columns, the commonplace facts of events are highly colored, honest readers are deceived—all through the vivid imagination of the unscrupulous correspondent. Our own college has not escaped the eagle eye of this employed prevaricator. Few institutions do escape him for men of his stamp can be found everywhere. He is decidedly popular among lovers of the sensational, and as that class wields a powerful influence over modern dailies, efforts to expel this malefactor in journalism will for a time, no doubt, be fruitless.

THE daily papers recently contained reports of the uprising of Russian university students against the governmental authorities. The attack of the students was unprovoked and seems to have been impelled by that spirit of restlessness so characteristic of college students and which in some way finds expression. To keep this spirit within proper limits our American colleges provide gymnasiums and athletic fields in which the students' muscular energies may be manifested.

In Russia no such provision is made and athletic sports are unknown. Should the Russian educators be permitted to adopt the athletic system now in vogue in this country the number of lawless outbreaks of the Slavonic students would, perhaps, be greatly diminished.

Is the desire for high grades the best incentive to study? What do the grades mean? Simply the figure at which the professor rates your efficiency. You may receive a grade too small or too large, according as your ability is shown in class or in examinations. If it is too large others may not suspect it, possibly not even yourself. But if a grade is considered too small the grade-hunter immediately conceives a dislike for the instructor and a lasting hatred for the study in which he was marked so low. Studies thus becoming odious are never mastered.

By looking for grades and grades alone, the love for learning for its own sake is smothered. Investigation outside the text-book is not undertaken since no credit is given for it. The desire to think for one's self never enters the mind. The text-book must be mastered.

Can one not carry the desire to excel too far? Does it not frequently master him and cause exaltation of self and a morbid pleasure in the failure of others? The world will not judge you by the grades you receive at college. It will judge you by the amount of thinking you can do and the amount of faithful persistent work you are willing to do.

ANOTHER inter-collegiate oratorical contest has become an event of the past and Westminster's standard has not yet

been lowered. For this contest, as for former ones, three judges were secured whose duty it was to judge closely and impartially the thought, composition and delivery of every speaker and rank him accordingly. Copies of every oration were sent to each judge, by the secretary of the association, with instructions to grade each paper on thought and composition before the time of the contest. So far as could be learned two of the judges had made no record of these grades. To keep in mind at least fourteen different grades under such circumstances is out of the question. The result was that after an unnecessary delay a decision was given which brought surprise to all who heard the contest, and disappointment, mingled with indignation, to those who it was generally expected would win.

The difficulty seems to be in securing judges who realize the seriousness of the situation and who will faithfully carry out the instructions given them by the secretary of the association. Cannot a remedy be secured for this?

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Small service is true service while it lasts;  
Of friends, however humble, scorn not one;  
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,  
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.  
—Wordsworth.

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—It is more shameful to distrust people than to be deceived by them.—Elbert Hubbard.

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Then gently scan yer brother man,  
Still gentler sister woman,  
Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,  
To step aside is human.  
—Burns.



# The Blue and White Broadcast

Vol. 2.

Westminster College, September, 1940

No. 11



*This issue presents the Blue and White Broadcast in a new form. We hope you find it to your liking.*

*—the editor*

## Gotham Alumni Gather For Annual Dinner



Banquet scene as New York alumni met at the historic Fraunce's Tavern in lower Manhattan. In the foreground standing, are, left to right, Judge Charles McMahon, Westminster coach, 1908-9; Robert Russell Brown, '10, president of the New York Alumni group; President Galbreath; and former judge, John Fisher MacLane, '99.

Fraunce's Tavern is one of the most

cherished of New York's colonial buildings. Erected in 1719, the Tavern first served as the residence of Etienne De Laucy, a wealthy Huguenot; later was a store; and in 1762 was opened as Queens Head Tavern.

Here, in 1783, in the Tavern's Long Room, Colonel George Washington bade farewell to his officers. In 1907, it was restored by the Sons of the Revolution, who now use it as their headquarters.

## New Men's Cooperative To Open October 15

Jeffers Hall, new men's cooperative dormitory, will be ready for occupancy October 15th, according to President R. F. Galbreath. A two-week's delay in opening the new housing unit came through striking solid rock in the excavating.

Jeffers Hall is named for Westminster's third president, Dr. E. Tupper Jeffers, who served the college for eleven years, from 1872 until 1883. The building will be constructed of red brick, with composition slate-roof.

The new cooperative, costing \$35,000, when furnished, will house 40 men and accommodate 60 for meals. The majority of the rooms in Jeffers Hall will be for two men, and will include twin-beds, combination bureau and desk, chairs and closets.

Men living in the new cooperative receive room and board for \$200 a year. Inspired by and financed by Mr. J. S. Mack, of McKeesport, Jeffers Hall will symbolize the college's efforts to aid deserving young men of good scholarship to go to college through economical living costs.

Rev. J. Harold Guy, ex-'31, assumed his new duties as assistant to Dr. George Clark Vincent, pastor of the Union Congregational church, Montclair, N. J., September 1.

Vol. 2                      September, 1940                      No. 11

The blue and White Broadcast is published monthly by Westminster College, New Wilmington, Pennsylvania, for the interest of alumni. The Westminster College Alumni Association den Williams, '28, ice-president; Albert Smith,

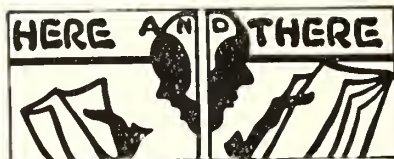
### Officers 1940-41

Robert D. Ferguson, '27, president; James Hal-'37, secretary; Elizabeth M. McBane, '01, treasurer; Mrs. Harvey Coleman, '16, auditor.

**BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE COUNCIL:** Mrs. Margaret Cleland Swartz, '16; J. Roy Mercer, '08; William McElwee, Jr., '97; Laura Turner, '05; Norman Igo, '09.

Wallace R. Biggs..... Blue and White Editor  
Entered as second class matter Nov. 8, 1893, at the post office at New Wilmington, Pa., under the Act of August 24, 1912.

**DISTRICT PRESIDENTS:** Edward F. Jarrow, '24, Cleveland, Ohio; James Raymond McGeorge, '34, Lawrence County, Pennsylvania; R. R. Brown, '10, New York City; Roland G. Deevers, '02, Pittsburgh; Rev. James M. Russell, '12, Akron, O.; Earl K. Lostetter, '18, Mercer County, Pa.; John P. Jones, '27, Oungstown, O.; Carl McNary, '10, Erie; Mrs. Helen Duff Shearer, '13, Philadelphia; Rev. James Y. Jackson, '24, New England (Whitinsville, Mass.).



Attending the class reunion of the 1912 class of Indiana University, along with Wendell Willkie, Republican nominee for presidency of the United States, was Dr. James Swindler, head of the Westminster department of physics. Dr. Swindler and Willkie attended the same algebra class

## Visitor On Campus

Recent visitor to the Blue and White Broadcast office was Bob Greer, '36, now in his senior year in Harvard medical school, Boston.

Last year Bob spent a year of special observation in New York's finest hospital, the Presbyterian, in north Manhattan. The Titans' ace-tennis star while in college, Bob hasn't found time to play as much at Harvard as he did at Westminster. Most of his classmates, Bob says, are Southerners and Westerners instead of eastern collegians.

## Music Grads Collaborate

Two outstanding music graduates of Westminster, Cecil Bowles, '37, pianist, and Monas Harlan, '38, tenor, gave several concerts in Lawrence county during August.

Mr. Bowles is supervisor of music in Mercer, (Pa.) schools, and Mr. Harlan is a graduate of the Juillard school of Music, New York City, where he will take post-graduate work this year.

## Increase in Number Of Alumni Chapters Urged This Year

There are at present ten alumni chapters, located in Cleveland, Ohio; Lawrence county; New York City; Pittsburgh; Akron, Ohio; Mercer county; Youngstown, Ohio; Erie; Philadelphia; and New England. BUT there should be more.

There are enough alumni in Chicago; Buffalo, N. Y.; Washington, D. C.; Miami, Florida; Rochester, N. Y.; Los Angeles; and Detroit, for alumni chapters. It doesn't take 50 or 100 graduates and former students to create an alumni chapter. Fifteen or twenty is a sufficient number . . . enough to get together some evening for a dinner, songs, conversation, and "re-living the college days" over again.

Any interested alumnus from one of the above eight cities, may secure from the Westminster News Bureau a com-

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Newest alumni group is the New England chapter of Westminster graduates, which was reorganized this year, with Rev. James Y. Jackson, '24, of Whitinsville, Mass., as president. About 25 attended the reorganization dinner.

Secretary of the chapter is Mrs. Wilian Hendricks, (Harriet Cox, '21) Clinton, Mass.

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plete list of the alumni in the immediate district, so that a new alumni group can be formed. The obligation is not a great one—meeting once a year is not a great task for any alumni group.

The News Bureau will send you a forty-minute Kodachrome movie film of "Life at Westminster", an exhibit of mounted pictures, or whatever you think you will need to put your meeting across.

Don't wait until next week, or next month. Get together with one or two other alumni TODAY . . . and begin planning for a meeting this fall.

## Marriage Relations —A New Course—

Westminster's new "Marriage Relations" course, with two hours credit, open to seniors only, gets under way this year.

Built on the lecture and open-forum plan, the course will include lectures from seven authorities, opening with Dr. Gilbert Taylor's lecture on "History of the Family", and closing with a lecture, "The Integrated Family", by Mrs. P. C. Hawkins, social service expert from Cleveland, Ohio.

Listed among the lectures are: "Sociological Import of the Family", Dr. Bingham Duncan; "Psychological Adjustments Before Marriage", and "Courting Days", Prof. William Reuter; "Who Should Get Married?", Dr. Donald Matthews, course-organizer; "The Marriage Vows", Dr. R. F. Galbreath; "Children, of Course", Dr. Matthews; "Laws of Divorce", Mr. Thomas Mansell; "Economics of Marriage", Prof. Ross Ellis; "Life Insurance and Family Financing", Prof. Herbert C. Graebner; "Getting the Most for One's Money", Mrs. Hawkins; and "The Home-Economics of Marriage", Mrs. Hawkins.

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## Ferguson Hall To Open At Mid-Semesters

Ferguson Hall, Westminster's new women's dormitory, now under construction, is scheduled for occupancy by the opening of the second semester.

The \$225,000 structure, which will house 110 women, is named in honor of Westminster's fifth president, Dr. Robert Gracey Ferguson.

One of the features of the new dormitory will be an underground tunnel connecting it with Browne Hall, so that co-eds will not have to go out into the rain and cold weather in order to get back and forth to the dining hall, to be located in Ferguson Hall



## Titans Face Bethany -- Homecoming Day

Coach Grover Washabaugh's 1940 Titan grid-squad will be heavier weighted with freshmen than at any other time during the past five years, but the squad spirit is at the same time much better than usual.

Washabaugh refuses to make predictions, but says his squad will show a lot of fight; and that there will be an abundance of wide-open play. The lightness of his line and an abundance of good passers in the back-field will probably force the Titan grid-ders into a passing offensive.

Only five varsity men are on the squad this year: Pete Evanoff, 150-pound shifty back from Erie; Dick Newton, Ellwood City fullback, who will probably call signals; Ted Ossoff, Oil City sophomore end; Tony Valicenti, Mt. Lebanon senior, who alternates at half and quarter; and Bob Washabaugh, sophomore end and son of Coach Grover Washabaugh.

Only two Titans will go over the 200 pound marker, Davis and Harris, freshmen tackles. The Titan line will average about 180 pounds.

Starters for the Edinboro-Westminster game at Edinboro, September 21, were, as named by Washabaugh just prior to the game:

LE Washabaugh (170)  
LT Davis (205)  
LG Horton (180)  
C Wilson (170)  
RG Lane (170)  
RT Harris (200)  
RE Ossoff (165)  
Q Riggle (175)  
LH J. Demoise (150)  
RH Evanoff (150)  
FB Newton (160)

"End-trouble" is bothering Washabaugh. Outside of Bob Washabaugh and Ossoff, both sophomores, the Titans are without good ends, with the exception of Frisch, junior linemen. The Titans have four tackles of first-string calibre and five guards; and will not be troubled at the center-post, in spite of the loss of Captain Dale Youkers, last year's pivot-man. Washabaugh's light-weight back-field will probably be forced to play a fast deceptive game, using the aerial

route more than Titan teams in the past.

The Edinboro game will really test the Titan strength, since Edinboro has always in the past been regarded as a "win", by a margin of a touchdown or two. Edinboro improved last year, however, and held the Titans to a 7-6 win. This year, the two teams should be about equal in strength.

Titan gridders got their first taste of "big-time" football against the Univer-

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Sept. 21—Edinboro, Edinboro  
Sept 28—U. of W. Va, Morgantown  
Oct. 5—Slippery Rock, home  
Oct. 10—Youngstown, away (night)  
Oct. 19—Bethany, home (H. Coming)  
Oct. 26—Thiel College, home  
Nov. 2—Geneva, Beaver Falls  
Nov. 9—Grove City, Grove City

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sity of West Virginia at Morgantown Saturday, September 28, the first A-calibre game since the Fordham contest in 1934 in New York.

Homecoming this year has been set for September 19, against Bethany, for the past few years about one touchdown better than the Titans. The game, however, should be a "spectators' game," with the two teams fairly evenly balanced.

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Westminster, 26	—	Edinboro, 0
Westminster, 0		U. of W. Va., 47

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If Washabaugh can hold this year's team together, he has prospects of a winning eleven in 1941 or 1942, with only two seniors and two juniors on this year's squad.

Westminster home-games are: Oct. 5, Slippery Rock; Oct. 19, Bethany; and Oct-26, Thiel. Check off October 19 on your calendar— as HOMECOMING DAY.



## **Heads Pittsburgh Alumni**



**ROLAND G. DEEVERS**

Roland G. Deevers, '02., principal of Taylor-Alderdice high school, Pittsburgh, and president of the Pittsburgh alumni chapter, will be remembered by his classmates, among other things, because he was one of the mile relay team that won first at the University of Pennsylvania relays in 1902. Other members were Hugh Lambie, P. H. Yourd, and J. A. Veazey.

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## **Tentative Homecoming Schedule**

Decoration of all campus dormitories and fraternity houses

Morning Chapel Service

Alumni Luncheon, dormitory

Special dormitory luncheons

All-Alumni tea, following game, general reading room, library.

All-Alumni, all-college dance in Gymnasium, 8:30

Awarding of Homecoming-decorations  
Cups

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A complete accurate Homecoming Schedule will appear in the October Blue and White, which will reach you a few days before Homecoming.

## **Collegians Cycle To Mexico City And Back, 3,500 Miles On Wheels**

Bob Erzinger, '42, pre-legal sophomore from Illinois, says "cycle to Mexico if you want plenty of adventure".

Cycling from Chicago to Mexico City and return, a total of over 3,500 miles, Erzinger accompanied during most of the journey by Roger Lawshe, '42, of Maryland, and an Illinois college sophomore, traveled for 60 days on a total of \$60.

Listed among the adventures during the 60-day period were three highway accidents; a day and night in a Mexican jail for getting pushed through a Mexico City jewelry store window during a riotous election day; held up by bandits along the highway; a wild Mexican mountain cycle-ride, without brakes, while descending from 10,000 to 5,000 foot level; playing poker with Mexican army generals; and dozens of other experiences.

Two years ago, Erzinger cycled 1,000 miles through Scotland and England. His cycle, purchased in Glasgow, Scotland, is equipped with six gears, for mountain climbing.

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## **Well-Known Alumni Dies**

Died: Dr. Ross T. Campbell, '89, pastor of the Robinson Run church, McDonald, Pa., Monday, August 18, while in Circleville, Ohio, on vacation, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. Wray Henry.

Born in Clifton, Ohio, 1863, Dr. Robinson graduated from Westminster and Allegheny and Xenia theological seminaries. Dr. Campbell spent forty years in the field of education. For ten years he was principal of the Pawnee academy, Pawnee City, Nebraska; seven years, president of Amity college, College Springs, Iowa; and 23 years, president of Sterling college, Sterling, Kansas.

# "The Time Has Come," The Walrus Said, "To Think Of . . . . . Your Alumni Dues"

The following Westminsterites have paid their 1940 Alumni Dues. Their names are being printed because they deserve recognition as being those alumni who are helping keep a strong link between the college and its 5,000 alumni, scattered through forty-seven states and fifteen foreign countries.

These are not the only loyal Westminster alumni. There are many others, who have given freely of both time and money for various occasions; but this is an important list. Without these 139 names there would probably be no Blue and White Broadcast. These 139 Westminster graduates and former students are tangible evidence that alumni are keenly interested in knowing what is going on on the Westminster campus. Their encouragement, shown by their annual dues, is important.

Westminster pays approximately \$1,-000 a year to send you the Blue and White Broadcast twelve times a year. You receive the Blue and White regardless of whether you pay your dues. But . . . the more alumni who pay their annual two dollar dues the better becomes the Blue and White as a publication. If he number of "dues received" becomes too small, the Blue and White Broadcast would probably cease to exist.

**If you are not in the list, please send a two dollar check today to Miss Elizabeth McBane, Alumni Treasurer, New Wilmington, Pa., for your dues up to June, 1941.**

### (Paid Before Alumni Day)

J. A. Alexander, Crafton  
Carroll S. Anderson, Mercer  
Mary Blackwood, Cleveland Heights, Ohio  
W. W. Braham, New Castle  
C. D. Breaden, Butler  
Mrs. F. Donaldson, Meadville  
Dr. H. H. Donaldson, Pittsburgh  
Mrs. H. H. Donaldson, Pittsburgh  
Letitia Elliott, New Wilmington  
James G. Gamble, Carnegie  
Dr. S. C. Gamble, Butler  
J. Clyde Gilfillan, New Castle  
Hugh F. Given, Indiana  
Ben G. Graham, Pittsburgh  
Dorothy Jean Grant, Canonsburg  
Mrs. H. Gregg, Pittsburgh  
Dr. Harry N. Holmes, Oberlin, O.  
Mrs. J. H. Hopkins, Laurel, Md.  
Fred C. Houston, Ben Avon  
T. M. Huston, Blairsville  
Roy M. Jamison, New Castle  
Thomas R. Jones, New Wilmington  
Sara Virginia Knox, Taylorstown  
Dr. J. G. King, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.  
William H. King, Geneva, O.  
Melvin Kepper, Ambridge

Mrs. H. M. Lashley, St. Louis, Mo.  
Geo. A. Lewis, Elizabeth  
Marian Lewis, Elizabeth  
J. Gordon Mack, McKeesport  
Corinne Mercer, New Wilmington  
J. Merle Minter, Canfield, O.  
Rev. J. M. McCalmont, Glenshaw  
Dr. D. T. McCalmont, New Wilmington  
William McElwee, r., New Wilmington  
Mrs. W. McElwee, Jr., New Wilmington  
S. W. McGinness, Pittsburgh  
Walter A. McKean, Pittsburgh  
Dr. Elizabeth McLaughry, New Wilmington  
James A. McLaughry, Mercer  
Dr. J. M. McNall, Woodville  
D. W. McNaugher, Pittsburgh  
John E. Nelson, Pittsburgh  
Margaret Nelson, Oil City  
Mrs. Hugh Nevin, Pittsburgh  
William M. Orr, Pittsburgh  
H. R. Patton, Pittsburgh  
Harry Pythyon, Carrollton, O.  
Dr. Paul P. Riggle, Washington  
W. G. Robertson, Atlantic, Iowa  
Thomas A. Sampson, Mercer  
C. W. Sankey, Clarion, Iowa  
Dr. Arch R. Robinson, Pittsburgh  
J. F. Shrader, Philadelphia  
Mrs. J. F. Shrader, Haverford  
Jean Shrader, Haverford  
Bessie C. Smith, Steubenville, O.  
Carl H. Smith, Steubenville, O.  
Mrs. J. H. Spencer, Wooster, O.  
Rev. W. P. Stevenson, Maryville, Tenn.  
Nancy Irene Thompson, W. View  
T. G. Thompson, Shaker Heights, O.  
T. P. Trimble, Pittsburgh  
C. C. Vance, Pittsburgh  
Mrs. T. G. Thompson, Shaker Heights, O.  
Frances H. Wallace, Mercer  
Mrs. Samuel Warren, Mt. Pleasant,  
Dr. Archie W. Warren, Canton, O.  
Dr. W. H. Wood, Tarentum  
Dr. C. H. Wilson, W. Hartford, Conn.  
Guy G. Yoltton, Latrobe

### (Paid after Alumni Day, 1940)

Rev. D. E. Alter, Mussoorie, India  
Helen Andrew, Kenmore, N. .  
Lida Armstrong, Los Angeles, Cal.  
Mrs. M. G. Bryce, Laguna Beach, Cal.  
Mrs. J. A. Blair, Pittsburgh  
W. J. Caldwell, Wheeling, W. Va.  
Mrs. Clifford Cooper, Titusville  
Eugene Carr, Cleveland, O.  
Mrs. J. W. Cummings, Houston  
Mrs. Herbert Dewar, Elizabeth  
Clara C. Dickey, Pittsburgh  
Grace Dickey, NS, Pittsburgh  
Mabel Dickey, Pittsburgh  
Margaret Dickson, Canonsburg  
Dr. J. M. Ferguson, Pittsburgh  
Russell Forbes, New York City  
E. H. Frazer, Pittsburgh  
Rev. J. M. Guthrie, Oneonta, N. Y.

Rev. A. A. Graham, Cambridge, Mass.  
William A. Heagen, Ezel, Ky.  
M. M. Houston, Rochester, N. Y.  
Genevieve Houston, New Wilmington  
Mary M. Jamieson, Bellevue  
Dorothy Kirkbride, New Wilmington  
Mrs. Elma C. Kennedy, Bellevue  
Catherine Pearl Jones, Youngstown, O.  
Dr. Raymon Kistler, Jenkintown  
Mary Lambie, Pittsburgh  
I. E. Long, Edgewood, Pittsburgh  
W. H. Long, Pittsburgh  
Alice Maxwell, Palo Alto, Cal.  
Dr. J. R. Millin, Penny Farms, Fla.  
Jean Moffatt, Drexel Hill  
Dr. E. C. McCowan, Pittsburgh  
V. B. McCrory, Pittsburgh  
John G. McKay, Miami, Fla.  
Dr. M. Ida McKee, Oil City  
May McKelvey, New Wilmington  
Dr. R. C. McKelvey, Mt. Lebanon  
Mrs. R. C. McKelvey, Mt. Lebanon  
John F. MacLane, New York City  
Alexander McNaugher, Pittsburgh  
Dr. Samuel McNaugher, Pittsburgh  
Dr. W. H. McPeak, Warrendale  
Mrs. W. H. McPeak, Warrendale  
Erma Paden, Poland, O.  
Ada C. Park, Pittsburgh  
Mary J. Park, Pittsburgh  
Jean E. Purucker, Sewickley  
Margaret E. Reeher, New Castle  
David D. Rowlands, Downers Grove, Ill.  
Dr. R. M. Russell, Jr., Tuscon, Ariz.  
Mrs. W. W. Shafer, San Marino, Cal.  
Jean B. Snow, Franklin  
Mrs. Peter M. Speer, Colebrook, Conn.  
Faber Stevenson, Harrisburg  
Elizabeth Stewart, New Wilmington  
John I. Stewart, New Concord, O.  
Mrs. C. R. Stein, Taylorstown  
Mrs. H. C. Swearingen, St. Paul, Minn.  
Laura Turner, Wilkinsburg  
Mary E. Turner, Wilkinsburg  
R. A. Weingartner, New Castle  
Dr. E. V. Weller, Pittsburgh  
Dr. J. S. Witherspoon, Avalon

## ... New Arrivals

Born: To Mr. and Mrs. Harold Vance ('25) of New Castle, a son, May 28.

Born: To Mr. and Mrs. Gerald M. Newton ('33) of Ellwood City, a daughter, June 11.

Born: To Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McKnight (Margaret Smith, '31) of New Castle, a daughter, May 20.

Born: to Mr. and Mrs. Karl E. Lingenfelder (Mary Louise Jenkins, '36) a son, Karl, Jr., April 17, in Pittsburgh.

Born: To Rev. and Mrs. Marcellus Nesbitt ('22) of Greeley, Colo., a son, May 17... named John Beecher Nesbitt.

Born: To Mr. and Mrs. Robert B. McCrumb (Elizabeth Rose, '31) of Volant, a son, May 27, named Robert Brierly McCrumb, II.

## ... Wedding Bells

Married: Helen Walker, '28, daughter of John Walker and the late Mrs. Walker, of Neshannock Falls, to Joseph Rose, of New Wilmington. The ceremony was performed by Dr. Parker E. Rose, '20, of Buffalo, N. Y.

Married: Sara Jane Enos, daughter of Mrs. Belle Enos, Wilksburg, to Gaylord O. Wentworth, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Wentworth, Guys Mills, Pa., August 17. Following a wedding trip to New England and Canada, the couple will make their home in Mt. Hope, Pa.

Married: Imogene Gabriel Millen, ex-'32, of Irwin, to George Ross Scull, August 6. They will make their home in Irwin.

Married: Andrew A. McDonald, Jr., '32, daughter of Mrs. A. A. McDonald, of New Wilmington, to Miss Doris Deen, formerly a teacher in the Lewistown (Pa.) schools. The bride is a graduate of Shipensburg teachers college. The groom is manager of one of the Murphy variety stores in Lewistown.

The ceremony was performed in the Westminster Chapel, June 16, by Dr. J. Ralph Neale.

Married: Emily F. Parker, '34, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Parker, New Castle, to Roland Barnes Mackall, of Negley, Ohio, July 27, in the Second U. P. church of New Castle, with Rev. J. Calvin Rose officiating.

Following a honeymoon in Canada and New England, the couple will reside in their new home in Rodgers, Ohio. The bride received a master's degree from Northwestern university, following her graduation from Westminster, and for several years has been employed by the Penn Power company. The groom, a graduate of Geneva college, is deputy recorder of Columbiana county, Ohio.

## How Do You Like The Broadcast?

### . . . Wedding Bells

Married: John H. Gerstner, '36, of Upper Darby, to Miss Edna Rachel Suckau, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Cornelius H. Suckau, Saturday, September 7, in the First Mennonite church, Berne, Indiana.

Married: Ruth Forsman, '37, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Forsman, Midland, to Robert Watson Sonnhalter, also of Midland, early September.

The bride is a graduate of Westminster and Margaret Morrison; and is a member of Alpha Gamma Delta sorority. The groom is a graduate of Shady Side academy and Leghigh university. He is a member of Phi Delta Theta fraternity.

Married: Isabel L. Meloy, '38, daughter of Mrs. Robert H. Meloy, Washington, Pa., to Adam Kepple Gehr, '39, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry S. Gehr, New Alexandria, August 24, in the Second U. P. church, Washington.

The bride has been a member of the faculty of Washington Seminary during the past year. The groom is associated with the Retail Credit association of Indiana, Pa., where the couple will make their home.

Married: Ruth Roess, '39, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Roess, Oil City, to Gene Bankson, in Oil City early in September.

Married: J. Kay Ingold, '39, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Ingold, of Pittsburgh, to Mildred G. James, of Pittsburgh, August 15, in the Central Christian church. Best man was Charles Shaffer, '39; soloist was Cal Jolly, '40.

Married: Dorothea Fern Chamberlain, '39, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Horace E. Chamberlain, E. Palestine, Ohio, to Paul Morey, also of E. Palestine, August 14, in the E. Palestine U. P. church.

### MARRIED

— and engaged —

Married: in the College Chapel, Sep 14, Margaret England, '40, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. England, of New Castle and George Herchenroether, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Herchenroether, of Pittsburgh, with Dr. R. F. Galbreath officiating. Many other Westminster alumni were at the wedding, including Marion Ligo, matron of honor; Jean McCully Mt. Lebanon, Jean Cartwright, New Castle, Jean Snow, Oil City, and Carol Crahan, Oil City, bridesmaids.

Henry Herchenroether, Jr., was best man. Among the ushers were Albert Smith, Jr., Pittsburgh, Harold Riefer, Donora, Douglas Smiley, Erie.

Following their honeymoon, the couple will reside on Cooper avenue, NS Pittsburgh.

Engaged: Jane Elizabeth Smiley, '37, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Earl B. Smiley Bulger, Pa., to Rev. Joseph T. Brownlee '36, of Dayton, Pa., son of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Brownlee, New Wilmington.

For the past four years Miss Smiley has been on the faculty of Union high school, Burgettstown, Pa. Rev. Brownlee is pastor of the U. P. churches of Dayton and Plumville. They will be married in the College Chapel by Dr. Galbreath October 5.

Engaged: Anne Thomas, '36, of Glenshaw, to Herbert Lewis Girty, of Etna. Mr. Girty attended the University of Pittsburgh. No wedding date has been set.

### . . . . Please!

Will Blue and White readers please be patient for a month until the new alumni mailing list has been completed. At that time, all corrections in addresses and names will have been made.



## Literary Department.

### Duty an Incentive to Action.

A golden censer swings in the belfry of the temple of life, making holy its walls and grateful its corridors. But let the censer burn low; the great bell called conscience hanging in the dome strikes an alarm that rocks the building. How oft the solemn tocsin sounds. It drives us to our duty. Let us be thankful its clamor is so harsh.

Our duty was created with us. It is a pleasure to live. What, then, should be the pleasure to think there is a work for us to do—a duty beneficently made that gives us rights with our fellow creatures? What, then, though the duty may try our soul and stagger our capabilities? "Skillful pilots gain their reputation from storms and tempests." Bear up with patient courage—"the bird that flutters least is longest on the wing. Duty is the stern daughter of the voice of God."

Let us then upon entering this stately temple of life cast into the golden censer our courage, our hope, our energy, our love, our industry, and all those qualities which go to make the air around us redolent with the fragrance of the achievements of life.

We cannot live for ourselves alone; we must live for the good of others to be truly happy. The incense of man's good actions is in his soul; "the flowers that wait on noble deeds" light up the edifice with radiance brought from other worlds. In the window of the palace of the soul we behold an occupant that fears no duty. We can gather around and anxiously peer in and see the fortunate possessor.

The Father of His Country, whose heart was rent at the sight of his soldiers' bleeding

feet, who stood like a rock between the despot and the down trodden, that man who was glorified at the end of his career and whose reflected glory will light the coming ages—George Washington—could not separate duty and human happiness. "The consideration that human happiness and moral duty," he said, "are inseparably connected will always continue to prompt me to promote the progress of the one by inculcation, the practice of the other."

The sphere of duty is infinite. We find it in every station of life. We have it not in our choice to be rich or poor, to be happy or unhappy, but it becomes us to do our duty wherever we find it. Theodore Parker once said: "Let us do our duty in the shop, the kitchen, the market, the street, the school, the home, just as faithfully as if we stood in the front ranks of some great battle and we knew that victory for mankind depended on our bravery, strength and skill. When we do that the humblest of us will be serving in that great army which achieves the welfare of the world."

Someone says that each one of us is a center, circumscribed by many concentric circles. From ourselves the first circle extends, comprising parents. The next concentric circle comprises relations; then fellow citizens, and, lastly, the whole human race.

It is not the man who gives his money that is the true benefactor of his kind, but the man who gives himself. The man who gives his money is advertised; the man who gives his time, strength and soul is beloved. The one may be remembered while the other may be forgotten, though the good influence he has sown will never die.

We often think of duty as connected with

the life of a soldier. So it is a life of duty. He must be obedient, disciplined and always ready. Obedience, submission, discipline, courage—these are among the traits that make a man; they also make true soldiers. Duty is the sublimest word in our language. Nelson said to his men at Trafalgar, "England expects every man to do his duty," and after he received his mortal wound, assured that the day had gone in favor of his country's flag, he exclaimed, "Thank God, I have done my duty." You remember the sentinel at Pompeii who died at his post of duty while others fled. He was a true soldier. He was sent to guard this place and he never flinched. He was suffocated by the sulphurous vapor of the falling ashes from Vesuvius. He did what he was appointed to do. True duty is performed without regard to self.

At a later period than that of the Roman soldier, the Birkenhead went down off the coast of Africa with all her brave soldiers firing their guns as she sank beneath waves. The Duke of Wellington always spoke of their discipline and subordination but never of their courage.

It is surprising to find so large a number of illustrious men—poets, authors and men of science—who have led a soldier's life, and fought by sea and by land, at home and abroad. It may be that the obedience, drill and discipline which are the soul of the soldier's life, possess some potent and formative influence upon the character, and develop that power of disciplined concentration which is so essential to the formation of true genius.

Women as well as men have been distinguished for their bravery and self-devotion. We may speak of Clara Barton in the Spanish-American War and of Florence

Nightingale as she nursed the wounded soldiers during the Crimean War. It was a great risk for her—a risk of life, hardships, dangers and perils of all sorts. But who thinks of risk when duty impels the brave spirit? Florence Nightingale undertook everything that was asked of her. She went into the midst of human suffering, nursed the wounded soldiers and sailors, organized a system of nursing, and undertook the control of the whole. The wounded were inexpressibly relieved by the patient watching and care of this English woman. The soldiers blessed her as they saw her shadow falling over their pillows. They did not know her name, they merely called her "The Lady of the Lamp."

"He sleeps! Who o'er his placid slumber bends?  
His foes are gone; and here he hath no friends.  
Is it some seraph, sent to grant him grace?  
No! 'Tis an earthly form with human face."

"The simple courage," she says, "the enduring patience, the good sense, the strength to suffer in silence—what nation shows more of this in war than is shown by her commonest soldier." Say what men will, there is something more truly Christian in the men and women who give their time, their strength, their life if need be, for something not themselves. We have much to learn from the life of a soldier.

Duty is humble. "Do you wish to be great?" asks St. Augustine, "then begin by being little. Do you desire to construct a vast and lofty fabric? Think first about the foundations of humility. The higher your structure is to be the deeper must be its foundation. Modest humility is beauty's crown."

Duties best done are those done in secret, and without the applause of men. There it does its work devotedly and nobly. It does

not advertise itself. Our public life may be well known, but in private there is that which no one sees—the inner life of the soul and spirit. We have it in our choice to be worthy or worthless. No one can see into the soul which can perish only by its own suicide. If we can only make ourselves and each other a little better, holier and nobler, we have perhaps done the most that we can do.

We can follow the dictates of our conscience, and walk, though alone, in the paths of duty. We can be honest, truthful, diligent, were it only out of respect to one's self. Who is not touched with the answer of the slave, who when asked by an intending purchaser, "Wilt thou be faithful if I buy thee?" "Yes," said the slave, "whether you buy me or not."

Let the incense of duty cling to our garments and keep us clean from selfish contagion. How lovely the picture of that old man of Goldsmith's time, swinging the golden censer before the hearts of men that throbbed in unison with him.

"He watched and wept and prayed and felt for all;  
And as a bird each fond endearment tries  
To tempt her new fledged offspring to the skies,  
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,  
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way."

SARAH GIVEN, '02.

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#### To the Glee Club.

All hail to thee, most noble sirs,  
Whose voices oft the stillness stirs,  
And every one his work deters—  
'Tis "Mother Fair, Westminster."

But now the "Sunshine's" growing dim,  
And while we hear the "Evening Hymn"  
We "Softly Sleep" and, 'mid the din,  
Sing "Mother Fair, Westminster."

The "Evening Song" so "Sweet and Low"  
Is followed by "Blow, Bugle, Blow."  
"The Power of Noble Wine Dost Know"  
And "Mother Fair, Westminster."

Again we hear their voices blend  
And through the gentle zephyrs send  
"The Water Mill" the air to rend,  
And "Mother Fair, Westminster."

What is the song we hear so grand,  
As more and more the people stand  
To listen? Welcome, "Schneider's Band,"  
And "Mother Fair, Westminster."

But "Fairy Moonlight" shines out yet,  
And "Simple Simon" and Lizette,"  
"The Triton's Song"—lest we forget  
"Our Mother Fair, Westminster."

Then "Little Tommy," "Come Away,"  
"Three Bumble Bees" begin to play,  
And then the one you hear each day—  
"Our Mother Fair, Westminster."

"Funiculi Funicula,"  
"A Thousand Times Again," tra la!  
The "Stein Song" ever is a draw,  
And "Mother Fair, Westminster."

"Spinn, Spinn" is only sung for fun,  
And yet "There's Only Room for One,"  
"The Winter Song" excelled by none,  
'Cept "Mother Fair, Westminster."

And "Here's a Health to Charles, the King,"  
When to the ear all these they fling  
"Dominie Salvam Fac" they sing,  
And "Mother Fair, Westminster."

Of all the songs that dost inspire—  
It's presence in our hearts a fire—  
It is this song can never tire,  
"Our Mother Fair, Westminster."

"MAC.," '03.

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#### The Battle Royal.

Darkness had fallen over the royal city of Judea. Evening had wrapt the shadows about her and lulled the weary world to rest. Everywhere amid the stillness of the night men slept. But no, there was one in the palace chamber yonder who could not sleep. The gates of the court were closed, well guarded were the palace doors, yet all in vain did Herod seek the quiet slumbers of his couch. Strange rumors had come to him of

a guiding star, following which certain wise men thought to find him that was to be born king. Was another to grasp his throne of power? What could it mean? The king was troubled. Well mayest thou toss on thy bed, Oh Herod, for in the light of yonder star tyrants read their doom. There were other waking ones that night, as they had been sleeping with only the starlit sky for a covering, an angel choir had roused them with mysterious strains which meant they knew not what. And as the last words of that heavenly chorus, "Good will among men," echoed and re-echoed among the bleak Judean Hills, something new burst upon the vision of those lowliest ones; beneath the beams of the new star they felt their chains loosening from their wrists.

And as those heavenly singers ascended through the sky, past luminous bodies, themselves more luminous, even to the pearly gates of the eternal and entered there, I fancy that all the awaiting hosts burst into song until the dome of heaven itself resounded with the chorus, the same that sounded among the hills, the same the shepherds heard. For "a new gleam from the immensities had shot over life." And self sacrificing love had become the altar slanting through the darkness up, up, to the throne of God. Aye on that memorable night was joined the Battle Royal of all the ages. Self, clutching his ensign on which was written, despotism, bondage, oppression, was met by Love holding the banner of equality, sympathy and brotherhood.

Self, roused by the coming of a rival, became more selfish; thought to stamp out the new spark before it should become a flame, seized the new born king, nailed him to a tree. And then with deeds of horror, martyrdom, its fire and sword; the arena with

its wild beasts, sought to destroy the influence of the teaching from among men. But "What obstacle can stay the force of the sea-seeking river in its course, or cause the ascending orb of day to wait?"

Love by her quiet, permeating influence was conquering the world. The pulsing was quickened in the veins of earth, "new seeing came upon the eyes of men." They were beginning to realize their sameness before God. For when men had fallen Justice had claimed them all and said, "They are mine." But Love had whispered, "Try them once again."

And following this realization, came the conception of equality among themselves. Humanity once drunk with its overpowering sublimity, all history converged toward the final consummation of this conception in the birth of Liberty. The Barons of England, the hero of the reformation, Cromwell of the protectorate, all raised their hands against the tyranny of kings, and the era that had begun with their divine rights closed with the rights of men. But though liberty had so long travailed in the pains of birth, she did not yet see the light. Nowhere in all the great family of Europe could a nation be found willing to bow to her as goddess. The world, turning from a past in which it could see no hope, waited. Self was too strong, he still sat on the throne but it was crumbling away beneath. "New purposes, broad shouldered, pressed against the world's slow gate." A little company of men, fleeing from the persecutions of self in the old world, crossed the wide waste of tossing, foaming waters which led them to the new. And on those rugged coasts, compromising between the dreams' fondest Utopia and the best of the world's prosaic experience, they digged deep and laid wide the corner stones of a na-



tion. Aye they made a new flag and called it "the stars and stripes." And for the first word on their flag, put the word that had been first on the banner of Love. They wrote equality there.

Self was dazed as he saw the first word of Love's motto written on the new flag. As though maddened, frenzied, by her encroachments he rushed on to another great victory. Actuating Catharine of Russia, he caused her to forget nobility, gratitude, all, but self and self advancement. She sent her army to move in unison with those of Frederick the Great and Joseph the Second. And these three hurled themselves upon that little country of Poland, and, in a flood of violence, swept her away. Aye, with black heart and red hands, Self weighed pieces of silver against ounces of blood, nor ceased until the huge Carpathian Mountains cast their long dark eternal shadows over a lonely grave.

But while Self was thus conquering in Central Europe, to the west of Poland was a people toiling under the iron yoke of a degenerate king. For hundreds of years they had been stumbling in the darkness, groping, almost despairing. But they now saw a ray of hope in the West. It was young America rending her shackles. In her example they saw their own evil and its remedy. From all sides they rushed to avenge the despotic wrongs of centuries past, and when tyrants were all slain, glutted with their new power, they fell upon each other. Terrible and blood-stained was the face of all Europe. The earth trembled from circumference to center with the clashing of arms. The ages were being tried, their worth was being sifted. The hand of God was shaking until that which could be shaken should fall and that which could not

be shaken should remain. And when the nightmare of war was ended, when the shaking was done, despotism had fallen, but equality remained.

Again the world waited, wondering if the new nation, founded on principles so peculiarly her own, could long stand. And for fifty years freedom's flag waved over a happy, prosperous, peaceful people. But a dark cloud of portentous gloom was lowering. Self and Love could not rule together. The foundation laid on the broad principles of equality, the overhanging ledge of slavery must be removed that the structure might rise.

The yawning chasm between the North and South stood gaping wide and would not close. In vain did they attempt to compromise, and with partial sacrifices propitiate the angry gods. The longing depths cried that a prince be thrown to them that they might be appeased. And lo! he came. Clad in no royal purple, no signet ring upon his hand, and yet of princely mein, Quintus-like he rode all alone to the brink, looked once, then leaped and fell. And as the blood from his great heart stained the stones below, the breach was healed, the abyss was closed, but left his dead form beneath.

A country mourned, a reunited people wept; in tenderest tones they sang, "Oh why should the spirit of mortal be proud." And that flag that had been Washington's for independence, in mingled triumph and sorrow now waved as Lincoln's for sympathy. Self had battled for slavery and lost; Love for freedom and won.

And then, the new nation secure, some thought that within her own borders she would rear a structure lasting as the earth itself. But "destiny has no logic;" she had a diviner conception. Peering beyond

the hills that had encircled her childhood gaze, she saw new duties.

Her iron prow of justice plowed the seas. Her colors were fixed to the mast of the ships at Santiago, flapped to the breezes amid the thunderings of Dewey's cannon at Manila, brave boys in blue carried them up the slope of San Juan Hill. And when Spanish oppression had received its death blow on the Western hemisphere, the flag that had stood for equality and sympathy had taken a new meaning. It had become ours for brotherhood.

The world stood appalled. A people had dared fight a neighbor's battles—asking not "Will it pay?" but "Is it right?" If the nineteenth century had nothing of which to boast but the stride taken in the advancement of the brotherhood of man she might well be proud. When Poland lay prostrate before the feet of merciless conquerors none came forward to lift her burden. But an hundred years later, when the "Queen of the Antilles" groveled undered tyranny's iron heel, our nation came to fight her battles. Catherine of Russia is known only by the bleeding hearts scattered along her pathway; while the present Czar will be remembered through all time for his proposals of universal peace.

We believe that this change is largely due to the influence of our United States. In the century past she has been the champion of the banner of Love. And if she but remains true to the principles avowed, her destiny is secure. Men are nothing, nations are nothing, principle is all.

"May her flag ever be"  
For the serf and the free."

And as the beams from her natal sunrise dispelled the darkness of despotism, as slavery and oppression fled before her rising

light, we trust that, as her sun shall ascend toward the zenith of her mature life, every crack and cranny of the old world's sepulcher shall be illumined and made comfortable for the dwelling of advanced thought and Christian civilization.

But the Battle Royal is not yet ended. Self is not dead nor does he sleep. He holds before men's eyes the greed of gain. And some "on splendors glare or wealth's distinction bent" dig always in the earth for treasure, when they might soar on wings and grasp gems from the face of the sky. For gold to be thrown on the shrine of Self, they hand out the fire of death to their fellow men. For gold to be sacrificed to Self, they lie, they cheat, they steal, they barter their own souls. Self! Self! Self! rises the cry of the struggling mass clutching, grasping, pulling others down each to surpass each and when the summit has been gained, the gentle breeze that fans the victor's brow, wafts only the moans and curses of those beneath.

Self comes to us to-day. He would have us follow in his train. He points to well filled coffers and high places among men. But ah, when he has stilled in our breasts all the heart throbbings of brotherhood, he will leave us to perish like the desert traveler, alone by the mirage where we had thought to find groves of trees and springs of water.

But Love also comes to us, still holding her banner of white. In gentlest tones she murmurs "follow me." Her ways do not always lead by sunny lanes and babbling rills. But lo! they lead to an unfading crown, to an undying life, "for to live in hearts we leave behind is not to die." Shall we follow Self, or follow Love? Shall we clutch the firefly, or reach for the star? Drink oh! "drink deep the nectared anodyne of selfishness."

Did you ever think of what the world would be like if "all measured life by the standard of Love, none made gain by another's loss, none bought pleasure with another's pain." He thinks it would be a great garden where roses would bloom in profusion mingled with bowers of lillies. Life would be a clear stream flowing in a golden channel, its pebbles diamonds, its banks fringed with flowers. Five continents would be joined as with a golden thread, that thread linked to the throne of God, the chord of brotherhood, all bathed in the light of Bethlehem's star. And men, calamities all melted in the universal sunshine, "hearts beating in unison to the strain of human progress," voices tuned as one, clearer and stronger would swell the song until it became a perfect symphony, deep, grand, majestic, harmonious as though coming from one massive organ. Their chorus, the same that echoed among the hills, the same the shepherds heard, the same the angels sang—"Glory to God in the highest and on earth, peace, good will toward men." SCOTT THOMPSON, '03

#### Memory's Music.

When night her darkest curtain has drawn down,  
And absent is all brightness from on high;  
When deepest gloom the universe has bound,  
And mournful winds go whispering, sobbing by.

I sit alone, the fire-light flickers dim,  
My thoughts away on fairy pinions flee;  
And strains of memory like some old, sweet hymn  
Bring visions of my childhood back to me.

I tread again, the fields and pastures o'er,  
I wander through the forest's gloomy shade;  
I play the happy games of youth once more,  
With naked feet the laughing brooklet wade.

When evening comes I bring the cattle home  
And in the morning drive them back again;  
Away in quest of berries then I roam  
By meadows green or fields of waving grain.

The squirrel chatters in the distant wood,  
The song-birds flit among the leafy bowers;  
All nature seems to be in placid mood;  
On every hand bloom gay, refulgent flowers.

I see the sweat upon my father's brow,  
Full many a year's hard toil for me he'd seen;  
In the old churchyard he is sleeping now  
And on his grave the grass is growing green.

The little, old, gray school house on the hill  
I see again in memory's vision bright;  
With battered walls and carven desks it still  
Stands as it did when thoughts and cares were light.

My many happy schoolmates one and all,  
The same as in the time of youth I see;  
When skating on the pond, or playing ball,  
Or coasting on the hill in boyish glee.

'Twas there I spent of winters half a score  
And joyous, happy winters, too, were they.  
Each year I marked my height upon the door,  
Till manhood came and I went far away.

The school house and the pond have little changed,  
Upon the hill the boys and girls yet slide;  
But all of those that then in school were ranged  
Are scattered, like the thistle, far and wide.

The moaning winds without rise high, drop low,  
And draw the slumbering embers to a blaze;  
And with the tuneful wind thoughts come and go  
That are all of the olden, by-gone days.

F. J. WARNOCK, '04.

#### The Old Grad's Story.

The wild howling of the March storm outside made Mrs. White's boarders shudder in spite of a cheery fire on the open hearth and the mellow glow of the lamp. They huddled around the fire-place until the call for supper, and then took their places, an unusual thing, in almost total silence. The mood of the weather had become their own. The opening of the outside door, and the stamping of feet in the hallway elicited growls instead of the cheery shouts that usually greeted each newcomer. It was Mrs. White's boast that her boys were the

jolliest club in college. She was not speaking of this night

The dining-room door opened and John Richards entered, followed by an old, gray-haired man who carried an empty right sleeve pinned across his breast. John's "My father, boys," was acknowledged by brief words of welcome, and the two sat down to the almost silent meal. The first to finish and leave brought it out almost the first remark of the evening. As his steps were heard along the porch, Shorty Jones growled, "Conceited puppy!" Shorty looked up from his plate to meet the old gentleman's eyes fixed keenly upon him, and reddened a little. To cover the discourtesy Jim Little asked:

"Old college man, sir?"

"Yes," replied the old man, "class of '61."

"Must have seen stirring times, even in this quiet town, in those days."

"Yes, we were fairly patriotic. Good deal of indignation and enthusiasm in the worst of us."

"Were you in the company that went from here?"

"No," smiled the old gentleman, "I did not go with them. I enlisted after my graduation in a regiment that went from my home. There were none of my old college mates in the regiment."

"I suppose you ran across them, though, somewhere in the army before the war was over."

"Two of them were later transferred to my regiment."

"Of course, there were none from this college to wear the gray," spoke up Shorty. It took a good deal to suppress shorty. He liked to have a say in everything. Also he

generally affixed an "of course" to his opinions.

Little, looking at Mr. Richard's face, saw it twitch a little, as though the remark brought up painful recollections, but the answer was quiet:

"None who graduated. There was one who left college in his Junior year who was afterwards found on the other side. His story might interest you. Would you care to hear it?"

The thought of the storm outside prompted many hearty "yeses," and all drew up to the fire.

"Well, I can tell you, perhaps, as much about him as anyone, for I knew all the principal actors in this story. I came here in the fall of '57 because my father was a good churchman and believed in supporting all church institutions. Most of my class were men of the neighboring counties, strong, hardy country boys, good fellows, but with, as a rule, not much of the finer polish. There was one exception, a boy of the name of John Stuart. He was a Carolinian whose parents had died some years previous. He had been living with an uncle in the North, and through him had entered college here. He did not take well with most of his college mates. He was rather reserved, with a great deal of Southern finish. Evidently he himself was not particularly taken with most of those around him, many of them somewhat uncouth. Naturally this did not add to his popularity. As he was not one to make advances, he started out in his college life an unpopular man. And as first impressions are often lasting, he was always considered very conceited." The old gentleman paused, and Shorty transferred his gaze to the fire.



"In his Sophomore year he became very attentive to a young lady who was staying in the neighborhood for her health. College men in those days were somewhat older than those of to-day, and his attachment was probably more profound and lasting than the love affairs of latter-day college men. But this is not a love story and it is enough to say that he was not the only one to fall in love with this young lady. Several of the college boys were rather devoted, and, besides Stuart, one especially so. We will call him Johnstone, although that was not his name. The other boys soon drew off and left the field to these two, and their rivalry was rather spirited. Stuart was undoubtedly at his best with the young lady, his courtly Southern manners and innate gentlemanliness breaking through his reserve. However, few of his college mates wished him well. Affairs went on between Stuart and Johnstone as may be supposed until the Commencement of '60. On the afternoon of Commencement Day, Stuart walked out into the country, and while on his tramp saw Johnstone with this young lady. I do not know that he ever told what he saw, but it was enough to convince him that his attachment for the young lady was hopeless. He did not return to college after that year, and soon passed out of the minds of all but a few of us. We heard later that he had gone South again to stay with relatives there.

"In April, '61, came the news of Ft. Sumter, and I can tell you there was not much attention paid to lessons the rest of that college year. We of the Senior class were all anxious to enlist, but decided to wait until we could receive our sheepskins, and then go. We were soon convinced that we would not lose our chance of fighting by doing so.

"Well we carried out our program.

Among others to enlist was Johnstone, but before he went to the front he married the girl to whom he and Stuart had been so attentive during their Junior year. He went with one of the Eastern Pennsylvania regiments, and did good service. He was wounded at Gettysburg, and promoted. By the time Grant had entered upon his famous Wilderness campaign, he was a major with a good record behind him. It was at this time that Stuart turned up again. I suppose that he was pretty much forgotten by all of us except Johnstone.

"In the midst of this campaign, which we were convinced was to be about the last, our division general one day called Johnstone to his tent. There was need of some information as to the disposition of the enemy's lines, and as Johnstone had been on several scouts before, he was asked to undertake this. He did not like to try it, for it was most hazardous, but he had been soldier long enough to know that one's life was not to be regarded when the welfare of the army was in question, and he assented promptly. He chose another to go with him, so that if one should not return, perhaps the other would be able to bring back the needed information. They slipped outside our lines, changed their uniforms for those of rebel soldiers, and made their way through the enemy's outposts. Then they separated, taking different routes of observation. Johnstone worked carefully around, obtained the information he was after, and started back. He had, as he thought, passed the last picket in safety, when he heard a gruff,

" 'Halt, who goes there?'

"Looking around, he saw two or three rebel soldiers rising out of some bushes near, and knew that escape just now was impossible. At the same time he realized that he

was in a desperate situation and that only a miracle could save him. He was taken to the commanding general's tent, and closely questioned. A drumhead court-martial followed. Those were sharp times, and spies were speedily dealt with. He was sentenced to be shot the next morning as a spy. After the sentence had been passed, the chief called out of the tent to an officer near,

"'Captain, you will take charge of this prisoner, and see that no opportunity of escape is allowed'

"The captain saluted, and, calling a file of men, conducted him to an improvised guard-house some distance away. Through the wild thoughts that were whirling through Johnstone's mind, he seemed to recognize this man, but could not quite place him. Suddenly it flashed upon him. This was no other than John Stuart, his old classmate and rival.

"'John Stuart! Is that you?' he exclaimed.

"At the words Stuart turned around, looked at him sharply, and recognized him.

"'Johnstone! I am sorry to see you here now and under these circumstances.'

"'I am not overjoyed myself,' answered Johnstone, his sense of humor asserting itself even in his danger. This was their not very dramatic greeting after four years' separation and under the striking circumstances. 'And I am sorry to see you on this side.'

"'I did as the rest of my family, but we'll not discuss that, if you please. How are the boys we knew in college? I suppose they are across the river yonder, some of them? Yes, I knew they would be. How is Billy Gray? And Gray Junior? They are among the few with whom I was well acquainted in college.'

"'Poor Billy! He was killed at Chatta-

nooga. And Junior had his leg shot off at Gettysburg. James is dead—killed in the rifle-pits before Vicksburg. The boys are pretty well scattered now—what are left of us.'

"'And you? You are — are married? And to Miss Hathaway, I suppose?' Lines Johnstone had not noticed were coming into his face.

"I think that up to this time Johnstone had not fully realized his position. At the mention of his wife, and the thought that he would never see her again, strong man as he was, he almost broke down. Stuart himself realized what his words must mean, and sank into a thoughtful silence.

"They conducted the prisoner into the guard-house, and Stuart went in with him to see that he was as comfortably disposed as possible. After seeing to the bringing in of a chair, blankets, etc., he stood for some moments gazing abstractedly into the fire. Several times he glanced intently upon the man sitting despairingly at his side. A curious look of determination passed over his face, and with a remark about his duties, and a promise to return as soon as possible, he went out.

"I will not attempt to describe Johnstone's feelings of the next few hours, as he sat thinking of the death awaiting him on the morrow and writing a last letter to his wife. To his dying day he will never forget. It must have been shortly after eight o'clock that he heard a horseman ride up and dismount. A voice that was barely recognizable as Stuart's was heard to say hoarsely:

"'Corporal, I wish you would go over to headquarters with this note. I will watch the prisoner,' and then to himself, 'Confound this cold! It will be the death of me.'

"As he entered the room Johnstone saw

that he was muffled up so that his face was hardly visible, and that he had a long overcoat on. Stuart said nothing until the corporal was out of hearing on the road, then hastily tore off his overcoat and muffler and said :

“‘Here, quick, there is no time to lose. He will be gone a half hour at most. ‘Take this coat and muffler, and wrap yourself up, take my horse and go along that road slowly until you are well past the second picket, and then go as fast as you can. There is no horse nearer than headquarters that can catch mine ’

“‘Why,’ gasped the prisoner, amazed, unbelieving, ‘you don’t mean ’—

“‘I mean that you must hurry up,’ was the impatient answer. ‘You must be through the lines before the corporal comes back. I wish we had time to shave you before you go. That beard might give you away.’

“‘But you? You will ’—

“‘Be all right. Do as I tell you. There is no time to lose. The countersign is ‘Jefferson Davis ’’ You must speak in a hoarse whisper, and give my name. I have just been along the lines speaking so. I told them that I would be back almost at once, so that there will not be much difficulty if you are careful. Quick! This coat!’

“Johnstone did the quickest thinking of his life right there. He knew that, in spite of his ‘all right’ Stuart was at least jeopardizing his standing in the army. For himself I believe he would not have accepted the sacrifice, but he knew it was his duty to get the information to his general as quickly as possible—and then his wife! He put on the coat, then turned and grasped Stuart’s hand.

“‘If ever I have a chance to serve you in any way, you know that I am to command. You are saving my ’—

“‘Never mind that. Be quick, man, be quick! Don’t you see that every second here is adding to your danger? Good-bye; remember me to the boys you may see Go on.’

“‘One word—why do you do this?’

“‘Why? Don’t waste time asking questions, Why do I do this? Oh—remember me to your wife, too. Go on!’

“As Johnstone wrung his hand and mounted, he felt a wave of emotion rush over him. He knew that had circumstances been reversed, Stuart would not have been saved at his expense. Twice he stopped the horse to go back, but both times he saw his old college-mate gazing commandingly at him, and knew that Stuart would not allow him to stop now.

“He made his way through the lines in safety, thanks to the skillful precautions Stuart had taken. The information brought with him was in time to play a material part in the events of the next few weeks. Rejoiced as he was at his escape, a feeling of anxiety as to Stuart could not be shaken off. The more he thought of it, the more clearly he saw what a flagrant breach of duty had been committed. He was confirmed only too strongly. Two days later the other scout came in, and he brought with him startling news.

“‘Great doings at headquarters on the other side of the river. An officer court-martialed for permitting a captured spy to escape. His friends did all they could to save him, but it was no use. Soldiers are ready to desert over there, and an example was needed. It was no time for leniency. Court found him guilty of treason in aiding and abetting the enemy during active hostilities. He was to be shot this morning at six o’clock. As I passed through the woods

on this side of their lines just about that time I heard a volley. I suppose it was the poor fellow going under.' He started away, then turned back, 'Say, you couldn't have been the fellow who escaped, could you?'"

\* \* \* \* \*

The old man ceased talking. As he gazed into the fire Jim Little thought he saw a tear creep from under his eyelid. Shorty Jones broke the quiet:

"And Johnstone? What became of him?"

The old man looked up queerly, and in a low voice said:

"Johnstone? Oh! I—he went the usual round of duty and fighting for a couple of weeks. Then he—his right arm was shot away at Cold Harbor, and he went home to his wife."

Nothing could be heard in the room save the wild howling of the storm outside, and the rattle of the grate as Shorty absent-mindedly stirred the fire. '99.

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## Bema.

Senior vacation is here.

'Tis an ill wind that blows no one good.

"Hope Mission" entertained at home April 20th.

McCague was called home suddenly by the serious illness of his mother.

The barefoot boy is already here and the cheek of tan will soon follow.

A number of the students have been the victims of the three-day measles.

Mrs. Lowry thinks "Pete" would be fine if he didn't wear out the banisters.

Thos. R. Jones, '98, and R. A. Long, '98, were in town for the W. and J. game.

Why are fishing and taking walks alike in New Wilmington? Both are catching.

Miss McBane gave a pleasant dinner party to a number of the college girls on April 27.

"Bub" Parks had to use crutches for a few days as the result of an accident while pole-vaulting.

Miss McKee was compelled to return home to obtain riddance of two felons that are striving for her hand.

A number of people from here attended the Intercollegiate Oratorical contest at Beaver Falls, May 8th.

Miss Pearson not unnaturally holds that the library can accommodate but one couple, and "Tom and I had it first."

Professor Dorris was compelled, to his great sorrow and that of his classes, to return to Pittsburg for more than a week.

"Bunny" Elliott was recently informed that if his pony was again found straying on forbidden land it would cause a renewal of classic strifes.

"Frank" Mehard and Florence Kyle are earnestly considering their adaptability to vaudeville performance. They think of appearing next year.

The tale is told that Miss Bott arose at 2 A. M. to write home. She probably heard that V-z-y had not taken Miss M-c-r home on May 9th and was therefore uneasy.

Only a word of enjoyment gained fell from the lips of Misses Anderson and Lytle and yet it instilled into the hearts of Scott and Paul a marvelous eagerness for copies of "Lucille."

The Sabbath school teacher turned upon McCartney with the question, "Does love



beget love?" The minutes flew as the answer came forth, "W-e-l-l, n-o n-o-t al-w-a-y-s."

This year's Senior class already gives evidence of containing genius. Genius is ever eccentric and Miss Pillow has, without reserve, declared that "de-spickable" must be a good English word.

Both J. H. Gilfillan and Cameron are upholding their reputations. Cameron announced that "Whatsoever a man seweth, that shall he also rip"—and Gilfillan said, "We'll have a long dry spell if it doesn't rain."

You'd decided to have his pictures taken, and on being questioned as to the disposal of them said, "Miss L—e will get three, one to keep at home, one to have in her room at the Hall, and a third to carry around with her.

In a solemn "conflab" Miss Ramsey in answer to "What is love?" informed a group of young ladies that it was just a tickling of the heart. Suspicions were aroused but she positively asserts that she is not the least bit ticklish.

Montgomery was satisfactorily ensconced among a multitude of girls in Pol. Econ. when startled by the question, "What is a luxury?" "Oh, jewelry and dresses and such things," was the ready reply. "Well, why are they luxuries?" queried Doctor, and the answer came quick and sure. "Because they are not necessary." Since his avowal in the simplicity of Eden times, Mont. has sat among the boys.

The 10:30 bell had rung and the hall lay dark and lifeless to all appearances. But from the gloom came a sudden burst of wierd, disturbing sounds. The awful chorus drowns out the matron's commands and rappings. Room after room takes up and echoes the

horror till the whole third floor is in an uproar. The violent ringing of a telephone bell passes unheeded, and the tumult only rages the more. The minutes drag on and the door bell clangs just as the awful climax is reached and in an instant peace is restored, for Doctor has come to bring order out of confusion. The Doctor was Wilson.

Ladies, skip this paragraph! It is really unfit for publication. It got into my letters by mistake, and I ask the printer to destroy it or set it up wrong side up:

If there's anything worries a woman  
It's something she ought not to know;  
But you bet she'll find it out anyhow  
If she gets the least kind of a show.  
Now, we'll wager ten cents to a farthing,  
This poem she's already read—  
We knew she'd get at it somehow,  
If she had to stand on her head.

In our midst has sprung up a doubtful organization. Its object seems to be the beautifying of the town. Fences fall or disappear before the onslaught of the unseen workers. Parks spring into being during the stillness of a single night. Zoological gardens, filled with flowers, giving room for the "Bear" dance, giving opportunity for a ride on the "Campbell," giving full swing to Mehard's illustration of the fact that some of the characteristics inherent in man before he obtained his prehensile thumb are still present—e. g., the eating of peanuts—all of this appears without even the assistance of Alladdin's wonderful lamp.

Ting-ling-ling! (This is not Chinese but the telephone bell at the Hall.) "Hello, Mrs. L—; this is the other end of the line; the snow is two feet deep around the college and I thought perhaps the girls would better not come to college to-day unless Wilson's bobsled is in good running order. Do you think it advisable for them to come

out? What—glad to get rid of them? They haven't been singing again, have they? Well; perhaps you would better read them Whittier's "Snow Bound" and give them ice cream for an aftermath. I hear they have been playing "Hearts" a good deal recently; let them shovel a path to the post-office. The "mail" is changed. By the way that reminds me of the saying of Virgil." "Do not forget for one minute that you are talking to a woman, monarch of all she surveys. I don't like these telephones at all, because I want to see the person's face when I am talking to him. Then, one often wastes a good many words in one of these machines, and as you well know, I am a woman of very few words, but when I speak I always say something. Doctor, I wanted to ask you about this rumor of a girls' baseball team in college. Surely you are not going to allow it, since the girls can scarcely catch the sound of the rising bell, let alone a ball. Isn't it queer as spring comes around that so many girls from the Hall should partake of the lotus and forget the way home, or at least forget the closing hour? I think I shall have to eat a large quantity and forget all my troubles. Goodbye." "Goodbye." Like the ending of a novel.

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## Alumni Notes.

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'77. The Rev. James D. Lytle, Hanover, Indiana, visited friends in town recently.

'91. Thomas P. Trimble has received the appointment of city solicitor for Allegheny.

'95. The Rev. Newton J. Walter has resigned his charge at Wagner Place, St. Louis.

'74. The Rev. T. A. Houston preached for Mahoning and Harmony congregations Sabbath, April 28.

'98. J. A. McDonald has just been graduated from Xenia Seminary with highest honors of his class.

'87. The Rev. J. E. Drake, pastor of the Methodist church, Harlansburg, led the devotional exercises Saturday, May 4.

'98. R. E. Cooper goes, as soon as graduated from the seminary, to take charge of the congregation at Washtucua, Washington.

'99. R. W. Gealey, who is teaching in Vernalis, California, a short time since passed an examination for the highest certificate given in that State.

'96. The Rev. H. G. Edgar, who has been in charge of the Italian Mission, Pittsburg, has received a call from Colfax, Washington.

'75. The Rev. S. H. Moore, New Castle, preached in Neshannock Presbyterian church Sabbath, May 5, and evening of same date in Second U. P. church.

'97. Jas. Ferguson has for the past few months been in charge of Good Hope Mission, Pittsburg, in the absence of Dr. R. J. Miller, who is traveling in the holy land.

In the announcement of the yearly strength tests in the Harvard gymnasium the name of J. A. Gealey, ex-'02, Westminster, appears as member 33 in the list of the fifty strongest men in the University.

We are advised of the death of Mrs. Mary Hezlip Harshaw, '61, wife of the Rev. A. H. Harshaw, D. D., '74, which occurred at her late home in Kansas. The HOLCAD extends its sympathy to her sorrowing relatives.

'71. W. J. W. Cowden, Esq., of Wheeling, W. Va., has been appointed by the Governor of that State a member of the Board of Regents of West Virginia University.

'80. The Rev. R. M. Russell, D. D., preached the baccalaureate sermon before the graduating class of Allegheny Theological Seminary Sabbath evening, May 12, in the First U. P. church, Allegheny.

'59. The Rev. J. B. McMichael, D. D., ex-president of Monmouth college, conducted chapel exercises Tuesday, April 16, and gave to the students a very interesting and helpful talk. He returned to his home in Dean, Ohio, April 18th.

'73. The Rev. J. K. McClurkin, D. D., of Pittsburg, is mentioned by the press of that city as the probable moderator of the coming general assembly in Des Moines. Dr. McClurkin as student, teacher and acting president, was for seventeen years connected with Westminster.

'75. The Rev. R. C. Allen has recently published a valuable little book on "Fundamental Principles in Civil Government Applied by the Covenanter." The treatise is largely an outgrowth of the author's earlier work, "Fundamental Principles," and in general the same theories obtain in this as in the latter, though the treatment and applications are more widely extended. The view taken of the aim and end of government is wholly original and the subject is presented in a clear and scholarly manner. The work deserves and will receive wide and careful reading.

—"No, Mr. Walkindell," impatiently replied the young woman, "I will not marry you. I have told you so a hundred times before!"

"Miss Emily," pleaded the youth, "that is the only thing on which we have ever differed. Won't you agree to arbitrate it?"—Chicago Tribune.

## College World.

In Grove City college juniors are allowed the option of either delivering a public oration or taking one term's work in elocution.

The oldest college in the world is Mohammed College, at Cairo, Egypt, which was 1,000 years old when Oxford was founded. It has 11,000 students.

The dates chosen for the student conferences of next summer are as follows: Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, June 21 to 30; Northfield, Massachusetts, June 28 to July 7; Asheville, North Carolina, June 21 to 30.

The trustees of Oberlin College have decided to change the school year from three terms to two semesters. This college recently received from John D. Rockefeller a contribution of \$200,000 toward the half million endowment fund it is endeavoring to raise.

Allegheny college is endeavoring to raise the sum of \$500,000 before the close of the present college year. Two-thirds of that amount has already been secured. The corner stones of three new buildings are to be laid at commencement time, a chapel, the gift of Mr. Ford, of Ford City; an observatory, and a library building, the latter being given by some friend, who requests that his name be withheld for at least three years.

The unfortunate public discussion of the giving of the honorary degree of LL. D. to President McKinley at the Harvard commencement this year is to be deplored. The publicity which the matter has received indicates a sad lack of delicacy and consideration on the part of certain persons, but it is hardly fair to charge the contestants against the measure with all the blame. If the matter

was brought to the attention of the university officers by graduates then surely graduates had a right to be heard as protestants. The right of initiation implies the right of protest, and the movers of the measure should share in the blame of bringing about a most unpleasant situation. Unless the case is reconsidered by the university authorities, the degree will be conferred. It is conceivable that an honor which is not the whole hearted gift of the bestower—and in this instance it certainly is not—would be quite as unwelcome as it is ill-advised.

"Conservative" Yale has finally followed the example of "radical" Harvard in extending the elective system through the entire four years instead of confining the same to the junior and senior years. Twenty-five years ago when Harvard chose Professor Eliot, a young layman, as her president, Yale, following tradition, elected a venerable Connecticut clergyman. The recent appointment of Professor Hadley to the presidency is a further significant indication of the university's denial of the claims of traditionalism. It will be interesting to see how soon religion at Yale will cease to be regarded as a part of college discipline and voluntary chapel attendance become the rule.

Regarding the invitation extended last winter to Westminster to participate in a "college parade" on the occasion of the inauguration of President McKinley, the following item appeared in the "Westminster Notes" of a local paper. "The invitation extended to Westminster college to take part in a college parade on the occasion of President McKinley's inaugural has been declined owing to the serious interruption of work and the expense necessarily involved. 'Lessons of patriotism,' it is believed, can

be better inculcated by a wise economy of time and money and by strict attention to college duties than by participation in a parade, which, in the nature of things, can in no sense be representative or significant. To be sure the 'handsomely engrossed parchment commission with rank of colonel' offered to the leader of each college delegation, will, in Westminster's case, go begging, but after all the college colonel is not an indispensable adjunct to academic dignity or efficiency." Only two institutions in this section accepted the invitation—West Virginia University and Grove City, each sending companies of uniformed cadets. The entire "college parade" was composed of representatives of the following: Carlisle Indian School, Maryland Agricultural College, Gallaudet College (deaf and dumb), Johns Hopkins University, West Virginia University and Grove City College, all, with the exception of the last two, being located in the immediate vicinity of Washington. The press is quoted as praising highly the appearance and marching of the Grove City student soldiery, but the question as to the point and significance of the "parade" remains unanswered.

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—Papa—"He hasn't proposed yet, has he?"

She—"No; but he will the first time he isn't interrupted."—Puck.

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—"But true love, you know," urged the young man, "can live on bread and cheese and kisses"

"That may be true when the proportion is right," returned the practical old gentleman, "but unfortunately in your case it is about nine-tenths kisses."—Chicago Post.



## Music and Art.

Miss Mary Douglass is now numbered among the art students.

Genius is the power of revealing God to the human soul.—[Liszt.

Miss Cook has completed a beautiful picture in American Beauty roses

The chorus class is hard at work practicing for the concert to be given at the close of the term.

The art students are all busy preparing for the display of their work during commencement week.

Miss Hodgens' jardiniere, designed in richly shaded Fall roses, promises to hold a conspicuous place in the art display.

The third floor of the Ladies' Hall boasts of the best glee club the world has ever known. The modesty of its members forbids any names to be published.

What raises man above the animals is articulate speech; and it is the power of adding speech to song, poetry to melody, that makes human song vocal in the fullest and highest sense of the word.—[Finck.

Mr. Ashenhurst, editor of the "Globe," pleasantly entertained the students and people of New Wilmington with a gramophone concert on the college campus Thursday evening, May 2d. The concert was somewhat shortened, however, by the threatening clouds, which caused all to seek shelter.

Seated around a fire in front of the Ladies' Hall Saturday night, May 4th, the mandolin and guitar club, in sweetest strains, celebrated the base ball victory over W. & J. The club is ever welcome at the Hall, but

the sacrifice of sitting on the ground on that chilly night added greatly to the music. The girls desire to heartily thank the club for their kindness and hope they will come again.

Not only shall we miss the cheery countenance and happy disposition of Mr. James Briceland around the college, but the glee club and chorus alike feel the loss. Mr. Briceland sings as he does everything else, in the most forcible and cheerful manner. We hope to have him return next fall to his accustomed place in the music circle.

The glee and mandolin club, assisted by Miss Acheson, gave a concert in the Second church April 26. The excellent talent of the glee club was certainly displayed in the manner in which the selections were rendered, while the sweet strains of the mandolin and guitar were received with the greatest applause. Narcissus, rendered as an encore, caused a silence to reign over the entire audience. The program was made complete by Miss Acheson's varied and well rendered selections. Following is the program:

- (a) Our Mother Fair, Westminster.
- (b) Molloy.....The Song of the Triton
- LeBarge.....Entr'acte
- Barnby....."Sweet and Low"
- Ollivant.....Scene from "Bob Son of Battle"

Miss Acheson.

- Macy.....Simple Simon
- Bullard.....Winter Song
- Armstrong.....Alabama Echoes

Mr. Newmyer and Mr. George.

- Kate Douglas Wiggin—Scene from "Birds' Christmas Carol." (By request)

Miss Acheson.

- Bullard.....Stein Song

Mr. Donaldson and Glee Club.

- MacClurg.....Brewster Waltzes
- Hatton.....Bugle Song

The Tri-State Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest took place on the evening of Wednesday, May 8th, in the Geneva College chapel at Beaver Falls. President Roth, of Thiel college, acted as chairman. Owing to the inclemency of the weather the attendance was rather poor. The program, for the most part, was decidedly interesting, close attention being given by the audience to every number. Over half an hour elapsed between the last speaker's performance and the announcement of the judges' decision, which gave first place to Geneva and second to Westminster and Muskingum. This was a disappointment to the Westminster delegation and a surprise to the audience generally, who had placed the Geneva man no higher than third at best. Third place was given to Thiel, while Allegheny, Waynesburg and Bethany were tied for fourth. The following is the program:

Music...	Sixth Av. Theatre Orchestra, Beaver Falls
	Invocation.
The New Pacific.....	W. P. Aikin
	Muskingum.
Ethics and Intellect.....	W. P. Christy
	Thiel.
Soprano Solo.....	Miss Ethel Rawsthorn
Saxon or Slav.....	A. R. Elliott
	Allegheny.
A Word from the Chinese View-Point..	J. C. Knox
	Waynesburg.
	Music.
Woman's Sphere.....	Wm. T. Levis
	Geneva.
The Light That Failed.....	W. Bruce McCrory
	Westminster.
The Guiding Hand.....	V. H. Miller
	Bethany.
	Music.
Announcement of Decision of Judges.	
Judges—	Dr. A. B. Riker, Alliance, Ohio; Hon.
	Martin Bell, Hollidaysburg, Pa.; Hon. J. Boyd Duff,
	Pittsburg, Pa.

## Athletics.

Saul among the prophets is exemplified in some remarks on athletics made by Professor George E. Woodberry to one of his classes in Columbia college in a recent lecture, if we may credit the public prints. Professor Woodberry, poet and literateur, was, in his undergraduate days in Harvard, a "true to type" example of the scholastic "grind," regarding athletic exercises as an inexcusable waste of time and effort. His changed views on the subject are shown by the high terms in which he now commends college sports as developing self-control and "the daily habit of doing things." Of course he refers to properly regulated athletics, occupying their proper relation to other college activities and regarded in their true perspective. It is said to have been largely through Professor Woodberry's efforts that the professionalism in the Columbia eleven in 1899 was so summarily dealt with by the university authorities. If some men of his stamp were to be found in the faculties of some of our Western Pennsylvania colleges perhaps we might hope to see a moderate degree of athletic decency and common honesty obtain.

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In view of the personnel of the teams of some colleges in our athletic territory that "believe professionalism to be detrimental to college sport," and have avowed their determination henceforth to walk in the light, it would seem that their promises were very much of the same nature as their athletic teams—purely professional.

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The organization of the Tennis Association is a commendable step. Lack of ade-

quate courts has hitherto been the chief disadvantage against which this branch of sport has had to contend. The several courts now being prepared will relieve the situation and enable tennis to receive the attention it deserves.

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The Pan-American Intercollegiate games to be held this spring, have been endorsed by the Intercollegiate Association. The games are to take place in the Stadium on the Exposition grounds on Friday, May 31st, and Saturday, June 1st. This gives opportunity for a thoroughly national meet of college men, and should receive their support. The rules governing will be those of the Intercollegiate Association and the judges and officials experienced college men. Medals will be given to the first three men in each event, and trophies to the two colleges scoring the highest number of points.

The baseball season opened auspiciously with a victory over W. and J. The locals played a very strong game, and give promise of a very successful season. The only anxiety of the supporters of the team was whether they would be able to hit the ball. This question was favorably answered when the "ringer" Lambertin was retired from the box at the beginning of the fourth inning. Although the boys did not indulge in "slugging" the ball, the batting was highly satisfactory, considering that this was their first game and that they were having their first experience with the new strike rule. The only new player this year is Roy Yolton, in middle field. He is a fast fielder and has been making a good showing at bat. McKim pitched the first game and allowed the visitors but one hit. The following tabulated score will show the individual work of the players:

## WESTMINSTER.

	R.	B.	P.	A.	E.
Edmundson, 3b.....	0	3	1	2	0
McKim, p.....	1	1	1	2	0
Porter, 2b.....	1	1	3	1	1
Kuhn, c.....	0	0	4	1	0
Breaden, 1b.....	0	1	14	0	1
Cameron, 1.....	2	1	0	0	0
Yolton, R., cf.....	2	1	2	1	0
Grier, 1.....	0	0	0	1	0
Yolton, G., ss.....	1	1	2	3	1
Stuart, sub.....	0	0	0	0	0
Totals.....	7	9	27	11	3

## W. AND J.

	R.	B.	P.	A.	E.
Jobson, 2b.....	0	0	3	1	0
Oyler, ss.....	1	0	2	1	1
Gessler, p. and rf.....	0	0	1	0	0
Trump, 3b.....	0	0	0	3	0
Gibson, c.....	1	0	9	0	1
Lyle, 1b.....	0	1	8	0	2
Moore, mf.....	0	0	1	1	0
Miller, lf.....	1	0	1	0	0
Lambertin, p. and rf.....	0	0	0	0	1
Eckels and Hart, subs.....	0	0	0	0	0
Totals.....	3	1	24	6	5

Struck out—By McKim 7; by Lambertin, 3.  
Base on balls—Off McKim, 1; off Lambertin, 1.  
Hit by McKim, 1.

The Waynesburg College team met defeat on the local grounds May 8th. Westminster did not play in as good form as in the W. & J. game, but outclassed Waynesburg, especially in base running. Cameron was hit safely but seven times, and these were kept well scattered, so that they were not productive of scores. The slowness of the visitors on the bases was very conspicuous, especially when Shriver advanced but one base on a clean two-base hit by Ganear. The field was quite slippery, and, all things considered, the work of Westminster was very commendable. The score and line-up follow:

## WESTMINSTER.

	R.	B.	P.	A.	E.
Edmundson, 3b.....	1	2	3	1	2
McKim, rf.....	4	2	0	0	0
Porter, 2b.....	1	2	5	1	0
Kuhn, c.....	1	0	6	2	0
Breaden, 1b.....	1	1	9	1	3
Cameron, p.....	0	0	0	6	0
Yolton, R., cf.....	2	1	2	0	0
Grier, lf.....	1	2	0	0	0
Yolton, G., ss.....	2	2	2	1	1
Stuart, sub.....	0	0	0	0	0
Totals.....	13	12	27	12	6

## WAYNESBURG.

	R.	B.	P.	A.	E.
Inghram, 2b.....	0	0	3	3	4
Shriver, c.....	0	0	6	3	1
Ganear, 3b.....	1	1	1	1	2
Flowers, 1b.....	1	1	8	0	1
Grin, lf.....	0	1	1	0	1
Dent, ss.....	0	1	1	2	1
Newcomer, mf.....	0	1	1	0	1
Connet, p.....	0	1	2	1	1
Hazlett, rf.....	0	0	0	0	0
Hickney, sub.....	0	0	0	0	0
Totals.....	2	6	24	10	12

Struck out—By Cameron, 5; by Connet, 3. Bases on balls—Off Connet, 6. Hit by Connet, 1; by Cameron, 1.

The work of the track team is very promising, and if Geneva take away many first prizes on the 17th they will have to make some good records. The postponement of the inter-class meet has done much to lessen the interest, but it is hoped that the winners in the inter-class meet will feel encouraged to do conscientious training for the dual meet. The training season has been unusually short but the team will be in fair condition. The proficiency of the team is due to the hard work of the contestants, and the untiring efforts of Captain Yourd and Coach Conner. The result of the inter-class meet, held May 13th, is as follows:

Half-Mile Bicycle—Riddell, '04, first;

Neville, '02, second; Johnson, '02, third. Time, 1:25 3-5.

One-Half Mile Run—Yourd, '03, first; Work, '03, second; Price, '04, third. Time, 2:22 3-5.

100-Yard Dash—Deevers, '02, first; Degelman, '03, second; Kennedy, '03, third. Time, 10 3-4.

Shot Put—McGogney, '02, first; Cummings, '01, second; Donaldson, '02, third. Distance 34 feet, 2 inches.

220-Yard Hurdle—Deevers, '02, first; McGogney, '02, second; Yourd, '03, third. Time, 29 2-5.

Two Mile Bicycle—Riddell, '04, first; Neville, '02, second; Veazey, '03, third.

160 Yard Dash—Deevers, '02, first; Stuart, '04, second; Degelman, '03, third. Time, 18 1-2.

High Jump—McKelvey, '02, first; Witherspoon, '03, second; McGogney, '02, third.

One Mile Run—L. Thompson, '03, first; J. Work, '01, second; Demmler, prep., third. Time, 5:13 3-5.

Pole Vault—McGogney, '03, first; McGill, '02, second; Kennedy, '03, third. Distance, 8 feet, 6 inches.

Hammer Throw—Elliot, prep., first; Witherspoon, '03, second; McGogney, '02, third. Distance, 73 feet, 4 inches.

Broad Jump—Deevers, '02, first; McGogney, '02, second; Kennedy, '03, third. Distance, 20 feet, 5 inches.

The track was heavy and the weather too cold to make records.

The first place was won by 1902 winning 54 points with 1903 second, having 28 points to their credit.

☐ The place given to amateur athletics at the Pan-American reflects credit on those who are in charge of that branch of the ex-



position. The athletic field is 678 by 450 feet and the seating capacity of the stadium is 12,000. There will be National Handicaps, Junior and Senior Championship races and field events. A movement is on foot here to send R. G. Deevers to the Pan-American May 31 and June 1, where he will have a chance to compete with men of national reputation. Deevers has been a credit to the college, and while we do not expect him to win the events he enters, yet we are sure he will bring credit to himself and his college. May success attend him in all his efforts.

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## Exchanges.

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There are about 200,000 college students in the United States.—*Ex.*

"The chief want in life is somebody who shall make us do the best we can."—*Emerson.*

A satirist is a man who discovers things about himself and then says them about someone else.—*Ex.*

Honor thy professor in the days of thy youth that thou mayest stand solid with him before thy Senior year.

The Kane High School Myth is a bright semi-monthly, and is the most commendable High school paper among our exchanges.

Fresh. Reading Virgil.—"And thrice I tried to throw my arm around her—that was as far as I got, Professor." Prof.—"That was quite far enough."—*Ex.*

Customer (entering a poultry shop)—"I should like to see a big fat goose." Small Boy—"Yes, sir; father will be down in a minute."—*Ex.*

The Lombard Review is an extremely

well balanced college paper. Each department is made the paramount one and the paper is one of the best of our exchanges.

The ship that breasted aft the rolling sea

At last, perchance, when high winds strain its masts, is wrecked.

We live 'midst soul-storms, but at thy decree,

O God omnipotent! temptation's blast is checked.—*Ex.*

The average annual expenditure of the class of '00, of Princeton, for the four years, was \$719.56. Thirty-one men worked their way through college entirely, and thirty more in part. The average age at graduation was 22 1/2.—*Ex.*

The Otterbein Aegis is to be congratulated on the success of its literary department. Successful short story writers are scarce, and the paper that is fortunate in having the assistance of such is greatly aided in the most important department of a college paper.

A young man went to the office to interview the professor in regard to his course of study. "Haven't you a short course, Professor, that you would advise me to take"? queried the youth. "Well, that depends entirely on what you want to make of yourself. It takes the Lord fifty years to make an oak tree, but he can make a squash in six months."—*Ex.*

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R. G. DEEVERS, CLASS OF 1902.

WESTMINSTER'S REPRESENTATIVE IN THE  
INTERCOLLEGIATE SPORTS AT THE  
PAN-AMERICAN, JUNE 4TH,  
1901.



# THE HOLCAD.

VOL. XXI.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., JUNE, 1901.

No. 9.

## THE HOLCAD.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

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### Publishers' Notice.

THE HOLCAD is a monthly of ten issues a year, published by the undergraduates of Westminster College.

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No anonymous communications will be noticed.

Address all communications to THE HOLCAD, New Wilmington, Pa

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To the class of 1901 belongs the privilege of being the first to graduate in the new century. She will be in the van of Westminster's twentieth century forces. On her rests the responsibility of leading these forces wherever there is need. We trust that the members of 1901 will be a unit in such a movement. May they never forget that Westminster is their alma mater and while striving for their own success and happiness may they zealously uphold the honor of Westminster.

It is a matter of pride for the English speaking races that the English language has supplanted the French as a required study in the High schools of Germany. The change has been brought about by the order of the Emperor. The reason advanced is that the English language is more extensively used in trade and commerce than any other.

The friends of Westminster are looking forward with interest to the commencement of 1902, when the semi-centennial of the college will be celebrated. Preparations are under way but arrangements have not yet been completed. Next year will mark an eventful epoch in the history of Westminster college. The churches of Pittsburg and Allegheny hoped to have an endowment fund of \$200,000 raised by next commencement. Whether they will succeed in doing so by that time we are not able to say, as the committee are at present bending all their energies toward raising \$100,000 for Assyt College, Egypt. We hope for the best.

The interest taken in the HOLCAD by the majority of Westminster's alumni is discouraging to say the least. The circulation is confined almost exclusively to

undergraduates. This should not be the case. Those who have been graduated from Westminster should take a deep interest in the college, and in order to get the most reliable and trustworthy news of their alma mater should subscribe for a paper that contains all the college news set forth in a truthful manner. The HOLCAD is published with a view to making it entertaining to the alumni as well as to those now in college. We hope this may reach the eyes of many of the alumni and bring them to a realization of the fact that they should lend their assistance to the support of the HOLCAD.

We hear much concerning the impure athletics which exist in several of our Western Pennsylvania colleges. That a college will stoop to the level of professionalism in sports is indeed deplorable. Such a state of affairs is a confession of weakness. A man who professes to be skilled in a certain line of work but who depends entirely upon others to accomplish that work, admits his inability by his very act. Colleges, like men, are judged by what they can do themselves. It will ever be to the credit of three Western Pennsylvania colleges that the athletic fame which they have won has come through their own merits and not through the prowess of the "ringer."

At a recent banquet of the Carnegie partners Mr. Schwab made a declaration to the effect that a college education is a burden to a man in certain trades and industries. While Mr. Schwab is undoubtedly a man of authority in the iron industry, and deserves credit for forcing his way to the front as he has done, yet

we disagree with him on this point. We believe that an education is a burden to no man. A college education may not be a necessity in some departments of the business world, and there are able men who have attained high positions without the aid of a college training. We all know that the business man and the laboring man are powerful factors in the government of our land. A college education tends to broaden the mind. Will not the man with the broadest mind be better able to judge what is best for the country than one who has to depend entirely upon the scheming politician for his ideas of right. We believe that Mr. Schwab has been too busy with the details of his business to know what he has missed. His is a case where ignorance is bliss.

#### WESTMINSTER HONORED.

Some time ago a movement was started to send R. G. Deevers to the Pan-American to compete in the intercollegiate sports with the best men from our leading colleges and universities. He was sent and he acquitted himself nobly, winning the broad jump, twenty-two feet, and taking second in the 100-yard dash, which was won by the Georgetown champion, Duffy, in ten seconds. Westminster stands fifth among the colleges. The following is the standing of the different colleges and universities: Cornell, 28; Chicago, 17; Georgetown and Pennsylvania, 9 each; Westminster, 7; Beloit and Minnesota, 6 each; Yale, Princeton, Purdue, New York, 5 each; Amherst, 2.

This is the highest honor Westminster has received for some time. All honor to Deevers. None among us could have

won such honor for Westminster; none could have filled his place with such becoming modesty.

## Literary Department.

### Woman's Sphere.

[The following oration by Wm. T. Levis, of Geneva College, was given first place in the Inter-collegiate contest at Beaver Falls, May 8th.]

There are certain great forces acting in the world which are distinctively positive. They stand out above the plane of common things and inaugurate great movements, or summon all their strength to combat tendencies which they deem to be aimed at their existence.

There are other forces, or perhaps we should call them influences, which are at the head of no great movements. They do not shrewdly combine to protect themselves, nor do they consciously unite to trample down a foe, yet they are so intermingled and bound up in all of life as to be mighty for good or evil.

Such an influence has ever been exerted by woman. Since that far-off time in sunshiny Paradise, when she sprang in all her purity from the painless wound in Adam's side, she has ever been "one step in advance on the way heavenward." As she fled with her banished lord from that garden of beauty, she gathered in her bosom part of its sunshine, she clasped in her arms some of its richest blessings, and, with the true mother instinct, bore them away as legacies to her children. It remained for Adam to draw blood from his hands with labor; it was for him to struggle and plan, but for her to lighten his burden, to bind up his wounds, and to solace him with hopeful

words of Paradise regained. It was for her to point out to their children, as only a mother can, the awful lessons of sin—of sweet fruits turned bitter. If she was first in the fall, she remembered longest its lessons; and when her daughters have forgotten God, we have had a world without God.

In that great army whose care it is to comfort and nurse back to life those torn and maimed in the bitter and eternal feuds of the world, she has ever been in the van. Her name has become synonymous with patience, sympathy and love; she has rocked the cradle of the babe, directed the graspings of the infant mind and moulded the lives of kings; strong by virtue of her very weakness, her victories have ever been triumphs of love. Her mighty influence, an influence irresistible, is that exerted over man; an influence won by service, accomplishing most where least is demanded; supreme where unconsciously exerted; purer than the air from the sea, and stronger than the sea itself, carrying in its bosom a blessing not to be exchanged for the riches of the world.

And for this wealth of service she has been repaid by love and adoration. No mere rhetorical outburst can add one jot of sweetness to the names of wife and mother. The woman in the home occupies an enviable position. She is, as it were, a constant dweller in that haven into whose quiet peace man can retire only after the battles of the day. She can be unselfish because she deals directly only with those whom she loves; she hears the strifes and contentions of the outer world, as the inhabitants of a castle by the sea hear the waves beat against the rocks; she heeds the clamor only that she may

learn how best to keep herself and little ones away from its treacherous whirlings

Yet to-day we witness the astonishing spectacle of the only part of humanity that can honorably be exempted from the selfish battle of life, struggling from their positions of happiness into that seething turmoil from whence so many would gladly escape.

We can look on, with an almost excusable apathy, at an individual who deliberately leaves the shelter of his own roof and the warmth of his own fireside to be buffeted and beaten by the storm; but when we see a class tending toward actions that will not only cause themselves a world of unspeakable woe, but will cause the greatest and loveliest institutions of the world to topple and perish, we cry out—we strive to prevent.

The most ominous cloud now hanging over society has been rolled up by the woman reformer, who, not content with the most beautiful sphere that God could create, insists upon going forth to do battle in the armor of a man. A few ambitious and forward women, fretting because woman in her orbit has little prominence, have been struggling to throw from themselves a world of beautiful influence, and to grasp an evanescent power. Hear their own words: "Because women do feel themselves aggrieved, oppressed, and fraudulently deprived of their most sacred rights, we insist that they have immediate admission to all the rights and privileges belonging to them as citizens of the United States." Thus reads a resolution formulated by a great convention of women who thought they represented the best of the nation. To one not knowing the condition it would seem to be the plaintive cry and the hopeless demand of a race of bleeding slaves. They cry out that man has defrauded them of their birthright; that he

holds them in drudgery, while he enjoys the pleasures and reaps the triumphs of a world. They demand their rights, and no one denies that in the cold, selfish meaning of the word, what they demand are their rights. Separate a man from his family, lift him out of society, forget that the spark within him is divine, and then he has a right to do anything. Place him in the midst of his family, group around him men, women and children, beings saddened by his frowns and uplifted by his smiles; remember that when he disappears from this world's sight another hails him, and then nothing is right for him which can injure or mislead those who depend upon or are influenced by him. Separate a woman from her family, forget that she has the grandest of missions to perform—and then she has a right to vote, she has a right to enter politics. Surround her with her family, remember that "the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world," and then if she enters public life she is a criminal.

Yet in a hundred periodicals and a thousand clubs this cry of woman's thralldom is repeated. What wrong has ever been done these women which took from them one-half the sweetness they now willfully fling from themselves? What chains have ever clanked which deprived them of any privilege such as they now disdain? They have been bound by the golden chain which holds every creature of God to the place He intends it to occupy, to break which is to send the perpetrator adrift a useless and a shapeless wreck. They will sever cords which they think restrain them from a higher life, only to find that these are the channels which supplied their hearts with the living streams of love and happiness.

Like many other propositions, this one of



woman's suffrage does not appear so disgusting in the abstract. It is only when it is brought home, stripped of all its sophistries, that it appears in its naked hideousness. Man does not tremble because he sees in the new order of things a rival with whom he fears to contend; he is repelled because he sees that, with woman as man's rival, by the very nature of the struggle chivalry and tenderness must be forced to the background; he fears because, as he sees her step down from the heights, he sees the toppling of homes and the severing of ties; he shudders because, as her beautiful form bends to the burden, he sees a thousand poisonous heads striking at her heart.

Do you say, "Let other women vote, let others carry on the work, but leave to us our loved ones unsullied by these worldly matters?" Who then is to carry on the work? The women of the street, the women of no home influence, the women for whom the rottenness of politics can have no terrors! But what can politics expect from such as these? Surely no good. No! If our body politic is to be purified and sweetened by adding to it the woman of the land, it must be by throwing in those that are good and sweet and lovable. They must be thrown in, knowing that no one can perform the work which they alone have done. They must be thrown in, knowing that the foul mass may convert them to its own likeness. The cost is too great, a thousand times too great!

With woman engrossed in politics, who is to instruct our youth in those ethics, that, if grounded in the heart, will do more for the good government of the land than the harangues of all its orators? With woman in the lobbies and on the platform, where will be found those quiet, living examples of

purity that do more for the morals of this old world than the sermons of its thousand creeds?

We care not to look even with the eye of surmise upon society disordered and contorted by a struggle in which woman battles against man. We know not whether victory would follow the patience of the one or be grasped by the strength of the other. We only know that, let victory be where it may, its fruit must be as ashy to the taste of the victor as it is bitter to the vanquished.

But the hope and present stability of this nation rests in the fact that these right-demanding women do not represent the best of the nation. The women who hold in their hands the destiny of the world are unknown to it. They are banded only by the bands of love. They have grievances, but softened by patience; their ambitions are for loved ones; their rights and privileges bounded by their affections. They would rather have their names enshrined in the heart of a man and on the lips of children than enrolled in the temple of fame. Our faith in these women has been built up by the centuries and cannot be shattered in a day. In spite of the agitated wave of discontent we hear the ceaseless murmur of the sea of love. We see the woman of the future, as the woman of the past, completing man, not striving with him; "wise not that she may set herself above man, but that she may never fall from his side;" shaming the idols of false science by the beauty of her faith, making "brutes men, and men divine."

WILLIAM T. LEVIS.

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—Modest humility is beauty's crown.

---

—True duty is performed without regard to self.

"The Light That Failed."

[This oration by W. Bruce McCroly, of Westminster College, was given second place in the Inter-collegiate contest at Beaver Falls, May 8th.]

For centuries the French people had been governed by a line of tyrant kings. Bound down by an unscrupulous nobility, oppressed by a selfish clergy, their government had gradually grown more oppressive and stringent.

Drunk with power and lusting for gain, the clergy had forgotten the duty they owed the people. The oppression of the civil authorities had reduced the peasantry to abject serfdom and poverty, but in spite of this the idea of personal liberty, so prevalent throughout all Europe during the eighteenth century, was rapidly gaining a foothold among the down-trodden masses of France. The church was the strongest support of this ancient and now bitterly hated government. Every effort at reform met in the clergy an antagonist at its very inception, and soon the liberal cause turned from the church and identified itself with atheism. As the priesthood had taken sides against personal liberty, a doctrine they should have been the first to proclaim and champion, the religion whose mission it is to give civil liberty to the world came to be regarded as a foe which must be conquered before freedom could be obtained.

While this spirit of revolt against the existing order was developing in France, the American colonists had freed themselves from the clutches of despotism and established a government which, repudiating the tyrant dogma of the divine right of kings, asserted the equal rights of all men before the law. They startled the world by their declaration that all men are created equal and endowed with certain inalienable rights,

among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and with an appeal to heaven for the justice of their cause and the rectitude of their intentions, in the strength inspired from on high, they had achieved a glorious and lasting freedom.

One of the most ardent soldiers who fought for American freedom was a French nobleman, the Marquis de La Fayette. At the close of the American struggle he returned to France, and when the French revolution began joined those who were contending against oppression. His influence was always exercised on the side of moderation, humanity and constitutional liberty, but his attempts to transplant American ideas of liberty were doomed to failure. The demagogues crying for blood were more powerful than the moderate liberalists, and the mob was soon supreme. A declaration of rights was drawn up, zealous indeed for the rights of man, but silent concerning the rights of God. It was an attempt to be free without being just. The king was still the executive head of the government, but the people, fearing lest in time his influence would become as great as it had been in the past, removed him. The extremists now came into power—Marat, Robespierre and Danton, with their committees of public safety. The prisons were glutted with "suspects." The guillotine ran incessantly. The nobility fell before it. The king was beheaded. The more moderate framers of the "declaration of rights" themselves soon met a similar fate. Influenced by the teaching of Voltaire and other infidels, the French were led to boast that they would dethrone not only the kings of earth, but even the King of Kings, the very God of Heaven. With this purpose in view religious worship was abolished and the worship of reason es-

tablished. Every law formulated was based on ideas of this character. The Sabbath, the day set apart for the worship of God by His express command, was set at naught and a day of riotous pleasure substituted. Instead of the worship of the Divine Creator, the French set up a woman of dishonor for their adoration. Could a government long exist based on such flagrant disregard of God?

Atheism knows no God.

Christianity respects, first of all, the rights of God and holds with Plutarch that "it would be easier to build a city in the air than to found a republic based on any other principle than the worship of God."

Atheism confesses its want of any conception of righteousness in the universe.

Christianity concerns itself with righteousness in all its length and breadth, its depth and height.

Atheism repudiates every appeal of man to the higher law.

Christianity stands for the rights of conscience and yields to it as a message from the skies.

Why did the French revolution meet with disaster, while the American colonists, also fighting for freedom, gained the day?

Why is it that political liberty in France was forced to give place to the most absolute of despotisms, while in the American republic the people rule supreme?

Where can the answer be found save in the different political philosophies adopted by these different peoples?

Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap, and he that soweth to the wind shall reap the whirlwind. The leaders of the French revolution sowed to the wind, and in a marvelously short time the people

reaped the whirlwind in the "reign of terror." A reign of terror it was indeed! Hideous its scenes to look upon! Terrible its acts to contemplate! A wild, ungoverned and ungovernable mob, with no thought but murder and no cry but "death." Like a mighty conflagration it spread. A mere spark, fanned by the wind into a flame which burst forth with such awful fury that those whose hands had started it stood by terrified at what they themselves had wrought, unable to check its frightful progress. Little wonder the world stood aghast at this, the horror by which they have measured all horrors, the crowning catastrophe of the ages.

Mere human reason, even when most enlightened, is insufficient for the mighty task of establishing the political interests of man on broad and stable foundations. Human society is like a planet. Every planet has its orbit. The centrifugal force drives it forward. Left to this influence alone it would sweep on to destruction. But there is another force that reaches out from the center. The centripetal force holds it in its course, and so it sweeps forever forward, fulfilling the purpose of creation in the mighty system of the universe. And so it is with social order. Human will is the centrifugal force which, if not counterbalanced, would drive on to ruin. Divine will is the centripetal force, which, when recognized, insures the attainment of the highest social and political well-being, for "law hath its seat in the bosom of God, and its voice is the harmony of the world."

A weary, foot-sore traveler, uncertain as to his way, is toiling through a lonely forest. Amid the darkness of the night he hails with joy a faint and distant glimmer. He hastens toward it, hoping that it may prove a

light to lead him from the dangers that surround him to a place of rest and safety. But alas, it only leads him on, farther and farther from the beaten path. Suddenly he realizes he is utterly lost—the light has failed—he has followed a will-o'-the-wisp—followed perhaps to his destruction. And so it was with the despairing millions of benighted France. Weary of misrule and oppression they sought for liberty. They followed what they called the light of Reason, believing that it would guide them safely to their goal. Following this light they were led to the fatal precipice of lawlessness and plunged down into the seething abyss of anarchy—the political atheism of a godless people. They overthrew the old oppressive form of government and on its ruin sought to establish a free republic, but when their desires seemed all but realized—the light failed—and the tyrant once more ruled supreme.

How different this from the American nation. Here, too, was liberty sought, but sought in the light that comes from divine revelation. This was the shekinah that went before the Puritans and Pilgrims as they traversed the wastes of ocean and sought for themselves a new home in the western wilderness. It was the liberty Knox thundered, for which Calvin argued and Cromwell battled—the liberty that was their common inheritance, made secure to them by Christian thought and devotion. This Christian liberty has become part of our nation. Its institutions and laws are founded upon it. And because our liberty is Christian liberty there is no place among us for license or anarchy. As the years have rolled by the light has become brighter and clearer, aye, and shall continue so to grow until in that day of the perfect nation,

“When wrong shall cease, and liberty and love,  
And truth and right o’er all the earth be known,  
As in their throne above.”

But that day is not yet. We cannot have liberty and enjoy the rights of man if we ignore the Author of Liberty; and reason, without divine intelligence, cannot guide aright in any of the affairs of this life.

We must give heed to the warning, “Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.” The safety of the American nation lies in the American conscience. The Christian character of our civic life as established by our forefathers must be maintained if we would avoid the rocks and shoals dangerous to our ship of state. We dare not repudiate the light that has guided us thus far safely through all the storms of our history, and our faith is, that through all threatening clouds it will guide us safely on—

“The height is far, the path is thorned, the glory  
is not yet;  
And myriads long to see that face last seen on  
Olivet;  
But through the night of doubt and pain the glad-  
dening cry shall ring—  
Make way for truth! for right! for God! Make  
way! The King! The King.”

---

#### Smile.

Tho’ the day is dark and dreary,  
And the fire no more is cheery—  
Makes your eyes just sort o’ bleary

All the while,  
You can get so much in living  
If a pleasant look you’re giving,  
When you add a glance forgiving—  
And a smile.

If you’re working or you’re playing,  
And your hopes seem but decaying,  
Or your feelings all are staying

All your wiles,  
It will never do to worry,  
’Tho’ you’re always in a hurry  
You can aid midst all the flurry  
By a smile.



If your work seems always dragging—  
 All you do is sort o' lagging,  
 And your conscience all a-jagging—  
 All seems vile,  
 You will find it best by trying  
 To a higher sphere be flying,  
 Where your life you're not belying,  
 Try a smile.

—MAC. 03.

#### The Mother of Elvery.

The wind whistles and shrieks by the corner of the down-town district. Snow-flakes fall softly from the somber gray sky and bury the pavement stones beneath their fluffy whiteness. The street cars hurry by and leave behind the chilly clanging of the gong, which seems to snap. "Freeze! Freeze! Freeze!" Again there is mingled with the street's confusion the merry ringing of sleigh bells, their jingle of cheer floating pleasantly down the avenue. But there is another sound that swells above the life of the busy city and echoes with undying ripples in a voice that is sad and sweet. That is the sound of the Christmas bells, that is the throb of joy, the "Peace on earth, good will to men!" May its beatings never cease.

Yet, alas, while there is joy in many a home to-night, by many a hearth there are woe and sorrow. Perhaps the timely ringing of the Christmas bells will recall to the mind of the rich man the wants of his poorer neighbors. Perhaps the silvery sympathy of those carolings will soothe a heart that is sad and troubled. Just a little good from a rich man's hand, if it should reach the door of a poor man, might mean a far happier Christmas to each than would have been his lot before.

\* \* \* \* \*

Have you ever "slummed" it? Have

you ever passed a half day among the dirty, rickety houses and the dark, narrow alleys of a tenement quarter? Of all places the tenement house is the most pitiful. Here is the cursed drunken father; here is the wretched mother, only waiting to welcome the day which brings the rough-box and the grave.

The fairest flowers that flaunt the field are often found among the rankest weeds. So it is that where shadows seem to hang darkest over the path of life, and where the deeds of crime seem blackest, there God sometimes has placed the purest souls that He could make.

She was just the tiniest bit of a thing, but as pure and clean as the snow which has fallen fresh from the mantle of Winter. Why do you suppose God put her there? It is hard to tell, unless He placed her there to be the one lone joy that shone over the last days of a drooping mother. It is well that it is so. How shall we, indeed, count the worth of that child's life? Through her dear, loving face a mother lives, and by her presence there is another soul saved. Now let the cold world spurn her ragged robes, let them tell her deep disgrace, point to her fatal fall. She mocks them now as they have mocked her in the days of the past. Why should she care—she has her child and she is happy.

The father reeks of his filthy grog, yet, while his curse and oath still ring, a lullaby floats over the winter snows and the mother of Elvery sings her to sleep. There is a tenderness that has crept over the poor, pinched face, and there is a softness of love that shines in the eye where long ago teardrops had dried and the smile of love had slept.

O Elvery! O Elvery!  
 Thy mother starves to-night.  
 When morning dawns the hand is cold  
 And the face is snowy white.  
 O gracious God! O gracious God!  
 How good that the child might be,  
 The one lone joy that shone upon  
 The mother of Elvery.

\* \* \* \* \*

As I walked down Euclid Avenue that Christmas eve, I was much impressed by the loneliness of the streets. Suddenly through a half opened door I heard smothered oaths, the babble of rough voices, I smelt the taint of whiskey, and I saw the awful manner in which some fathers spend the most blessed night of the year. Then, above the din I heard a thick voice imperiously demanding, "One more drink! Say, you—" A roar of laughter drowned the remainder of the speech, a roar of laughter which was silenced as quickly as it had broken forth. O what a scene for a Christmas night! "Come now, you cur, get out!" There were curses and oaths, then, after a brief scuffle, the door swung wide, and, reeling and drunk, a man staggered to the ditch and fell in the snow. He lay there unable to pick himself up—and again a burst of laughter came from within the saloon. Poor fools, poor wretches! This man, like they, had laughed even so; the time was to come when they, like he, would be cast out of the deceitful good fellowship, when they, too, would find a bed in the gutter.

I now turned my attention to the poor thing which was lying half buried in the snow. He was lank and filthy; about his whole attire there was a gaunt and scrawny air. His face bore a peaked and leery look, bloated and red as it was. There, lying by the roadside, his face and clothes bespattered

and dirty, over him the north wind seemed to blow harder and fiercer.

He did not sleep the sound, drunken stupor of the ordinary drunk, but he mumbled and grumbled to himself. Since, alone, I was helpless, I now started to find an officer. Scarcely had I gone twenty feet, before the cold, silent night was broken by a cry so strange, so awful, so heart-breaking in all its realization and apprehension, that for a moment I stood still. Helpless, however, I hurried on my search. In a few moments I returned with a policeman. Too late, too late! There was only the low groan of a dying father. He mumbles something as we pick him up. I bend my head lower, "A little louder, my man." What do I hear! The cold lips move, the broken voice repeats, "Elvery—Elvery—poor girl!" I thought that was the end, but with one dying agony he calls his child. "Elvery!" It was a cry of pain and remorse. The poor man died while the word still echoed back and forth among the dreary blocks.

Through the darkness came to us an answering cry, we heard the hurry of childish feet. "O father, father!" rang through the mournful streets. It began to hail just then and the pit-a-pat of the hail was all that answered. "O father, mother's dead!" Again the pit-a-pat of the hail was all that answered.

\* \* \* \* \*

Six years have passed since that winter night,  
 And the Christmas bells again  
 Are caroling tales of joy to all  
 And whispering peace to men.  
 The streets are white with another snow,  
 The sky is a darker gray;  
 Whistles and shrieks the wind along  
 The length of the broad highway.

If you had happened to be standing near the corner of Euclid avenue, just east of the Square, you might have witnessed one of the saddest sights of the great city of Cleveland. Little Elvery, as fair as she was frail, was standing in the snow storm. There was a bundle of newspapers under her arm, and she was proclaiming the evening news. Over her jet black hair and over her shoulders she had thrown an old shawl, and Mother Winter, meaning well, had trimmed it with the snow-fur of December.

The sweetness of her face was mingled with the sadness of her life, and, unconsciously, she was a statue of pathetic and touching soberness. The great cold stones of the business blocks frowned from their heights upon the poor figure below. The glare of the electric light but made the scene more striking and distinct, as her shadow fell dark and clear on the sheet which the snow had laid. The storm continued, the snow fell heavier and heavier, and it swirled around her in triumphant gusts, as though rejoicing in her presence and inviting her to join the gambols of the rollicking snowflakes. Or perhaps it felt her shiver and only tried to hide her and protect her from the coldness and the fierceness of the blast.

Truly the world is a cold thing and, on a cold winter day, it but wraps its mantle closer about its ears and draws its head further in, trying, like a turtle, to betake itself more to itself. But the world is not altogether cold, nor are its feelings wholly calloused.

As Elvery stood there, endeavoring as best she might to protect her uncovered hands from the snow, a large, heavy-set man was hurrying up the avenue. He was an old man, but well preserved. Boasting, as he did, the most superb strength, power

and beauty were in his stride. But large as was his stature, the greatness of his soul was in goodly proportion. Did he buy a paper? Yes, and more. He bought them all. Besides that, he bought a coat and mittens and shoes. There was a good supper, too, for Elvery that night. Then he asked Elvery where she lived, and also her name. She lived with old Mrs. Sampson, the washer-woman, and her name was only "Elvery."

Imagine the surprise of that good woman, Mrs. Sampson, that night when Elvery returned to relate her experiences. Bow reverently your head while you picture her soulful "Thank God!" when, shortly after, a wagon left "a *lot* of eatin' stuff."

\* \* \* \* \*

Before the crackling fire of a large grate stands an old man. He has evidently just come in, for his face is still red from the cold and he is warming his hands.

While he is shaking off the chilliness let us take a look around the room. It is very cozy and handsomely furnished. The wall paper is of a heavy, embossed design. Numerous rugs strew the floor and give to the room a sense of luxury and ease. The pictures on the walls are of the finest. We might almost dream that it is the studio of some artist.

Ah! I see that you pause. You are looking at that crayon over the mantel. What! You seem startled! You, too, then have noticed it. I had thought perhaps it was a fancy, but an idle trick of the mind. Come, my friend, what is it? Like Elvery? Precisely! But let us cease talking. The old man has raised his head. We may interrupt him, he may notice us. What does he say?

"It cannot be—Elvery?—Elvery? There

is no such name in my memory. The name should have been Florence. No, no, not Elvery. But what a resemblance! How it startled me? It seemed the very picture had come down and walked, had unframed itself and come to meet me."

—  
Friend, let us go. Let us leave the old man to himself. His secrets are his own, they are not ours. But wait; here on this doorstep I will tell *you* a secret. When the father of Elvery died there was nothing left to prove his identity, but with the mother it was different. Just a few days before she died she took from her breast a chain and a locket, exceedingly fine, and wrought in gold. That chain now hangs about the neck of Elvery. On it hangs the locket and within that locket there is a picture. It is a picture which you have seen to-night. It is the original. Perhaps the old man is a father—and a grandfather, too—who knows.

\* \* \* \* \*

Whistles and shrieks the wind by the corner  
On a dismal winter day,  
And snowflakes fall on the pavement stones  
From a sky of somber gray.  
The chilly clang of the street car gong  
Bears down upon the breeze,  
And a single word it seems to snap—  
It is "Freeze! Freeze! Freeze!"  
Listen again—it is sleigh bells now  
With a merry jingle of cheer.  
And their accents borne across the air  
Fall pleasantly on the ear.  
But what is that which swells above  
The life of the city street,  
And sends its echoes round and round  
In a voice so sad and sweet?  
O that is the sound of the Christmas bells,  
O that is the throb of peace,  
O that is the glad "Good will to men!"  
May its beatings never cease.

EGBERT R. MORRISON.

### A Springtide Song.

I will meet you in the springtide,  
When the lillies bloom so fair,  
And the violets blend their fragrance  
In the bland and balmy air;  
While the birds sing sweetest carols  
In the leafy bowers on high,  
I will meet you in the springtide  
When the flowers in beauty vie.

I will meet you in the springtide,  
When the brooklets murmur low  
In the mossy, shady valleys,  
Where their waters wind and flow.  
You must wait my coming, darling,  
For no purer bliss can be  
Than our meeting in the springtide,  
Where all nature 's melody.

I will meet you in the springtide,  
When the twilight shadows fall,  
And the purple glow of evening  
Smiles in beauty over all—  
And I feel that love the purest  
Our fond hearts will e'er enthral,  
While we whisper words so tender  
Where the Springtide shadows fall.

MAX.

### To a Hyacinth.

From Sparta's choicest blood thou'rt sprung, O  
flower!  
His blood, whom great Apollo loved so well,  
Prince Hyacinthus. In that fatal hour  
The god thee being gave where low he fell.  
Amid the silence of the city's night  
Of thy rich breath I catch the fragrance sweet,  
Filling my being with a strange delight  
Of those old days. The wide deserted street  
Is thronged with shadows, men of long ago,  
Whom Hades held or fields Elysian knew.  
The quiting green I see, the woeful blow,  
The red stains on the turf, from which there grew  
A memory fragrant all the coming years  
Of Sparta's loss and brave Apollo's tears.

W. E. BROOKS, '00.

May 1, 1901.



**Music ; Its Place in Education.**

Music is an art, and we might justly say, the art of arts. It is the only universal language. By its medium all tribes can speak and understand. Its power and influence encircles the globe. There was a time when music was looked upon as a mere accomplishment. Now each day finds the educational world considering this art with more seriousness and a higher regard. Not long ago it was deemed a sufficient education for the youth to be somewhat competent in the "Three R's," or the common branches now taught in our grammar schools. Each year the standard of education was raised, until a man was not regarded an educated man unless he had studied higher Mathematics, Latin, Greek, the Sciences, Literature and History, and was thoroughly versed in these branches. Later, the Modern Languages came into prominence as an essential to higher education, but to-day a man must have some musical education. He must, at least, be able to judge and to criticize, if not perform, and the day is not far distant when to have no knowledge of music will be regarded as a lack of culture, as we now look upon the man who has no knowledge of grammar. All true science, art and law comes from the one divine source—God.

All our colleges and universities have in their prescribed courses all branches of science and common law. They require the study of poetry and rhyme. And what is poetry? You say it is one of the fine arts. Yes! and is not music one of the fine arts? Poetry is the art of language; music the art of sounds. Then, if poetry is required and given credit in the curriculum of our different colleges, why is not music? It seems needless to speak of the value of music study as a general mental discipline. It not only

develops technic, but patience, perseverance, memory, quick perception, the analytic and synthetic faculties, the beautiful, the emotions, the imagination, the taste, all capacities for growth, culture, refinement, refined enjoyments and practical ethics. It requires, for the acquirement of any degree of proficiency, more time and study than any two studies in the college course. The most difficult lesson of the college student can be prepared for recitation in from one to five hours, while a lesson in music requires from ten to fifteen hours hard work and study, and frequently more. Too, the study of music requires more concentration of mind, of thought, and more reflection than any one study in our colleges.

Right here, let me ask what is the chief aim of education. I answer, it is the development of the intellect, to the end for creating new thought, and for the development of character. One important factor in education is the cultivating of concentration of mind and thought. Are not all the new discoveries and inventions due to the directing of one's thoughts and energies along one particular line? Since the study of music has in it all these qualities—and more of this developing potency than has any one branch of language or science, is it not justly entitled to an equal place with these branches in the curriculums of our colleges and universities?

The past few years have witnessed marked growth in this line. Many of our leading universities have opened their doors to music and give to the students in this line of art due credits on their various degrees. Among these institutions are Yale, Northwestern, Princeton, Michigan, Wisconsin universities, Wellesley College and many others. Since music is one of the fine arts and all schools

confer on their graduates the degree of Bachelor of Arts, is it therefore not entitled to its just credits in this degree?

W. W. CAMPBELL, '91.

(Director of Music, Trinity University, Teulacana, Texas.)

#### David Hears Paderewski.

[With the very earnest hope that Mr. E. N. Westcott will not turn over in his grave, nor his shade visit the writer with vengeful purpose.]

John was sitting at the piano playing, when David came in and sat down.

"Sing my fav'rit, John," said David, scratching a match on his trouser leg, and lighting a cigar, "that'n 'bout the feller sittin' one day by the organ an' not feelin' exac'ly right—kind o' tired an' out of sorts an' not knowin' just where he was drivin' at—jest joggin' 'long with a loose rein fer quite a piece, an' so on; an' then, by 'n by, strikin' right into his gait an' goin' on stronger 'n stronger, an' fin'ly finishin' up with an A—men that carries him quarter way 'round the track 'fore he c'n pull up. That's my fav'rit."

When John had finished the song, David ruminated:

"That's a putty fine bit of a tune. 'Minds me o' the time I went to hear this Padder—Paddy—"

"Paderewski," suggested John.

"E-up, that's him, though 't wa'n't the way it wuz spelt. Yes, sir; he c'd cert'nly put up a tune. 'Spect he's as good 's you are. 'D I ever tell you 'bout goin' to hear him?

"No? Wa'al, I was down to New York on a matter o' bizness 'long o' Price some time ago, an' havin' finished up the job in the aft'noon, an' not havin' anythin' to do in th' evenin', I ast the hotel clerk fer some-

thin' good to go to, t' kill th' time. Price had ast me to go up t' his house fer the night, but I didn't go. I ain't no objections to Price's spirit o' hospital'ty. Price's spirit's all right, but it's th' kin' o' hospital'ty 't I don't go on—kin' of a sof'-biled-egg hospital'ty. An' Price didn't insist, 'cause he seed 't I wa'n't jest exac'ly gaited 's his stable, so I ast th' clerk fer somethin' t' do, 's I've said. He says t' me, 'There's a great pianist 'n town t'night, Paddyreshky, greatest they is; y' oughter go 'n hear him.' Ever sence Polly 'n I went to th' theatre on a hotel clerk's recommend, I've alwus fought shy o' sich fellers when 't comes 't advisin', but they didn't seem t' be nuthin' 'bout a piany-player 't could hurt nothin', 'n so I pulled out a quarter 'n handed it t' the feller, 'n said I'd take a tickit fer one.

"'Thank you, sir,' says he, puttin' the quarter in his pocket, 'the tickit 'll cost you five dollars'

"Blamed 'f the dummed fool didn't think I wuz tippin' him, an' 'f I hadn't abin bald my hair 'd riz right up at th' five dollars. Up here to Homeville, we don't never charge more 'n a quarter for any concert. But I'd made a putty good deal that aft'noon, an I thought I might 's well go the whole hog's not, so I never let on, but forked over the V, an' tuk my tickit.

"After supper—they called it dinner down there—I went into a barber-shop t' git curried up a little, an', Scat my —! John, but that feller c'd talk. Ef y' want to live 'n peace an' comfort, 's the Scriptur seth, y' don't never want t' go into that shop, y' want t' live by a nice, quiet feller 't don't git goin'—jest like me.

"Wa'al, I went t' th' place the feller wuz to be at, an' sat down. Bein' 's th' feller

wa'n't in sight yit, I tuk a good look 'roun' at th' audjence, an' maybe 't wa'n't fine! Made me wish I'd brung my swallertail, but I thought 's how 't ain't alwus the hoss 'th shiniest back 't c'n come in fust on a mile track, so I didn't worry none. 'Th' men all had on their swallertails 'n' white Sunday shirts 'n' white gloves, etcet'ry, an' th' wimmin—*John*, I seen more *of* wimmin 'n I've ever seen 'fore nor sence, 'ceptin' th' time Polly 'n' I went t' the theatre that time in New York. When I come home I tried t' git Polly t' hieve one o' them dresses t' match my swallertail, but Polly she stonped her foot 'n' said, 'No, sir; I ain't agoin' t' wear no sich thing. I ain't agoin' to ruin my morils, f all sassi'ty in New York does, so there!' Polly's great on morils, Polly is.

"Wa'al, by 'n' by they was a big clappin', an' they come a big tall feller 'th long hair onto th' plattform. I thought t' myself, it's a dummed shame 't a feller they charge five dollars for don't git 'nough out o' it so 's 't he c'n 'ford to git a hair cut."

John here had a violent paroxysm of coughing. David looked at him quizzically.

"Have them fits of'n?"

"Once in a while," answered John.

"Y' oughter try Lee's linimint—good fer man 'r beast. Wa'al, 's I was sayin', this feller come on the platform, 'n' made a bow, an' went over t' the piany, an' set down. He run his fingers through his hair, 'n' pulled his handk'chif out 'n' his pockit, rubbed his han's, 'n' threw th' handk'chif on th' corner of th' piany, pulled his stool in, 'n' then pulled it out agin, 'n' wriggled 'roun', an' fin'ly got started. He hit th' piany one lick, an' then run both han's up 'n' down, 'as a sort o' preliminary heat t' get warmed up, an' then started in slow.

"They called it a sonater, an' I guess it was. 'T anyrate he went it slow fer 'bout five minutes, sorter savin' his breath. Then he begun t' warm up slow, same 's a hoss after the' fust quarter, 'th a little spurt now an' agin t' keep f'm bein' pockited. He kept that up fer 'bout fifteen minutes, an' then he started in on th' home stretch. 'N' maybe he didn't come in, head 'n' tail stretched out. Scat my —! but them fingers o' hisn did fly over them ivories. Looked 's though he was after a twenty-thousan' dollar plate. I wanted to git up an' shout fer him t' come in, but they was a woman 'side me, an' I didn't know but 't in th' rush I might squish her, so I didn't. 'Th' last fifty yards, if he didn't come in, jest whizzin', I don't want a cent, no, sir! I didn't see no timekeepers anywheres, but he must 'a' broke th' record, fer when he got through th' people all clapped and stonped, an' one dummed Dutchman yelled, 'Ongkore! Ongkore!'

"Wa'al, he kept it up all evenin', th' people all yellin' an' clappin' like boys in a circus. An' fin'ly he gin us the last 'n. 'Spring Song,' by some Dutchman, I guess, f'm the name. An' it's 's good 's your song. When he started in on this 'n, slow, just like a feller drivin' for pleasure, 'thout no stake on him, even the wimmin stopped awrigglin' their fans, an' listened. An' it was a reg'lar spring song. Somehow it had somethin' in 't sorter went right through a feller, 'n' made him feel kin' o' lumpy 'bout the throat. You c'd hear the birds asingin', 'n' the leaves whisperin', just like they do in spring in the country, 'n' water ripplin' long, an' the wind breathin' soft, 's though 't wanted to tell ev'rybody 't was spring agin, an' 't wa'n't no use in people fightin' an' quarrelin' any more, 'cause they wa'n't meant

fer that. I jest leaned back in my seat, an' shut my eyes. I c'd feel myself drivin' along the river road early in the mornin', an' c'd see the trees all leavin' an' green, 'n' the river runnin' 'longside the road, 'n' th' fields wavin' an' the sun comin' up an' makin' the sky all red, jest like a girl's cheek, when her beau fust tells her he's stuck on 'r. 'T made me think o' my little boy, an' wish 't he hadn't died, 'n' I ain't 'shamed to say 't tears come into my eyes, though I hain't done much cryin' in my time. Yes, sirree! that was a great tune! I never was very much on church goin', 'cordin' to Polly, but that tune did more good 'n any church I ever went into. Fac', if I thought 't I could feel that way alwus in church, I'd go fifty per cent. more 'n I do. It did a good deal to'rds takin' away th' impresshuns left by my early bringin' up. 'T made me think 'at maybe people wa'n't so bad after all, an' it 'fected me so 's 't a couple o' days afterwurds I left a feller skin me on a hoss. That cured me *some*, I guess, but ever sence I've had a hankerin' after somethin', I don't jest exac'ly know what, an' when you play 't comes onto me worse. But that feller c'd cert'nly play the piany. It was wuth all th' five dollars. Yes, *sir!*'

David smoked awhile in silence, and then rose saying:

"I ain't much on playin' an' singin' myself, barrin' the Jews' harp, but I guess 'f Dave Parum 'd had more t' do 'th his bringin' up he'd 'a' had more o' the Paddyreshy in hin."

And sending a farewell contribution into the cuspidor, David said good-night.

#### Our Colleges at Winona Lake.

The annual convention of the Young People of the United Presbyterian church will be held at Lake Winona, Indiana, July 24-28, 1901. Lake Winona is located one hundred miles east of Chicago and is the home of a summer school and assembly.

The morning hours of the convention will be given to Bible study. Able men from our own and other churches appear on the program. Such men as Andrew Murray and Campbell Morgan will be secured for addresses. Not more than six hours a day are included on the program. The opportunity for social fellowship among our young people will be vastly superior to that of any preceding convention.

The general committee has provided an address for Saturday evening on "The Church and Education in the Twentieth Century."

Five colleges have accepted the invitation to hold a conference on Saturday afternoon. A committee consisting of Rev. W. J. Buchanan, of Monmouth, Ill., and J. G. Thompson, of Sterling, Kan., has been appointed to prepare a program and complete arrangements.

The program will have from four to seven topics opened by brief addresses, followed by a large number of one-minute speeches. College glee clubs and quartets will render college songs.

We ask the faculties and students to lend encouragement to the movement in every possible way.

J. G. THOMPSON.

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Duties best done are those done in secret without the applause of men.













## Holcades Mikrai.

*"Semperque recentes Coniectare juvat  
praedas, et vivere rapto."*

Miss Bott's father was in town May 23d.

"Holl" Donaldson supposes that Noah was anarchist.

Miss Lea's brother visited her over Sabbath, May 26th.

At the time of writing Harry Zuver is lying at his home very seriously ill.

Miss Miller entertained her mother and sisters the last week of May.

Miss Abrams visited the Misses Turner and McKee for several days the last of May.

Miss Andrews was the guest of the Misses Stuart for several days the first part of June.

It is said, "the commencement gown may be worn low, but it comes high just the same."

Hunger could not carry a plate large enough to contain a picture of the Freshmen heads.

Mr. Fred Taylor, '96, has returned to the home from which he has been absent for two years.

There is a report circulated that it takes a dollar to get the moon "full." The even four quarters.

Miss Ramsey, when asked to be a reporter "lapso linguae," said, "I guard my lips as I would a treasure."

Miss Mitchell asked the question in Civil Government, "Is it or is it not?" Hunt remarked, "I think so."

"Frank" Mehard told an awful story of "a big lamb with horns" that disputed the right of way with her.

Cameron asked, "What do you suppose I got my hair cut for?" Miss Cook did not know till he said, "For twenty-five cents."

Mabel's little brother, even after emphatic warming, said, "Well, I guess she does like Bill." And the poor boy was immediately banished.

Was it out of consideration for himself or for Mrs. Lowry that Jim Greer did not lift the rocking chair out of the sheltered corner of the parlor?

Miss Marian Crawford entertained Prof. Peterson and Messrs. Williams and Kennedy at an impromptu afternoon tea on a rainy afternoon, Sunday, June 2nd.

Mr. Charles C. Porter, who has been in the Sharon hospital for some weeks, has at last been brought to his home. He is still quite weak but is gaining strength.

A young couple of the college was under discussion by two of our worthy Professors. One said, "Well, that's the worst case I ever saw." The other remarked, "O, that's only calf love."

Coming home from Geneva Lytle was enthusiastically starting, "Some folks say that a nigger won't steal." But several gentlemen of color gave him some black looks, and John subsided.

Prof. Barnes, in logic, while illustrating the fallacy of many questions: "Mr. Campbell, are you the only rogue in your family?" Ev. (promptly) — "No, sir." (Then correcting) "Yes, sir." (Finally and desperately) "I don't know, sir; I think so, maybe."

At the close of a recent chapel speech in which the visiting divine lauded the "self-made" man and intimated that he himself was an instance of the class in question and

that he could thank only himself for what he is, one of the Professors was heard to say that the Lord was thus relieved of a mighty responsibility.

Prof. Barnes, again in logic: "Now, in this matter of false conclusion by suppressing the second assumption, the sequence is reduced to an absurdity. Suppose, for instance: If McCartney and Leeper tore down the fence a few nights ago and made the tracks down the street, then they were wearing shoes half as large as their feet. But this is impossible. Hence"— But the class at once pronounced the argumentum ad pedes valid and the culprits guilty.

While arriving to Youngstown, J. Wilkin Reed observed two calves peacefully grazing in the fields. With loud and clamorous voice, a voice tremulous with suppressed exultation over the fact that he would entrap his oppressor, he cried, "Oh! Parks, there is your brother." And Parks asked, "Where?" And seeing the animals answered and said: "Oh, yes; come on, Ikey." And even while the echoes were dying, Parks asked a farmer with a "freckled" dog and a bunch of whiskers, "Say, Grass, how far is it down the road a piece?" To which the brilliant answer came: "Y-a-ass."

Prof. Dorris tells a wonderful story of wonderful elderberry bushes growing thirty feet high. He never varies more than ten feet in the telling. This brings us to Russell. Russell has some sheep. Without the least inducement they can clear three and one-half, four, four and one-half, five, six, or ten feet (depending on the time you hear the story). With a little excitement they do not notice from twelve to twenty feet (depending on the remembrance of the relater). Under intense

excitement they have cleared distances varying equally with the height of the elderberry bushes (depending greatly on the veracity of the relaters). Russell threatened us with loss of friendship if his story was reported and hence we wish none of you to tell the secret.

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## Alumni Notes.

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'00. James Sloss returned from teaching in Norfolk Mission College Saturday, May 18.

'95. The Rev. J. G. King, Columbus, Ohio, visited his sister, Miss Ada King, '04, May 20.

'75. The Rev. J. W. Best has resigned his charge at Ireton, Iowa, to take effect June 1.

'94. On May 17 a call was moderated for the Rev. W. D. Strangeway to the congregation of Troy, New York.

'96. F. J. Taylor is home from Muskogee, Indian Territory, for a vacation. He is employed by the M. K. & T. Ry.

'91. The Rev. H. L. Hood at a recent meeting of Frankfort presbytery was installed as pastor of the Hookstown congregation.

'85. The Rev. A. L. Davidson, Washington, Iowa, has been visiting his mother and other relatives in Western Pennsylvania.

'87. The Rev. S. P. Barackman, formerly of Salineville, Ohio, has been laboring in the congregation of Sioux City, Iowa, since April 19.

'96. The Rev. H. G. Edgar was in town May 14 on his way to Pittsburg from Stamford, Can., where he preached the two previous Sabbaths.

'78. We are glad to note that the Grove City Collegian reports Prof. J. B. McClelland

recovered from his illness and returned to his chair in Greek.

'75. The Rev. W. B. Barr, of Hoboken, New Jersey, recently published in a neat and attractive volume an interesting history of the Barr family.

L. L. Swogger, '98, and C. E. Trainer, '97, both of Jefferson Medical College, have returned to New Wilmington, the former to his home, the latter to visit friends.

Misses Faith and Sannie Stewart, both of the class of 1900, visited New Wilmington May 17 and 18. The latter expects to teach at Grassy Cove, Tennessee, next year.

'81. The Rev. R. H. Hood, Mt. Washington church, preached his tenth anniversary sermon, Sabbath, May 12, in which he reviewed the work of his congregation.

'99. R. R. Littell, of Xenia Seminary, took second place in a State oratorical contest at Akron, Ohio, May 16. The winner will enter an international intercollegiate contest at Buffalo next summer.

Miss Elizabeth Barnes, '95, New Wilmington, and Rev. J. H. W. Cooper, '96, pastor of the Presbyterian church at Lansing, Iowa, were married May 22, at the home of the bride's mother.

'90. The Rev. G. W. Bovard, North Argyle, New York, has issued in tract form "A Message to the Parents" of his congregation, in which he sets forth the duties, responsibilities, and rewards of fathers and mothers as enforced by scripture and history.

'97. The Rev. R. E. Cooper was ordained by Butler presbytery at a special meeting held in Butler, May 20. He left Monday, May 27, for his field of labor, Hooper and Washtucua, Washington, two stations re-

cently opened by the Home Mission Board.

Miss Margaret Pomeroy, '97, and Mr. Joseph McClure, ex-'98, were united in marriage at the home of the bride's aunt, Mrs. Taggart, East Liverpool, Ohio, Tuesday, May 12. They will, after a short time spent in travel, occupy their residence recently purchased south of this place.

The Alumni dinner will take place as usual in the gymnasium on Tuesday evening of Commencement week at nine o'clock. A committee of resident graduates will be in President Ferguson's office, Old College, on Monday and Tuesday to meet visiting alumni and to assist them in making suitable arrangements for board and lodging during their stay.

The reunion of the class of '86 will be held Tuesday evening of Commencement week. The program is as follows: Historian, Mrs. J. R. Millin, Chicago, Illinois; alternate, Prof. J. K. Swan, Monmouth, Illinois; poet, Rev. R. L. Hay, New Brighton; alternate, Rev. J. C. Kistler, Houstonville; essayist, Mrs. H. G. Gordon, Paris; alternate, Miss Estelle McMillan; orator, Alex. McIntosh, Esq; alternate, Rev. S. H. Moore, New Castle.

The death of Harry S. Parker, of Ellwood City, occurred Thursday evening, May 23, at Cambridge Springs. Mr. Parker was a nephew of Rev. J. A. Parker, D. D., of Westminster, '83, and two years ago was married to Miss Laura VanEman, of the class of '91. He was formerly a teacher in Ellwood public schools, and has recently been with the American Tin Plate Co. R. J. Totten, '88, of this place, attended the funeral held Sabbath, May 26, at Ellwood.

## College World.

There are enrolled in Carlisle Indian School this year 1,118 students, representing seventy-six tribes.

The statements of five United Presbyterian Colleges for the past year show an actual attendance of 1,317.

A Club has been organized among the students of Harvard University for the study of the Spanish language.

Dr. I. C. Ketler completed his twenty-fifth year as president of Grove City College on Wednesday, April 10th, 1901.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller has accepted the invitation of the class of 1901, Wellesley College, to become its honorary member.

Cornell sends musical clubs on annual trips, allowing them a spending fund of \$18,000, a considerable amount of which goes to professional instructors.

Monmouth College held its Commencement June 6. Its graduating class numbered thirty. Two of the instructors of this college retire at the close of this term—J. H. Wilson, professor of Greek, and Mrs. Jennie Logue Campbelf, professor of English.

The one-hundredth Commencement of Washington and Jefferson College will be held June 19th. Its 1901 class numbers fifty-one. Its president, Rev. J. D. Moffat, D. D., had the degree of LL. D. conferred upon him by the University of Pennsylvania.

The Rev. Daniel J. Hauer, aged 95, living at Hanover, Pa., is the dean of the Lutheran ministers of the United States. He was in the pulpit continuously for fifty-nine years.

## Music and Art.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,  
This universal frame began;  
From harmony to harmony,  
Through all the compass of the notes it ran  
The diapason closing full in man.  
—[Dryden.]

Society contest promises to be exceedingly interesting.

Miss Barr's picture, "Gathering Seaweed," is very effective.

Miss Pillow's picture in chrysanthemums is worthy of mention.

Miss Helen Ferguson has finished a beautiful vase in nasturtiums.

The Mandolin club has been very popular this year in the music circle.

Miss Mary Pillow spent one week of her senior vacation in the art studio.

Junior contest is looked forward to with interest. There are to be six contestants.

Miss Cook's picture in cherries and Miss Turner's in strawberries are very tempting to those visiting the studio.

The girls at the Hall tender many thanks to the Glee and Mandolin clubs for the enjoyable serenades given at the Hall during the year.

Miss Mary Scholl, who entered the Art department last term, has made rapid progress, and as a result of diligent work has quite a collection of pleasing water colors.

The elocution department has been doing good work this year. The new furnishings placed in Miss Acheson's studio during the year have added greatly to convenience as well as to appearance.

The Glee club has this year won for itself a name which we are confident it will retain



through the coming year. Several of its members are seniors and we regret their departure, yet there will be others to take their places, and we look forward to a successful year.

Miss Hodgens has completed a sketch of scenery taken from Cascade Park, New Castle. The scene is a stone arch bridge, whose reflection is thrown on the water below. Around the bridge are dense crab apple trees, whose delicate pink blossoms form a most effective combination with the green foliage. She has also taken a pretty scene from Neshannock Falls.

Miss Anna Reed will give her graduation recital Thursday, June 13th, in the Second Church. She will be assisted by Miss Fisher. The following is her program:

Sonata, Op. 13..... Beethoven  
Molto allegro econbrio adagio cantabile Rondo.  
    { Fableu, Op. 75, No. 2.....Raff  
    { Valse, Op. 64, No. 2..... F. Chopin  
Prelude, Op. 1, No. 2.....Stojowski  
March, Op. 39, No. 1 ..... Alexis Hollaender

Stainer's Crucifixion will be given by the college chorus class in the Second church, Saturday evening, June 15th. The concert will be given entirely by the members of the chorus, and through their faithful practise and the untiring efforts of Prof. Peterson a delightful evening is anticipated. The soloists are Thornton A. Craig, tenor, Holland Hunter Donaldson, baritone, and Robert Work, base.

A pleasing concert was given by a Pittsburgh quartette in the Neshannock church, May 10th. The program consisted of a song recital and "In a Persian Garden." Miss Gertrude Clark is too well known in New Wilmington to need further mention. The entertainment was of high standard through-

out and was a rare musical treat. Following was the program:

The Miller's Wooing.....Eaton Fanning  
Quartette.

(a) My Desire.....Nevin

(b) An Open Secret.....Woodman  
Miss Clark.

Here's a Health to Thee, Roberts.....Bullard  
Mr. Peterson.

I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby.....Clay  
Mr. Beddoe.

Spring Song.....Coenen  
Mrs. Lafferty.

In a Persian Garden.....Liza Lehman  
(Words selected from Pubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.)

Miss Clark, Mrs. Lafferty, Mr. Beddoe and  
Mr. Peterson.

## Athletics.

Westminster met defeat the first time this season at Homestead on Saturday, June 1st. Our team played a strong game but was not strong enough for the steel workers. The game was exciting and was witnessed by a large crowd. Westminster made its runs in the fourth inning on a hit, an error and a sacrifice. Our team need not be discouraged by this defeat as Homestead makes no pretense of amateurism, and the team is composed of salaried men. Score:

H	L.	A.	C.	R.	B.	P.	A.	E.
Miles, 2.....	0	1	3	4	0			
McClusky, s.....	0	1	1	3	0			
Grosart, m.....	2	1	0	0	0			
Mangan, 1.....	1	1	10	0	0			
Hinton, 3.....	0	0	1	0	0			
Davis, 1. f.....	0	1	2	0	0			
Marshall, c.....	2	2	9	1	0			
Cotter, r. f.....	1	1	1	0	1			
Janes, A. p.....	1	4	0	0	0			
Totals .....	7	12	27	8	1			

## WESTMINSTER.

	R.	B.	P.	A.	E.
Edmundson, 3.....	0	0	3	0	0
McKim, p.....	0	0	1	5	1
Porter, 2.....	1	2	2	3	0
Kuhn, c.....	1	1	5	1	0
Breaden, 1.....	0	1	11	0	1
Cameron, r.....	0	1	4	1	0
Grier, 1.....	0	0	0	0	0
Volton, s.....	0	1	0	1	2
McGogney, m.....	0	0	1	1	1
Totals.....	2	6	27	12	5

H. L. A. C..... 0 1 2 1 2 0 0 1 0—7  
 Westminster..... 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 0 0—2

Stolen bases—Mangan, 3; Grosart, 2; Marshall, 2; Hinton; Two base hits, Hinton, Grosart; First base on balls, Grosart, 2; Mangan, Porter. Hit with pitched ball, Grier. Struck out—By Jones, 7; by McKim, 2. Wild pitch, Jones. Umpire—McCutcheon.

Westminster defeated W. & J. at Washington on June 3d, by a score of 6-2. Lamberton pitched the first seven innings, when he was relieved by Gessler. Cameron did the twirling for Westminster and was very effective. This makes our fifth victory out of six games played. We can honestly boast of our supremacy over W. & J. in baseball because there is not a college team in Pennsylvania that conforms more closely to inter-collegiate rules than does Westminster.

## WESTMINSTER.

	R.	B.	P.	A.	E.
Edmundson, 3b.....	1	1	3	2	0
McKim, rf.....	2	1	3	0	1
Porter, 2b.....	0	0	2	3	0
Kuhn, c.....	2	0	7	0	0
Breaden, 1b.....	1	1	9	0	0
Cameron, p.....	0	1	0	1	0
Volton, R., cf.....	0	1	0	0	1
Grier, lf.....	0	1	3	0	0
Volton, G., ss.....	0	1	0	0	1
Totals.....	6	7	24	6	3

## W. AND J.

	R.	B.	P.	A.	E.
Jobson, 2b.....	0	0	0	1	0
Oyler, ss.....	0	2	4	1	2
Eckles, 1b.....	0	0	7	0	0
Gibson, c.....	0	1	10	0	0
Lyle, 3b.....	1	0	1	1	1
Moore, rf.....	0	0	1	1	0
Gessler, p. and m.....	1	1	2	0	0
Lamberton, p. and m.....	0	2	0	2	0
Miller, lf.....	0	0	2	0	0
Totals.....	2	6	27	6	3

Westminster..... 0 0 0 2 0 2 0 0—6  
 W. and J..... 0 0 0 0 0 2 0 0—2

Two base hit, Oyler. Struck out—By Cameron, 7; by Lamberton, 7; by Gessler, 2. Bases on balls—Off Lamberton, 2; off Cameron, 1. Stolen bases, McKim, Oyler, Edmundson, Jobson, Moore. Hit by pitcher, McKim, Kuhn. Wild pitch, Gessler. Passed balls, Gibson, 2; Kuhn. Time, 1:45. Umpire, Curran:

The last game on the trip was played against Waynesburg College at Waynesburg, on June 4th. The fielding on both sides was very loose.

The umpire was very partial, but our team did not play in good form. This is the last game scheduled until the team goes East to play State College, and we feel confident that we will make a good showing against the Eastern College team. Waynesburg is making a claim on the championship of Western Pennsylvania, but we beg leave to dispute this claim. Score:

	R.	H.	E.
Waynesburg.....	0	1	0
Westminster.....	0	0	1
Batteries—Waynesburg, Dent and Schriver; Westminster, McKim and Kuhn. Struck Out—By Dent, 9; by McKim, 3. Base on Balls—Off McKim, 2. Umpire—Gordon. Attendance—600.	3	2	1
* * * * *	8	6	12
* * * * *	5	6	9

A graduate publication of a well-known Eastern college, in speaking of questionable

and unsportsmanlike methods of winning athletic victories, declares that the adoption of a noiseless game would be of more genuine value to that institution than the winning of the championship. The motto of a nine or eleven ought to be, "Give an opponent every opportunity to do his best—and then beat him!" A rowdy may resort to barbaric yells as a means of defeating an antagonist, but a gentleman is bound to refrain from debasing methods of gaining a triumph. "Muckerism" is unhappily not always confined to the personnel of athletic teams. Its influence is often seen in the actions of the team's adherents and the transfer of the disgraceful manners of the National League "bleachers" to the College field is a deplorable mark of the degeneracy of sport.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is regretted that Allegheny College did not receive any notification of the field-meet. This happened through an unfortunate mistake. A larger number of contestants would have added much to the interest of the meet and Westminster could have spared many places in the events and still not endangered her claim on first place. Deevers did fine work in the sprints and broad jump. McGogney won the highest number of points, carrying off three firsts and two seconds.

The invitation of W. & J., which was once declined, was reconsidered and a team composed of fourteen men sent to compete at Washington on May 25th. Unfortunately the weather was such that the W. & J. management called the meet off, our team getting as far as Pittsburg. We could *scarcely* hope to win the meet with but fourteen men against twenty-four and with four places to count, but it is safe to say we would

have captured our share of the medals. Geneva's work was good but she could not stand Westminster's pace. The following is a detailed program of the dual meet with Geneva:

880-Yard Dash—Yourd, of Westminster, first; McElhinney, of Geneva, second; Work, of Westminster, third. Time, 2 minutes, 6 seconds.

100-Yard Dash—Deevers, Westminster, first; Thompson, Geneva, second; May, Geneva, third. Time, 10 3-5 seconds.

High Jump—McKelvey, Westminster, first; Witherspoon, Westminster, second; Paterson, Geneva, third. Height, 5 ft., 4 inches.

Half Mile Bicycle—Neville, Westminster, first; Goettman, Geneva, second; Riddell, Westminster, third. Time, 1 minute, 19 2-5 seconds.

220-Yard Dash—Deevers, Westminster, first; Leach, Geneva, second; Degelman, Westminster, third. Time, 23 3-5 seconds.

Shot Put—McGogney, Westminster, first; Cummings, Westminster, second; Leach, Geneva, third. Distance, 33 feet, 5 1/2 inches.

440-Yard Dash—Thompson, Geneva, first; McBride, Westminster, second; McElhinney, Geneva, third. Time, 55 3-5 seconds.

220-Yard Hurdle—Limerick, Geneva, first; McGogney, Westminster, second; Yourd, Westminster, third. Time, 29 sec.

Two-Mile Bicycle—Riddell, Westminster, first; Goettman, Geneva, second; Neville, Westminster, third. Time, 5 minutes, 53 2-5 seconds.

Running Broad Jump—Deevers, Westminster, first; McGogney, Westminster, and Ralph, Geneva, tied for second. Distance, 21 feet, 4 inches. Second, 20 feet, 5 inches.

One Mile Run—Thompson, Westminster,

first; McElhinney, Geneva, second; Work, Westminster, third. Time, 4 minutes, 52½ seconds.

Pole Vault—McGogney, Westminster, first; Patterson, Geneva, second; Kennedy, Westminster, third. Height, 8 feet, 6 inches.

Hammer Throw—McGogney, Westminster, first; Witherspoon, Westminster, second; White, Geneva, third. Distance, 74 feet, 5½ inches.

Final Score—Westminster, 80; Geneva, 39.

Westminster, 11 firsts and 6 seconds; Geneva, 2 firsts and 7 seconds.

\* \* \* \* \*

The second base ball team has played four games and have been defeated in three. The first game was lost to New Castle High School at New Castle. The game with Rayen High School was won by timely batting in the ninth inning. The team went to Volant on May 1st, and were defeated. The Volant team is composed of older and more experienced players, but our boys put up a game fight and kept the score down.

On Decoration Day they played at Youngstown, and, through kindness to the second team, we will not give the account of the game published in the Youngstown papers, but will simply give the tabulated score which shows that the team had a bad day.

#### WESTMINSTER, SECOND.

	A. B.	R.	H.	P.	A.	E
Fulton, c.....	2	1	1	8	1	3
Dunlap, m.....	4	0	1	0	0	1
Moore, 2b.....	4	0	0	3	0	0
Stuart, 3b.....	3	0	1	1	2	0
Degelman, l.f.....	3	0	1	4	1	0
McGogney, 1b.....	3	0	0	6	2	1
Montgomery, p. ....	2	0	0	0	3	0
Miller, s.s.....	2	1	1	1	1	4
Williams, r.f.....	3	0	0	1	0	1
Totals.....	26	2	5	24	10	10

#### RAVEN.

	A. B.	R.	H.	P.	A.	E
Evans, 1 f.....	5	1	0	0	0	0
Reel, 3b.....	5	4	2	3	2	0
Rook, p.....	5	3	2	1	3	0
Fisher, 1b.....	5	2	1	9	2	0
Fitch, s.s.....	5	1	1	1	3	0
Renner, 2b.....	5	1	1	4	1	0
Hogle, m.....	4	1	1	0	1	0
Chapman, r.f.....	2	1	0	0	0	0
Evans, S., c.....	4	1	0	9	3	0
Totals.....	40	15	8	27	15	0

Rayen.....	3	0	1	0	8	0	0	3	-15
Westminster, Second.....	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	-2

Two base hit, Reel, Fitch. Stolen bases, W. Evans, Reel, Rook, 2, Revner, Fulton, 2. Double play, Montgomery, Mack and Fulton. Left on bases—Rayen, 4; Westminster, 4. Hit by pitched ball, Montgomery, Fulton. Struck out—By Rook, 9; by Montgomery, 6. Passed ball, Fulton, 1; S. Evans, 1. Time, 1:50. Umpires, Jones and Harman.

## Exchanges.

### Variations.

#### THEME.

Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,  
And can't tell where to find them;  
Leave them alone and they'll come home,  
And bring their tails behind them.

#### I VARIATION.—MILTON.

But while she watched and o'er the verdant mead,  
Sported the fleecy band upon her eyes.  
A slumberous cloud descended; not as sleep  
Comes to the reveler whose fervid brain  
Aflame with variant phantoms intertwined  
In horrid convulsion, tosses long  
Upon his restless couch; but dewy balm  
Flowed on her soul and mild unconsciousness  
Enfolded. Meanwhile o'er her wonted range  
Transgressed the ewes; nor when she woke as far  
As mortal ken might rove across the plain,  
Appeared one visible. Her evil fate  
With resonant lamentation did the maid  
Bewail, and piteous weeping. Eighteen times  
As long as one might need to boil with fire



To adamantine hardness the smooth fruit  
 Of the domestic fowl, she lay and wept  
 Unceasing. But at last a mighty voice  
 Spake from the infinite heavens, "Cease to weep,  
 Ill-fated shepherdess! Take thou no care  
 Of those far wandered. Surely shall return  
 Each sheep unhurt, and following after each,  
 As spring on winter, shalt thou find a tail.

II VARIATION.—BROWNING.

Yes, there's no doubt I lost them.

Oh, why was I so sleepy?

Had I but lingered to think of the cost—them

Dearly I loved. But to weep I

Know does no good—and the folks—won't it  
 frost them?

Rats! I don't care—what's the use of it,  
 Weeping and wailing like this?

Sure there must be such a thing as abuse of it—  
 Then it may not be amiss

Have the chance to say something abstruse of  
 it.

Such is the world of humanity.

Say, isn't that a great sentiment?

Half a man's life is but loss and profanity,

Something quite fine to invent I meant

Hold, Robert Browning! This draws toward in-  
 sanity.

III VARIATION —T. MOORE.

As I wandered at eve on the murmuring mountain

Encircled with sunset and hoary with years,

I saw by the marge of a clear-welling fountain

A beautiful maiden all melted in tears.

Now it went to my heart to discover her sadness—

That so lovely a bosom with sorrow should heave,

And an eye that was made but for laughter and  
 gladness

Should ever have reason to weep or to grieve.

Oh! dark are the woes of the daughters of Erin

Whose flocks are forsaken, whose sheep are  
 astray.

But the task of a bard in a world such as we're in

Is surely to chase all their sorrows away.

So sweet were her eyes to me over her bending,

And her soft lips were pouting so temptingly  
 near,

That we saw not the sun 'neath the mountain de-  
 scending,

Nor knew when the moon arose silver and clear.

Boarding House Geometry.

DEFINITIONS AND AXIOMS.

A single room is that which has no parts  
 and no magnitude.

The landlady of a boarding house is a  
 parallelogram, that is, an oblong angular  
 figure which cannot be described, but which  
 is equal to anything.

All the other rooms being taken, a single  
 room is said to be a double room.

POSTULATES AND PROPOSITIONS.

The landlady can be reduced to her lowest  
 terms by a series of propositions.

A bee-line may be made from any board-  
 ing house to any other boarding house.

The clothes of a boarding house bed,  
 though produced ever so far both ways,  
 will not meet.

Any two meals at a boarding house are  
 together less than one square meal.—*Ex.*

Regret.

There's a throbbing at the heart strings,

And a grief that none can stay;

There is sorrow in the spirit—

There's a longing for the day.

There's an earnest prayer—to pardon

Aimless grouping through the night;

There is cruel, cruel anguish,

There's a wish for clearer sight

*Ex*

From the Pacific coast comes *The Index*,  
 which contains an article on the "History  
 of the State of Maine." The production  
 is an able one and is a plea for more careful  
 study in historical research. The May issue  
 of the *Otterbein Aegis* also contains a treatise  
 on "The Study of History." In the same  
 number is a pleasing essay on the "Power  
 of Influence," which reflects much credit on  
 the author.



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—AND—

WALL PAPER IN VARIOUS STYLES

—AT—

**A. McDowell's Store.**

Among the passengers the other day on an express train were a drummer and a Salvation army lass. The salesman began chaffing the girl and asked her if she believed the story of Jonah and the whale. "I don't know," she said, "but when I get to Heaven I'll ask Jonah if it occurred." "But," said the funny man, "supposing he isn't there?" "Then," said the girl, "you can ask him."













